

Decennium Luctuosum.

A N

HISTORY

O F

Remarkable Occurrences,

In the Long

WAR,

WHICH

NEW-ENGLAND hath had with the

Indian Salvages,

From the Year, 1688.

To the Year, 1698.

Faithfully Composed and Improved.

Infandum, --- Jubes Renovare Dolorem.

BOSTON in New-England.

Printed by B. Green, and J. Allen, for Samuel Phillips,
at the Brick Shop near the Old-Meeting-House. 1699.

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HISTORICAL

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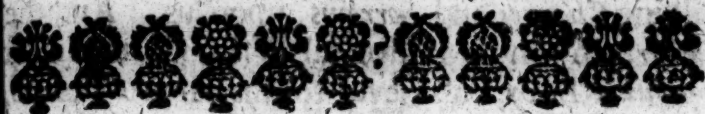
YEAR

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AND

FOR

THE



The Dedication.

T. O T H E

PEOPLE

O F

NEW-ENGLAND.

S I R S,

YOU are Welcome unto the *History* of a Tedious War, and unto a Period of that War so far in prospect, as to render its *History* Seasonable.

Every Reasonable man will readily allow, that it is a Duty to God, and a Service to the World, for to preserve the *Memory* of such matters, as have been the more Memorable Occurrences in the

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War, that ha's for *Ten Years* together, been multiplying *Changes* and *Sorrows* upon us. And the *Alabaster*, in whose *Historical Writings*, the most *Inquisitive Envy*, ha's never to this Hour detected, so much as one *Voluntary* and *Material Mistake*, or one *saithing* paid unto the *Readers* in the *Coin of Candia*, ha's now chosen to preserve the *Memory* of these matters, while they are *Fresh & New*, and one hath not *Fifty years*, which is the *Channel of the River of Oblivion*, to pass over unto them. This *Expedition* is used in the publication of our *Decennium Luctuosum*, in hope that if any mistake, worth *Noting*, do appear in these *Writings*, it may, *Like* and perhaps *Wish*, *Second Edition*, be *Corrected and Amended*.

He *Expects* no *Thanks* for his *Essayes* to *Do Good*, in this way, or any other, unto any part of his *Country*, to whom he would gladly devote all his *Talents*, if he were a *Thousand Times* better *Talented* than he is ; and though the most *Ungrateful Treats Imaginable* (which are too well known by the Name of *Country-pay*) should be given him, he would still be of that *Opinion*, *Recte fecisse Merces est*. If a man may *Do Good*, it is enough.

All the *Favour* he desires of you, is, That you would *not Enquire after him* ; or ask, *who he is* ? but that, as he is at best, but an *Obscure* Person, he may continue in yet more *Obscurity* : which will be a greater pleasure to him than to be placed

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placed among the Great men of Achaia.

For indeed, He hath often thought, on a passage written by Holy Mr. Row, to his Excellent Son, I pray, That God would make use of my self and you, in such a way, as that God only may be seen, and we not be taken notice of at all; that He may have the Glory, and we may not be seen.

Could he have invited His EXCELLENCY unto such a glorious Table, as that in a certain Cabinet at Florence, which is furnished with Birds and Flowers, all consisting of Nearly polished Jewels inlaid into it; a Work Fifteen years in making, and worth an Hundred Thousand Crowns: or could he have written a Book, worthy to be laid up in the Cabinet of Darius: the Author might have been under a Temptation to have had his Name Engraved upon his Work. But a little Boild Indian Corn in a Tray, is as much as our Best History of an Indian War, compos'd perhaps in fewer Dayes, than there were Years in the War, may presume to be compar'd unto. And since our History will not afford such a Diversion unto His Excellency, under the Indispositions of His Health, as those of Livy & Curtius did unto the Princes that Recovered their lost Health by Reading them; nor can any passage here be so happy, as That which cured Laurentius Medicus of a Malady, by having it Read unto him. it will require no more than a Nameless Writer, to Assure that Great Person on this Occasion,

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That all the Good People of *New-England*, make their Eervent Vows unto the Almighty, For His Excellencies Prosperity, and the Welfare of His Excellent Lady, and of His Noble and Hopeful Offspring.

And the Naming of the Author, is as little Necessary to Qualify him, that he may pay publick Acknowledgments unto the Honorable, the *Lieutenant Governour*; not only for his Cares about the Publick, while it was *Tempestuated*, with the *Indian War*, which now makes an *History*; but chiefly for his more than ordinary Tenderness of that Society, which ha's been the very, *Decus ac Tutamen*, of *New England*. The Nameless Writer of this History, may Report, that with a Greater Expence, than that of the *First-Founder*, this Honorable Person proves, that he *Loves our Nation*, by Building us another *Edifice*. for the Supply of all our *Synagogues*, and **STOUGHTON-HALL**, out shines **HARVARD-COLLEDGE**: and he speaks *Kinder Language*, as well as *Better-Latin*, than that Eminent States-man in *Flanders*, whose Answer to a Petition for the priviledges of an University there to be restored, was, *Non curamus vestros privilegios*. This Report may he give, without being obliged for to Confess any other Name than this, which he Readily Confesses; One that was once a Member of *Harvard-Colledge*.

I pray, Sirs, Ask no further; Let this Writing be, like that on the Wall to *Belshazzar*, where the
Hand

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Hand only was to be seen, and not who's it was. The *History* is compiled with *Incontestable Veracity*; and since there is no *Ingenuity* in it, but less than what many Pens in the Land might Command, he knows not why his Writing *Anonymously* may not Shelter him, from the Inconveniencies of having any Notice, one way or other, taken of him. Though among his other small Furniture, he hath not left himself unfurnished with skill in the *Spanish Language*, yet he never could bring himself to the Belief of the *Spanish Proverb*, *Quien no parece, perece*; i. e. He that appears not, perishes; He that Shows not himself to the world, is undone. At *Milain*, there is an *Academy* of Sensible Persons, called The *Nascosti*, or, *Hidden men*; At *Venice*, there is one of such persons, called, The *Incogniti*; and at *Parma*, there is one of them, called, The *Inominati*. If there were nothing else Disagreeable in them, the Author of this *History*, would be glad of an Admission into such an *Academy*.

The *History* is indeed of no very *Fine Thread*; and the Readers, who every where Fish for nothing but *Carps*, and who Love, like *Augustus* to Tax all the World, may find Fault enough with it. Nevertheless, while the Fault of an *Untruth* can't be found in it, the Author pretends, that the famous *History* of the *Trojan War* it self, comes behind our little *History* of the *Indian War*;

For the best Antiquaries, have now confuted *Homer*; the Walls of *Troy* were it seems, all made of *Poets Paper*; and the Siege of the Town with the Tragedies of the Wooden Horse, were all but a piece of Poetry.

And if a *War* between *Us*, and an Handful of *Indians*, do appear no more than a *Batrachomyomachie*, to the World abroad: yet unto us at *home*, it hath been considerable enough, to make an *History*. Nor is the Author afraid of promising, that of all the *Thirty Articles* which make up this *History*, there shall not be *One*, without something in it, that may by our selves be justly thought *Considerable*.

Should any *Petit Monsieur* complain (as the Captain, that found not himself in the *Tapestry Hangings*, which Exhibited the Story of the Spanish Invasion in 1588.) that he don't find himself mentioned in this *History*, the Author has his Apology. He has done as well and as much as he could, that whatever was worthy of a mention, might have it; and if this Collection of Matters be not compleat, yet he supposes it may be more compleat, than any one else hath made; and now he hath done, he hath not pulled up the *Ladder* after him; others may go on, as they please, with a compleater Composition.

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If the Author hath taken Delight, in this *History*, and at all Times, to Celebrate the *Merits*, of such as have Deserved well of his Country, [which he has here done it may be, for some that never could afford him a good word!] Especially, if he do Erect *Statues* for *Dead Worthies*, when there is no Room Left for Flattery, [for who will bestow *paint* upon a *Dead Face*!] And if he do all this, with all possible concern, to avoid casting *Aspersions* upon others: Why should any betray such *Ill Nature*, as to be angry at it? *My Good Country*, forgive him this *Injury*!

Huic Uni forsan poteram Succumbere culpe.

But, whatever this *History* be, it aims at the *Doing of Good*, as well as the *Telling of Truth*; and if its Aim shall be attained, *That will be a sufficient Reward* for all the Trouble of Writing it. When he Desires any more, he'll give you his *Name*; In the mean Time, as a far greater man once was called, *Ludovicus Nibili*, which you may make, *Lewis of Nothingham*; so the Author will count himself not a little favoured, if he may pass for one of no more Account, than a, *No body*; which would certainly make a very *Blameless* person of him.

However, that the *History* may not altogether want a *Subscription*; the Author, finding it a Custom among the Christian Writers of the *Orient*, when they have written a *Treatise*, to Sub-

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Subscribe it after this manner; *Scriptum per Servum vilem pauperem, omnibus Justitiis privatum, peccatorem magis quam omnis Caro*; Or, *Scriptum hoc pauper N. N.* Or, *Est Scriptura servi pauperis, et qui Benevolentia Dei indiget, et miserationibus*; he will accordingly Subscribe himself, *The Chief of Sinners.* Nevertheless, he will humbly Lay claim to the Words, used by the Nameless Author of a Treatise, Entituled, *The Faithful Steward*: 'Tho' I am worse then they speak of me, ' who cast Disgrace upon me, and I can Espy ' Ten Faults in my self, where they can discern ' One, yet I can, thro' Grace, Appeal to Thee, ' O Lord, with some Comfort, that I am Dis- ' pleased with my self for my Sins, and would ' fain please Thee, in all Things, at all Times, in ' all places, and in every Condition.

Decennium



Decennium Luctuosum.

O R,

The Remarkables of a long

WAR

W I T H

Indian-Salvages.

INTRODUCTION.

TWENTY Three Years have Rolled away since the Nations of Indians within the Confines of *New England*, generally began a Fierce War, upon the *English* Inhabitants of that Country. The Flame of War then Raged thro' a great part of the

the Country, whereby many whole *Towns* were Laid in Ashes, and many *Lives* were Sacrificed. But in little more than one years Time, the *United Colonies* of *Plymouth*, *Massachusetts*, and *Connecticut*, with their United Endeavours, bravely Conquered the *Salvages*. The Evident Hand of Heaven appearing on the Side of a people whose *Hope* and *Help* was alone in the Almighty Lord of Hosts, Extinguished whole *Nations* of the *Salvages* at such a rate, that there can hardly any of them, now be found under any Distinction upon the face of the Earth. Onely, the End of our Northern and Eastern Regions in that War, was very different from that of the rest. The *Devastations* of the War had overwhelmed all the Settlements to the North-East of *Wells*. And when the Time arrived, that all hands were weary of the War, a sort of a Peace was patched up, which Left us full of *Indians*, not only with Horrible Murders Unrevenged, But also, in the possession of no little part of the Countrey, with circumstances which the *English* might think, not very Honourable. Upon this Peace, the *English* returned unto their *Plantations*; their Number increased; they Stock'd their *Farms*, and Sow'd their *Fields*; they found the Air as *Healthful*, as the Earth was *Fruitful*; their *Lumber* and their *Fishery* became a considerable Merchandize; continual Accessions were made unto them, until Ten or

a-Dozen Towns, in the Province of *Maine*, and the County of *Cornwall*, were suddenly Started up into something of Observation.

But in the Year, 1688. the *Indians* which dwelt after the *Indian* manner among them, Commenced another War upon these *Plantations*, which hath broke them up, and strangely held us in play for Ten Years together. In these Ten Years, there hath been a variety of Remarkable Occurrences; and because I have supposed that a Relation of those Occurrences may be Acceptable and Profitable to some of my Country men, I shall now with all Faithfulness Endeavour it. With all Faithfulness, I say; because tho' there should happen any Circumstantial Mistake in our Story, (for 'tis a rare thing for any Two men, concern'd in the same Action, to give the Story of it, without some Circumstantial Difference,) yet even this also, I shall be willing to Retract and Correct, if there be found any just occasion: But for any one Material Error, in the whole Composure, I challenge the most Sagacious Malice, upon Earth to detect it, while matters are yet so fresh, as to allow the Detection of it. I disdain to make the Apology, once made by the Roman Historian; *Nemo Historicus non aliquid mentitus, et habiturus sum mendaciorum Comites, quos Historiæ et eloquentiæ miramur Authores.* No, I will write with an Irreproachable and Incontestable Veracity; and I will write not

one Thing, but what I am furnished with so good Authority for, that any Reasonable man, who will please to Examine it, shall say, I do well to insert it as I do: And I will hope, that my Reader hath not been Studying of Godefridus de Valle's Book, *De Arte nihil Credendi*; About, *The Art of Believing nothing*. Wherefore, having at the very Beginning thus given such a Knock upon thy Head, O malice; that thou canst never with Reason His at our History, we will proceed unto the several Articles of it.

ARTICLE. I.

The Occasion and Beginning of the WAR.

IF Diodorus Siculus had never given it as a great Rule of History, *Historiæ primum Studium, primariæq; consideratio esse videtur, insoliti gravisq; Casus principio causas investigare*, Yet my Reader would have expected, that I should Begin the History of our War, with an History of the Occurrences and Occasions which did Begin the War. Now, Reader, I am at the very first fallen upon a Difficult Point; and I am in danger of pulling a War upon my self, by Endeavouring of thy Satisfaction. In Truth, I had rather be called a Coward, than undertake my self to Determine the Truth in this matter: but having Armed my self with some good Authority, for it,

with Indian Salvages.

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it, I will Transcribe Two or Three Reports of the matter, now in my Hands, and Leave it unto thy own Determination.

One Account, I have now lying by me, Written by a Gentleman of *Dover*; in these Terms.

' The Eastern *Indians*, and especially those of *Saco*, and *Ammonoscoggin*, pretend many Reasons, for the late Quarrel against the *English*, which began this long and bloody *War*.

1. ' Because the *English* refused to pay that yearly Tribute of *Corn*, agreed upon, in the *Articles of Peace*, formerly concluded with them, by the *English Commissioners*.

2. ' Because they were Invaded in their *Fishery*, at *Saco River*, by certain Gentlemen, who stop'd the *Fish*, from coming up the River, with their *Nets*, and *Sains*. This they were greatly Affronted at; saying, *They thought (though the English had got away their Lands as they had, yet) the Fishery of the Rivers had been a priviledge Reserved Entire unto themselves*.

3. ' Because they were Abused by the *English*, in Suffering, if not Turning, their Cattel over to a certain Island to destroy their *Corn*.

4. ' But the *Fourth*, and *Main*, provocation was, The Granting, or *Pattenting* of their Lands, to some *English*; at which they were greatly Enraged; threatening the Surveyor, to knock him on the Head, if he came to lay out any Lands there.

5. ' To

5. 'To these may be added, the Common
'Abuses, in *Trading*; viz. Drunkenness, Cheat-
'ing, &c. which such as Trade much with them,
'are seldom Innocent of.

Doubtless, these *Indian* Allegations may be an-
swered with many *English* Vindications. But I
shall at present Intermeddle no further, than to
offer another Account, which also I have in my
Hands, written by a Gentleman of *Casco*.

It runs in such Terms as these,

'Many were the Outrages and Insultings of
'the *Indians* upon the *English*, while Sir E. A.
'was Governour. At *North-Yarmouth*, and other
'places at the Eastward, the *Indians* killed sundry
'Cattel; came into Houses, and threatened to
'knock the people on the Head; and at several
'Times gave out Reports, that they would make
'a *War* upon the *English*, and that they were ani-
'mated to do so, by the *French*. The *Indians*
'behaving themselves so insultingly, gave just
'occasion of great suspicion. In order for the
'finding out the *Truth*, and to Endeavour the
'preventing of a *War*, Capt. *Blackman*, a Justice
'of Peace, with some of the Neighbourhood,
'of *Saco River*, Seized several *Indians* that had
'been bloody murderous Rogues, in the first *In-*
'*dian War*; being the chief Ring Leaders, and
'most capable to do mischief. The said Capt.
'*Blackman* Seized to the Number of between
'Sixteen and Twenty, in order for their Ex-
amination

amination, and to bring in the rest to a Treaty.
The said *Blackman* soon sent the said *Indians*,
with a Good Guard, to *Falmouth*, in *Casco-bay*,
there to be Secured, until orders could come
from *Boston*, concerning them. And in the
mean Time, the said *Indians*, were well provided
with Provisions, and Suitable Necessaries. The
rest of the *Indians* Robb'd the English, and
took some English Prisoners: Whereupon Post
was sent to *Boston*. Sir *Edmond Andross* being
at *New-York*, the Gentlemen of *Boston* sent to
Falmouth, some Souldiers for the Defence of the
Country, and also the Worshipful Mr. *Stoughton*,
with others, to Treat with the *Indians*, in order
for the Settling of a Peace, and getting in of our
English Captives. As soon as the said Gentle-
men arrived at the East-ward, they sent away
one of the *Indian* Prisoners, to the rest of the
Indians, to Summon them, to bring in the Eng-
lish they had taken; Also, that their *Sachms*
should come in, to treat with the English, in
order that a Just Satisfaction should be made on
both sides. The Gentlemen waited the Return
of the *Indian* Messenger; and when he Return-
ed, he brought Answer, That they would meet
our English at a place, called, *Macquoit*, and
there they would bring in the English Captives,
and Treat with the English. And although
the place appointed by the *Indians*, for the
Meeting, was some Leagues distant from *Fal-*
mouth,

mouth, yet our English Gentlemen did descend to it, in hope of getting in our Captives, & putting a stop to further Trouble. They Dispa^rch'd away to the place, and carried the Indian Prisoners with them, and staid at the place appointed, expecting the coming of the Indians, that had promised a Meeting. But they like false perfidious Rogues, did not appear. Without doubt they had been counselled what to do, by the French, and their Abettors; as the Indians did declare afterwards; and that they were near the place, and saw our English, that were to Treat with them, but would not shew themselves, but did Endeavour to take an Opportunity to Destroy our English, that were to Treat them. Such was their Treachery! Our Gentlemen staid days to wait their coming; but seeing they did not appear at the place appointed, they Returned to *Falmouth*, and brought the Indian Prisoners; expecting that the other Indians would have sent down some Reason, why they did not appear at the place appointed, and to make some excuse for themselves. But instead of any compliance; they fell upon *North Yarmouth*, and there kill'd several of our English. Whereupon the Eastern parts were ordered to get into Garrisons, and to be upon their Guard, until further Orders from Sir *Edmond Andros*; and that the Indian Prisoners should be sent to *Boston*; which was

with Indian Salvages.

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was done with great care, and not one of them hurt; and care taken daily for provision. But Sir E. A. Returning from *New York*, set them all at Liberty; not so much as taking care to Redeem those of our *English* for them, that were in their hands. I had kept one at *Falmouth*, a Prisoner to be a Guide into the Woods, for our *English*, to find out the Haunts of our Heathen Enemies. But Sir E. A. sent an Express to me, that upon my utmost peril, I should set the said Indian at Liberty, and take care that all the Arms, that were taken from him, and all the rest of those Capt. *Blackman* had Seized, should be delivered up to them, without any Orders to Receive the like of ours from them.

It will be readily Acknowledged, that here was enough done, to render the *Indians* Inexcusable, for not coming in, upon the *Proclamation*, which Sir *Edmond Andros*, then Governour of *New-England*, immediately Emitted thereupon, requiring them, to Surrender the *Murderers*, now among them. A Spaniard, that was a Soldier, would say, *That if we have a Good Cause, the smell of Gunpowder in the Field is as sweet as the Incense at the Altar.* Let the Reader judge after these things, what scent there was in the *Gunpowder* spent for Nine or Ten years together in our War with the *Indian Salvages*.

Now, that while we are upon this Head, we

may at once dispatch it, I will unto these Two Accounts, add certain passages of one more; which was published in September, 1689.

Such were the *Obscure Measures* taken at that Time of Day, that the Rise of this War, hath been as dark as that of the River Nilus; only the Generality of *Thinking People* through the Country, can Remember *When*, and *Why*, every one did foretel, *A War*. If any *Wild English* (for there are such as well as of another Nation,) did then, *Begin* to Provoke and Affront the *Indians*, yet those *Indians* had a fairer way to come by Right, than that of *Blood shed*; nothing worthy of, or calling for, any *Such* Revenge was done unto them. The most *Injured* of them all, (if there were any *Such*) were afterwards dismissed by the *English*, with Favours, that were then Admirable even to *Our selves*; and *These* too, instead of Surrendring the *Persons*, did increase the *Numbers*, of the *Murderers*. But upon the REVOLUTION of the Government [April 1689.] the *State of the War*, became wholly *New*: and we are more arrived unto *Righteousness as the Light*, and *Justice as the Noon day*. A great *Sachim* of the East, we then immediately Applied our selves unto, and with no small Expences to our selves we Engaged Him, to Employ his Interest for a Good Understanding between us, & the party of *Indians* then in Hostility against us. This was the *Likely*,
the

the Only way, of coming at those Wandering Salvages : But That very *Sachim* now treacherously, of an *Embassador* became a *Traitor*, and annexed himself, with his People, to the *Heard* of our Enemies, which have since been Ravaging, Pillaging, and Murdering at a rate, which we ought to count, *Intolerable*. The *Penacook* Indians, of whom we were Jealous, we likewise Treated with ; and while we were, by our *Kindnesses* and *Courtesies* Endeavouring to render them utterly Inexcusable, if ever they sought our Harm : Even Then did These also, by some *Evil Instigation* (*the Devils*, no doubt !) quickly Surprise a Plantation, where they had been Civilly treated a Day or Two before, & Commit at once, more *Plunder* and *Murder*, than can be heard with any patience.

Reader, Having so placed these Three Accounts as to defend my *Teeth*, I think, I may safely proceed with our Story, But because *Tacitus* teaches us, to distinguish between, the meer *Occasions*, and the real *Causes*, of a *War*, it may be some will go a little Higher up in their Enquiries : They will Enquire, whether no body Seized a parcel of *Wines*, that were Landed at a French Plantation to the East ward ? Whether an Order were not obtained from the King of *England*, at the Instance of the French *Embassador*, to Restore these *Wines* ? Whether upon the Vexation of this Order, we none of us ran a *New*

Line for the Bounds of the Province? Whether we did not contrive our *New Line*, so as to take in the Country of Monsieur St. Casteen? Whether Monsieur St. Casteen flying from our Encroachments, we did not Seize upon his Arms, and Goods, and bring them away to *Pemmaquid*? And, *Who*, were the *We*, which did these things? And whether, the *Indians*, who were Extremely under the Influence of St. Casteen, that had Married a Sagamores Daughter among them, did not from this very Moment begin to be obstreperous? And, whether all the Sober English in the Country, did not from this very Moment, foretel a *War*? But for any Answer to all these Enquiries, I will be my self a *Tacitus*.

ARTICLE II.

The first Acts of Hostility, between the Indians, and the English.

WHEN one Capt. Sargeant had Seized some of the principal *Indians* about *Saco*, by order of Justice *Blackman*, presently the *Indians* fell to Seizing as many of the *English*, as they could catch. Capt. Rowden, with many more, in one place, and Capt. Gendal, with sundry more, in another place, particularly fell into the Hands of these desperate *Man-catchers*. Rowden, with many of his Folks, never got out of their
Cruel

with Indian Salvages.

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Cruel Hands : but *Gendal* with his, got a Release, one can scarce tell, *How*, upon the Return of those which had been detain'd in *Boston*. Hitherto there was no Spilling of Blood ! But some Time in *September* following, this Capt. *Gendal*, went up, with Souldiers and others, to a place above *Casco*, called *North Yarmouth* ; having Orders to build *Stockadas*, on both sides the River, for Defence of the place, in case of any Sudden Invasion. While they were at work, an *English* Captive came to 'em, with Information, that Seventy or Eighty of the Enemy were just coming upon 'em : and he advised 'em, *To yeeld quietly, that they might Save their Lives*. The Souldiers that went thither from the Southward, being terrifyed at this Report, Ran with an Hasty Terror to get over the River ; but with more *Hast*, than *Good Speed* ; for they ran directly into the Hands of the *Indians*. The *Indians* dragging along these their Prisoners with 'em, came up towards the *Casconians* ; who, having but a very Little Time to Consult, yet in this Time Resolved ; First, *That they would not be Seized by the Salvages* ; Next, *That they would free their Friends out of the Hands of the Salvages, if it were possible* ; Thirdly, *That if it were possible, they would use all other Force upon the Salvages, without coming to down right Fight*. Accordingly, They laid hold on their Neighbours, whom the *Salvages* had Seized, and this with so much Dexterity, that

they cleared them all, Except one or Two ; whereof the whole Number was about a Dozen. But in the *Scuffle*, one Sturdy and Surly *Indian*, held his prey so fast, that one *Benedict Pulcifer*, gave the *MaStiff* a Blow, with the Edge of his *Broad-Ax* upon the Shoulder, upon which they fell to't with a Vengeance, and Fired their Guns, on both sides, till some on both sides were Slain. These were, as one may call them, *The Scower-pit*, of a long *War* to follow. At last, the *English*, Victoriously chased away the Salvages, and Returned safely unto the other side of the River. And Thus was the *Vein* of *New England* first opened, that afterwards *Bled* for Ten years together ! The Skirmish being over, Capt. *Gendal*, in the Evening, passed over the River, in a *Cano*, with none but a Servant ; but Landing where the Enemy lay hid in the Bushes, they were both Slain immediately. And the same Evening, one *Ryal*, with another man, fell un-awares into the Hands of the Enemy ; *Ryal* was afterwards Ransomed, by Monsieur St. *Casten*, but the other man, was barbarously Butchered. Soon after this, the Enemy went Eastward, unto a place call'd, *Merry-Meeting*, (from the Concourse of diverse Rivers there,) where several *English* had a *Sad Meeting* with them ; for they were killed, several of them even in Cold Blood, after the *Indians* had Seized upon their Houses & their Persons. And about this Time, the Town

call'd

With Indian Salvages.

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call'd *Sheepscote*, was entred by these Rapacious Wolves; who burnt all the Houses of the Town, save Two or Three. The People saved themselves by getting into the Fort, all but one Man, who going out of the Fort, for to Treat with 'em, was Treacherously Assassinated. Thus the place, which was counted, *The Garden of the East*, was infested by *Serpents*; and a *Sword* Expell'd the poor Inhabitants. Little more Spoil was done by the *Salvages* before *Winter*, Except only, that at a place called *Kennebunk*, near *Winter harbour*, they cut off Two Families, to wit, *Barrows*, and *Busses*; but *Winter* coming on, the *Serpents* retired into their Holes. When *Summer* comes, Reader, look for *Tornadoes* enough to over-set a greater Vessel, than little *New-England*.

A R T I C L E. III.

The First Expedition of the English, against the Indians.

WHen the Keeper of the Wild Beasts, at *Florence*, ha's entertain'd the Spectators, with their Encounters on the Stage, he ha's this Device to make 'em Retire into the several *Dens* of their *Seraglio*. He ha's a fearful *Machin* of Wood, made like a Great *Green Dragon*, which a man within it rouses upon Wheels, and holding out a Couple of Lighted Torches at the Eyes of it,

it, frights the fiercest Beast of them all, into the Cell that belongs unto him. Sir Edmond Andros, the Governour of *New-England*, that he might Express his Resolutions, to force the Wild Beasts of the East into order, in the *Winter* now coming on, turned upon them as Effectual a Machine as the *Green Dragon* of *Florence*; that is to say, An Army of near a Thousand men. With this Army, he marched himself in Person, into the *Caucasian* Regions, where he built a Fort at *Pemmaquid*, and another Fort at *Pachyscot Falls*, besides the Fort at *Sheepscote*. He, and his Army, underwent no little Hard ship, thus in the Depth of *Winter* to Expose themselves unto the Circumstances of a Campaign, in all the Bleak Winds and Thick Snows of that Northern Country. But it was Hop'd, That Good Forts, being thus Garrison'd with Stout Hearts, in several Convenient places, the Indians might be kept from their usual Retreats, both for *Planting*, and for *Fishing*, and lye open also to perpetual IncurSIONS from the English, in the fittest seasons thereof: And it was Thought by the most sensible, this method would in a little while compel the Enemy to Submit unto any Terms: albeit others considering the Vast Woods of the Wilderness, and the French on the back of these Woods, fancied, that this was but a project to Hedge in the *Cuckow*. However, partly the Army, and partly the *Winter*, frighted the *Salvages*, into their Inaccessible

Dens : & yet not one of the *Indians* was killed ; but Sicknefs, & Service, kill'd it may be more of our *English*, than there were *Indians* then in *Hostility* againft them. The News of matters approaching towards a **REVOLUTION** in *England*, caus'd the Governour to Return unto *Boston* in the Spring ; & upon his Return, there fell out feveral odd Events, with *Rumours*, whereof I have now nothing to fay, but, That I love my Eyes too well, to mention them. Some of the *Souldiers*, took Advantage, from the Abfence of the Governour, to defert their *Stations* in the Army ; and tho' this Action, was by *Good men* generally condemned, as an *Evil Action*, yet their Friends began to gather together here and there in *Little Bodies*, to protect them from the Governour, concerning whom, abundance of odd Stories then buzz'd about the Country made 'em to imagine, that he had carried 'em out, only to Sacrifice 'em. Some of the principal Gentlemen in *Boston*, confulting what was to be done, in this Extraordinary Juncture, They Agreed, that altho' *New-England* had as much to juftify a *Revolution* as *old*, yet they would, if it were poffible, extinguish all Effayes in the people, towards an *Infurrection* ; in daily hopes of Orders from *England* for our Safety : but that if the Country people, by any unreftainable *Violences* pushed the business on fo far, as to make a *Revolution* unavoidable, Then, to prevent the
Shedding

In History of a War,
 Shedding of *Blood* by an ungoverned *Mob*,
 some of the Gentlemen present, should appear
 at the Head of it, with a *Declaration* accordingly
 prepared. He that Reads the *Narrative of Grievances*
 under the Male Administrations of the
 Government then Tyrannizing. Written and
 Signed by the Chief Gentlemen of the *Governours Council*,
 will not wonder at it, that a *Revolution*
 was now rendred indeed unavoidable. It
 was a Government whereof *Ned Randolph*, a
 Bird of their own Feather, confess'd, as we find
 in one of his published Letters, *That they were as*
Arbitrary as the Great Turk. And for such a Go-
 vernment, a better Similitude cannot perhaps be
 thought on, than that of *Monfr Soulgne*; 'Tis like
 the Condition of persons possessed with Evil Spirits,
 which will go an Hundred Leagues in less time than
 others can Ten; but at the *Journies End* find them-
 selves to be so Bruised that they never can Recover
 it. The Revolution, (and, ye Tories, a *Just* one)
 was accordingly Made, on the Eighteenth of
April; which Their Majesties, then happily
 Seated on the British Throne, kindly Accepted
 and Approved. The *Governour* and *Magistrates*
 of the *Massachusetts Colony*, which were in pow-
 er *Three years and Half* before, [a period often
 observed!] did some Time after this Resume
 their places, and apply themselves to such *Acts*
 of Government, as Emergencies made necessary
 for them, Fortified with a Letter from the King,

to Authorize and Empower them in their Administrations. Thus they waited for further Directions from the Authority of England, and such a Settlement, as would most Conduce (which were the words of the Kings Letter, bearing Date, Aug. 12. 1689.) to the Security and Satisfaction of the Subjects in that Colony.

ARTICLE. IV.

A Flame Spreading, upon the best Endeavours to Quench it.

IT was hop'd, the War would now come to an Immediate End ; but the Great God, who Creates that Evil, had further Intentions to Chastise a Sinful People, by those who are not a People. The Government sent Capt. Greenleaf, to treat with the Indians at Penacook, who answered him with fair pretences and Promises of Amity. They procured an Interview, with some of the more Eastern Sagamores, who not only promised Friendship themselves, but also undertook to make our Enemies become our Friends. They sent unto the Souldiers, yet remaining at Pemmaquid, for to keep their Post, Engaging to them that they should not want their Pay. But all this care, was defeated by Methods of Mischiefs, too deep for our present penetration. The Salvages, began to Renew their Hostilities, at Saco Falls, in the

the Beginning of *April*, on a *Lords day* morning, some while before the *Revolution*. The *Penacook* Indians, were all this while peaceably Conversant at *Quochecho*; and so long as that Conversation continued, the Inhabitants were very Secure, of any Danger, not only from those *Cut throats*, but also from their *Brethren*. Happy had it been for those Honest People, if their *Fear*, had made so much Hast, as my *Pen* ha's done, to call 'em *Cut throats*! For the *Penacookian* joining with the *Saconian* Indians, hovered about *Quochecho*, where one *Mesandowit*, a *Sagamore*, being that Night kindly Entertained by Major *Richard Waldein*, horribly betray'd his kind Host, with the Neighbours into the hands of Murderers. Above an Hundred, some say Five Hundred of the *Indians*, about break of Day, having Surprized the Secure and Silent *English*, they particularly rushed into the Garrison of the Generous Major, which was by *Simon Mesandowit* (for, bestowing a *Hearben* Name upon him, we now call him so,) opened for them, and having first barbarously Murdered the Old Gentleman, who was Equivalent unto *Two and Twenty*, they then Murdered *Two and Twenty* more, and Captived *Nine and Twenty* of the People; burn't four or five of the best Houses, took much Plunder, and so drew off: but kill'd Mr. *John Broughton* in their drawing off: while Mr. *John Emmerson*, a worthy Preacher at *Barwick*, by declining to lodge at the Hospitable

table Majors, that Night, when strongly Invited, received a remarkable Deliverance. Hereupon, Forces were dispatch'd for the Relief of what Remained in *Quebecho*; Capt. Noyes also with more Forces, visited *Penacook*, where though the *Men* escaped him, he destroy'd the Corn of our New Enemies; but the Skulking Enemies, at the same Time Slew several Persons at an out-farm, on the North-side of *Merrimack* River. A party of men, were soon after sent out of *Piscataqua*, under the Command of Capt. *Wincal*, who went up to *Winnepisseag* ponds, (upon Advice of one *John Church*, who ran from them, that the *Indians* were there:) where they kill'd One or Two of the *Monsters* they Hunted for, and cut down their Corn. Four young men of *Saco*, desirous to joyn with them, went into the woods to Seek their *Horses*, and Found their Deaths, by an Ambush of *Indians*. Twenty Four Armed men, going forth from *Saco Falls*, to bury the Slain, had a brisk Encounter with the *Indians*, whom they pursued into a Vast Swamp, until a Greater Number of *Indians* pouring in upon them, obliged 'em with the loss of about Five or Six more, to Retire from any further Action. But before the *Dog days* were out, there was more Bleeding still, that prov'd fatal to us. On Aug. 2. One *Starky*, going early in the Morning, from the Fort at *Pemmaquid*, unto New Harbour, fell into the Hands of the *Indians*, who to obtain his

his own Liberty, informed Them, That the Fort had at that Instant, but Few men in it : and that one Mr. *Giles*, with Fourteen men, was gone up to his Farm, and the rest Scattered abroad, about their Occasions. The *Indians* hereupon divided their Army ; Part going up to the Falls, kill'd Mr. *Giles*, and others ; Part, upon the Advantage of the Tide, Snapt the rest, before they could Recover the Fort. From a Rock near the Fort, which inconveniently over look'd it, the Assailants now over look'd it, as over *Lincoln*, and grievously galled the Defendents. Capt. *Weems*, had but few with him, that were able to Fight ; and his own Face, was in the Fight by an Accident, horribly Scorched with Gun Powder. Wherefore, the day following, they Surrendred the Fort, upon Capitulations for Life and Liberty ; which yet the *Indians* broke, by Butchering and Captiving many of them. Capt. *Skyner* & Capt. *Farnham*, repairing to the Fort, from an Island about half a Mile distant from it, were both Slain, as they Landed on the Rocks ; and Mr. *Patishal*, as he lay with his Sloop in the *Barbican*, was also taken and Slain. This, together with more Spoil done by the *Indians* on the *English*, at *Sheepscote*, and *Kennebeck*, and other places East-ward, caused the Inhabitants to draw off unto *Falmouth* as fast as they could : and, Well if they could have made Good their Standing there !

Adantissa.

M A N T I S S A.

THE Foregoing Article of our *Tragedies*, hath Related the Taking of *Quochecho*. The Condition of Two persons, under and after the Fate of *Quochecho*, may have in it, an Entertainment Acceptable for some sort of Readers. It shall be in this place Reported, from the Communications of Mr. *John Pike*, the worthy Minister of *Dover*; to whom I have been beholden, for Communicating to me, many other passages also, which occur in this our History!

I. Mrs. *Elizabeth Hendry*, a Widow of a Good Estate, a Mother of many Children, and a Daughter of Mr. *Holmes* Reverend Minister formerly Living at *Riscataqua*, now Lived at *Quochecho*. Happening to be at *Portsmouth*, on the Day before *Quochecho* was cut off, She Returned thither in the Night, with one Daughter, and Three Sons, all masters of Families. When they came near *Quochecho*, they were astonished, with a prodigious Noise of Indians, Howling, Shooting, Shouting, and Roaring, according to their manner in making an Assault. Their Distress for their Families carried them still further up the River, till they Secretly and Silently passed by some Numbers of the Raging Salvages. They Landed about an Hundred Rods from Ma-

for *Walderns* Garrison; and running up the Hill, they saw many Lights In the Windows of the Garrison, which they concluded, the *English* within had set up, for the Direction of those who might seek a Refuge there. Coming to the Gate, they desired entrance; which not being readily granted, they called Earnestly and bounced, and knocked, and cryed out of their unkindness within, that they would not open to them in this Extremity. No Answer being yet made, they began to doubt, whether all was well; and one of the young men then climbing up the Wall, saw a horrible Tawny in the Entry, with a Gun in his Hand. A grievous Consternation seiz'd now upon them; and Mrs. *Heard*, sitting down without the Gate, through Dispair and Fairness, unable to Stir any further, charg'd her Children to Shift for themselves, for She must unavoidably There End her Dayes. They finding it impossible to carry her with them, with heavy hearts forsook her; but when coming better to her self, she fled and hid among the *Barberry-Bushes* in the Garden: and then hastning from thence, because the Day-light advanced, She sheltered her self (though seen by Two of the *Indians*), in a Thicket of other Bushes, about Thirty Rods from the House. Here she had not been long, before an *Indian* came towards her, with a Pistol in his Hand: The Fellow came up to her, and Stared her

her in the Face, but said nothing to her, nor she to him. He went a little way back, and came again, and Stared upon her as before, but said nothing; whereupon she asked him, *What he would have?* He still said nothing, but went away to the House, Co hooping, and Returned unto her no more. Being thus unaccountably preserved, She made several Essays to pass the River; but found her self unable to do it; and finding all places on that side the River, fill'd with Blood and Fire, and hideous Out cries; thereupon she Returned to her old *Bush*, and there poured out her ardent Prayers to God, for help in this Distress. She continued in the *Bush*, until the Garrison was Burnt, and the Enemy was gone; and then she Stole along by the River side, until she came to a Boom, where she passed over. Many sad Effects of Cruelty, she Saw left by the *Indians*, in her way; until arriving at Captain *Gerrishes* Garrison, she there found a Refuge from the Storm; and here she soon had the Satisfaction, to understand, that her own Garrison, though one of the first that was assaulted, had been bravely Defended and maintained, against the Adversary. This Gentlewomans Garrison, was the most Extreme Frontier of the Province, and more Obnoxious than any other, and more incapable of Relief; nevertheless, by her presence and courage, it held out all the *War*, even for *Ten Years* together; and

C. 2

and the Persons in it, have Enjoy'd very Eminent preservations. The Garrison had been deserted, if *She* had accepted Offers that were made her by her Friends, or Living in more safety at *Portsmouth*; which would have been a Damage to the Town and Land: but by her Encouragement this Post was thus kept; and *She* is yet Living in much Esteem among her Neighbours.

II. Mrs. *Sarah Gerish*, Daughter to Captain *John Gerish* of *Quochebo*, a very Beautiful and Ingenious Damsel about Seven years of Age, lodg'd at the Garrison of her affectionate Grand-father, Major *Waldern*, when the Indians brought an horrible Destruction upon it. She was alwayes very Fearful of the *Indians*; but what Fear may we think now Surprised her, when they fiercely bid her go into such a Chamber, and call the People out? Finding only a little Child in the Chamber, she got into the Bed unto the Child, and hid her self in the Cloathes, as well as she could. The Fell Salvages quickly pull'd her out, and made her Dress for a March, but led her away with no more than one Stockin upon her, a terrible March, through the Thick Woods, and a thousand other Miseries, till they came to the *Norway Plains*. From thence they made her go to the end of *Winnopisseag Lake*, and from thence to the Eastward, through horrid Swamps, where sometimes they must Scramble over huge Trees fallen

fallen by Storm, or Age, for a vast way together, and some times they must Climb up long, steep, firesome, and almost Inaccessible Mountains. Her First Master was one *Sebundowit*, a Dull sort of a Fellow, and not such a *Devil* as many of 'em were ; but he Sold her, to a Fellow that was a more harsh, and mad, sort of a *Dragon* ; and he carried her away to *Canada*.

A long and a sad Journey she had of it, thro' the midst of an hideous *Desart*, in the midst of a dreadful *Winter* : And who can enumerate the Frights, that she endured, before the End of her Journey ? Once her Master commanded her to loosen some of her upper-Garments, and stand against a Tree, while he charged his Gun ; whereat the poor Child Shrieked out, *He's going to kill me !* God knows what he was going to do ; but the Villian having charged his Gun, he call'd her from the Tree, and forbore doing her any Damage. Another Time, her Master ordered her to run along the Shore with some Indian Girls, while he paddled up the River in his Canoo. As they were upon a præcipice, a Tawny Wench violently push'd her Head long into the River : But it so fell out, that in that very place, the *Bushes* hung over the *Water* ; so that getting Hold of them, she Recovered her self. The Indians ask'd her, How she became so wet ? but she durst not say, How ; through Dread of the young Indians, who were alwayes

very Abusive to her, when they had her alone. Moreover, once being spent with Travelling all Day, and lying down Spent and Wet at Night, She fell into into so profound a Sleep, that in the Morning she waked not. The Barbarous Indians left her *Asleep*, and covered with *Snow*; but at length waking, what Agonies may you imagine she was in, to find her self left a prey for *Bears* and *Wolves*, and without any Sustenance, in an howling Wilderness many Scores of Leagues, from any Plantation? She Ran crying after them; and Providence having ordered a *Snow* to fall, by means thereof, she Track'd them until she overtook them. Now the young Indians began to Terrify her, with daily Intimations, *That she was quickly to be Roasted unto Death*; and one Evening, much Fuel was prepared, between Two Logs, which they told her, was for *her*. A mighty Fire being made, her Master call'd her to him, and told her, that she should presently be Burnt alive. At first, she stood Amazed; afterwards she burst into Tears; and then she hung about the Tygre, and begg'd of him, with an inexpressible Anguish, that he would Save her from the Fire. Hereupon the Monster so Relented, as to tell her, *That if she would be a Good Girl, she should not be Burnt*.

At last, they arrived at *Canada*, and she was carried unto the *Lord Intendants* House, where many Persons of Quality took much notice of her.

It

It was a Week after this, that she remained in the Indian Hands, before the price of her Ransoms could be agreed on. But then the *Lady Intendant* sent her to the *Nunnery*, where she was comfortably provided for; and it was the Design, as was said, for to have brought her up, in the *Romish Religion*, and then have Married her unto the Son of the *Lord Intendant*. She was kindly used there, until Sir *William Phipps* lying before *Quebeck*, did upon Exchange of Prisoners, obtain her Liberty. After Sixteen Months Captivity, she was Restored unto her Friends; who had the Consolation of having this their Desireable Daughter again with them, Returned from the Dead; But coming to be Sixteen years old, in the Month of *July* 1697. Death, by a malignant Feavour, more Irrecoverably took her from them.

ARTICLE. V.

New Forces Rais'd; and New Actions done.

ON *Aug. 28. 1689.* Major *Swann* with Seven or Eight Companies raised by the *Massachusetts Colony*, marched Eastward; and soon after, Major *Church* with a party of English, and *Christian-Indians*, raised in *Plymouth Colony*, follow'd them. While these were on their March, the Indians, that lay Skulking after the Indian-fashion in the Thiek Woods, took notice how

many men, belong'd unto Lieut. *Huckins's* Garrison: and seeing 'em all go out unto their daily work, nimbly ran so between them and the Garrison, as to kill 'em all (about Eighteen) but one, who being accidentally gone over the River, escaped them. They then Attacqued the Garrison, in which there now were only Two *Boyes*, (and one of *them* *Lame*) with some Women and Children; but these Two *Boyes*, very Manfully held 'em in play a Considerable while, and wounded several of them, and kept 'em off, till the Assailants had found a way to set the House on a Light Fire over their Heads. They then urging 'em to Surrender, for the sake of the Goods, the *Boyes*, [*Brave Boyes*, truly!] would not, until they had Solenly promised 'em their *Issues*: but the perfidious Wretches broke their promise, for they presently kill'd Three or Four of the Children: however one of these *Minutius's*, the Day after, very happily got out of their Clutches. It was by a particular Accident, that these *Indians*, were delivered from falling into the Hands of Capt. *Garner*, who pursued 'em Vigorously. But while the Forces now gone into the East, were Settling of Garrisons in convenient places, a huge Body of *Indians*, fell upon *Casco*, where one of their first Exploits, was their killing of Capt. *Bracket*. Nevertheless, Capt. *Hall*, (a valiant Souldier in the Former War, and a valiant Commander in This) with

with his Vigorous Lieutenant Dawes, just then arriving with his Company, the English hotly Engaged them for several Hours; and after a deal of true English Valour discovered in this Engagement, and the loss of Ten or a Dozen men, the Indians Ran for it, with What loss on their part, we do not know: that with Some we Do. Presently after this, Major Swain, passing through Extreme Difficulties to get at it, gave some Relief to a Garrison at Blue point, which was beset by the Indians; who still Fled into their Inaccessible Swamps, when our Bullets began to be Hail'd upon them. It was judg'd, That here one of Two Opportunities, of bringing the War unto an End, were strangely mist, and lost: but where the mismanagement lay, I cannot Remember: nor what were the Faux Pas of the Actors. Our Honest Major will clear himself, who Returning them to his Head Quarters at Berwick, sent abroad Scouts, to Learn, if it were possible, where they might have the best Game, at the *Chasse a La Bete noire*, then to be followed. Capt. Wiswel having with him, a party of Indian Auxiliaries, they were sent out under the Conduct of Lieu. Flag: but coming to Winnapisseag, these Indians, had a Consult in their own Language, and Sending back their Lieutenant, with Two Indians, Nineteen of them Stai'd in that Countrey Eleven Dayes, not having any English with them: at which the Major was justly, and greatly

greatly offended. It was then *Supposed*, and afterwards (by Escap'd Captives) *Asserted*, that these Wretches, found the Enemy, and Lodg'd with 'em Two Nights, and told 'em what they knew of the English Numbers and Motions. The Enemy then Retired into the howling Desarts, where there was no Coming at them: & no Endeavours being able to reach them, the Army, in the Month of November following was Dismissed: only some Souldiers were left in Garrison at *Wells*, at *York*, at *Barwick*, and at *Quebecho*, for the Assistance of the poor Inhabitants, against any more Invasions. There has been little Doubt, That our Northern Indians are Originally *Scythians*, and it is become less a Doubt, since it appears from later Discoveries, That the pretended Straits of *Anian* are a Sham; for *Asia* and *America*, it seems, are there Contiguous. Now of these our *Scythians* in *America*, we have still found, what *Julius Caesar* does report concerning Them of *Asia*;

Difficilius Invenire quam Interficere.

It is harder to Find them, than to Kill them.

A Digression,

Relating some Wonderful Judgments of God.

BEfore we pass to another year, Stand still, Reader, and Behold some Wonderful Events, proper here to be Introduced. The Relation whereof shall be given, as I have Received it.

Portsmouth Feb. 27. 1698.

Mon.

Monsieur Vincelotte of Quebeck, arrived here, the 25th. of the last Month, and since Embarked for France, by way of Bilboa, as Agent to Represent the Affairs of Canada.

He sayes, That about Nine or Ten years since, the Earl of Frontenac, Governour of that place (who dyed last November,) did personally Attempt to Subdue, the Maquas, &c. having no less than Fifteen Hundred Souldiers in his Army.

After a few Dayes March, they (being much Wearied and very Thirsty) came unto a certain small Well, of which they drank very plentifully. But in a few Hours after, sundry complained of much Illness, and according to their various Constitutions fell Sick (as it seem'd) of different Distempers; which occasioned so great Disorder and Confusion in the Army, that no less than Four well men, for a while, were Engaged in taking care of every one that was Sick. About Three Dayes after, the Maqua Scout, narrowly observing the Motions of the French, rallyed together, as many as possible, to give a Check unto their Undertaking; which they soon accomplished, with very considerable Advantage. But the French appearing so Numerous, forced them to Retreat, and in pursuit of them, took and ransackt a Small Town.

The Sicknes by this Time increased unto so great an Height, as to occasion a Council of War, which ordered their speedy Return; and in a short

short Time, no less than Eight Hundred persons Dyed out of the Army.

Now about Three Years ago, a certain Soldier, who belong'd at that Time to the Army, went into France. In a short Time after his Arrival, he Robb'd one of the Churches, of a considerable value of Plate; but being soon discovered, he was Sentenced to be Burnt: He then sett unto fundry Father Confessors, unto whom he acknowledged his many Sins; particularly, the Fact for which he was Condemned. But he therewithal said, That he had something else of more considerable moment to Impart, which did much afflict his Conscience; Namely, an Action of his, about Seven Years before committed, when Listed under the Conduct of the Earl of Frontenac, in an Enterprize against the Sennakers and Muquas; For, said he, I was the only person at that Time Instrumental to the Death of near Eight Hundred Souls. Having Received some Affront, from some of the Officers, I was prompted to seek some speedy Revenge, which my own corrupt Nature with the Instigation of Satan, did instantly accomplish; for being plentifully stored with some Rank poison upon another account, I threw it all into a Well, of which the Thirsty Army drank freely, and in the Event it proved so fatal unto them.

For the further Confirmation of this Report Monsieur Vincelotte at the same Time told me,

That

with Indian Salvages.

That he was himself Wounded in the Engagement, and should continue Lame to his Dying Day.

Reverend Sir, Your most Humble Servant,
S. Penballow.

ARTICLE VI.

New Assaults from the Indians, with some Remarkables of Captives taken in those Assaults.

THE Sun, and the War, be again Returning !
The year 1690. must begin, very Inauspiciously. In February, the French, with Indians, made a Descent from Canada, upon a Dutch Town called Schenectada, Twenty Miles above Albany under the Government of New York ; and in that Surprizing IncurSION, they killed about Sixty Persons, whereof one was their Minister, and carried about Half as many into Captivity ; but the People there, assisted by the *Maquas*, pursued them, and Recovered some of their Captives from them. Upon the Advice of this Mischiefe in the West, order was dispatch'd unto Major Frost, in the East, that the Towns there should stand upon their Guard. The Major did his Duty ; but they did not theirs : They Dream't. that while the Deep Snow of the Winter continued, they were Safe enough ; but this prov'd as Vain as a Dream of a Dry Summer.

On

On *March 18th*, the *French*, with *Indians*, being Half one, Half t'other, Half Indianized French, and Half Frenchified Indians, commanded by *Monsieur Artel*, and *Hope hood*, fell Suddenly upon *Salmon Falls*, destroying the best part of the Town, with Fire and Sword. Near *Thirty* Persons were Slain, and more than *Fifty* were led into what the Reader will by'nd by call, *The worst Captivity in the World*. It would be a Long Story to tell, what a particular Share in this Calamity, fell to the Family of One *Clement Short*. This Honest Man, with his Pious Wife, and Three Children, were kill'd; and Six or Seven of their Children, were made Prisoners: the most of which arrived Safe to *Canada*, through a thousand Hardships; and the most of these were with more than a Thousand Mercies afterwards Redeemed from *Canada*, unto their English Friends again. But my Readers, will be so Reasonable, as to Excuse me, if I do not mention the Fate of every Family, that hath Suffered a Share in the Calamity of this grievous War; for 'tis impossible that I should Know All that hath happened; and it would be improper for me to Write All that I know: And very little is the Advantage of having a Name Standing upon Record, only among unhappy Sufferers. About Seven Score English went out after 'em, and came up with 'em: nevertheless, through the Disadvantages of their Feet by the Snow, they could

could make no Hand on it. Four or Five of ours were kill'd, and as many of the Enemy; but the Night put an End unto the Action. Ours took one Prisoner, a French man, who Confessed, that they came from *Canada*, where both French and Indians, were in Pay, at Ten Livres Per Month; and he particularly Declared the State of *Canada*. This Prisoner met with such kind ulage from us, that he became a Freeman of Christ, and Embraced and Professed the Protestant Religion. But of the Prisoners, which the Enemy took from us, there were Two which immediately met with a very Different Fate. Three Indians hotly pursued one *Thomas Toogood*, and One of them overtaking him, while the rest perceiving it, staid behind the Hill, he yielded himself a Prisoner. While the Salvage was getting Strings to bind him, he held his Gun under his Arm; which *Toogood* Observing, Suddenly pluck'd it from his Friend *Stark Naught*, Threatening and Protesting, that he would Shoot him down, If he made any Noise; and so, Away he ran with it, unto *Quebec*. If my Reader be inclin'd now to Smile, when he thinks, how Simply poor *Igrim* look'd, returning to his Mates behind the Hill, without either Gun, or Pique, or any thing but Strings, to Remember him of his own Deserts; the Smiles will all be presently turn'd into Tears. The Indians had now made a Prisoner of one *Robert Rogers*, and being

on

on their Journey, they came to an Hill, where this man, being through his Corpulency, (for which he was usually Nicknamed, *Robin Pork*) and an Insupportable and Intolerable Burden laid upon his Back, not so able to Travel as the rest, he Absconded. The Wretches missing him, immediately went in pursuit of him; and it was not long before they found his Burden cast in the way, and the Track of his going out of the way, which they follow'd, until they found him hidden in an *Hollow Tree*. They Took him out, they Stript him, they beat him, and prickt him, and push'd him forward with their Swords, until they were got back to the Hill; and it being almost Night, they fastned him to a Tree, with his Hands behind him, and made themselves a Supper, Singing, Dancing, Roaring, and Uttering many signs of Joy, but with Joy little enough to the poor Creature, who foresaw, what all this Tended unto. They then cut a parcel of Wood, and bringing it into a plain place, they cut off the Top of a small *Red Oak Tree*, Leaving the Trunk for a Stake, where to they bound their Sacrifice. They first made a Great Fire near this Tree of Death, and bringing him unto it, they bid him take his Leave of his Friends; which he did in a doleful manner; no Pen, though made of an *Harpies Quill*, were able to describe the Dolour of it. They then allow'd him a little Time, to make his Prayers, unto Heaven; which

which he did with an Extreme Fervency and Agony: Where-upon they bound him to the Stake, and brought the rest of the Prisoners, with their Arms tyed each to other, so setting them round the Fire. This being done, they went behind the Fire, and thrust it forwards upon the man, with much Laughter and Shouting; and when the Fire had burnt some while upon him, even till he was near Stifled, they pull'd it again from him. They Danced about him, and at every Turn, they did with their knives, cut collops of his *Flesh*, from his Naked Limbs, & throw them with his Blood into his Face. When he was Dead, they set his Body down upon the *Glowing Coals*, and left him Tyed with his Back to the Stake; where the English Army soon after found him. He was left for Us, to put out the Fire with our Tears!

Reader, Who should be the *Father* of these *Myrmidons*?

ARTICLE. VII.

The Condition of the Captives, that from time to time fell into the Hands of the Indians: with some very Remarkable Accidents.

WE have had *Some Occasion*, and shall have *Adore*, to mention *Captives*, falling into the Hands of the *Indians*. We will here, without

any thing worthy to be call'd *A Digression*, a little *Stand Still*, and with mournful *Hearts*, look upon the Condition of the *Captives* in those cruel *Hands*. Their Condition truly might be Express'd in the Terms of the ancient *Lamentations*, (thus by some Translated,) Lam 4 3. *The Daughter of my People, is in the Hands of the Cruel, that are like the Ostrich in the Wilderness.* Truly, the Dark places of *New England*, where the *Indians* had their Unapproachable *Kennels*, were *Habitations of Cruelty*: and no words can Sufficiently describe the Cruelty undergone by our *Captives* in those *Habitations*. The Cold, and Heat, and Hunger, & Weariness, and Mockings, and Scourgings, and Insolencies, Endured by the *Captives*, would enough deserve the Name of *Cruelty*; but there was this also added unto the rest, that they must ever now and then have their Friends made a *Sacrifice of Devils* before their Eyes, but be afraid of dropping a Tear from those Eyes, lest it should, upon that provocation, be next their own Turn, to be so Barbarously *Sacrificed*. Indeed some few of the *Captives*, did very happily Escape from their Barbarous Oppressors, by a *Flight* wisely managed: and many more of them, were Bought by the *French*, who treated them with a Civility ever to be acknowledged, until care was taken to fetch 'em home. Nevertheless, many Scores of them Dyed among the *Indians*; and what usage they Had, may be gathered from the following

Re

with Indian Salvages.

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Relations, which I have obtained from Credible Witnesses.

R E L A T I O N. I.

James Key, Son to John Key of Quocbecho, was a Child of about Five years of Age, taken Captive, by the Indians at Salmon Falls; and that Hellish Fellow, Hope-Hood, once a Servant of a Christian Master in Boston, was become the Master of this Little Christian. This Child, Lamenting with Tears the want of his Parents, his Master Threatened him with Death, if he did not Refrain his Tears; but these Threatenings could not Extinguish the Natural Affections of a Child. Wherefore, upon his Next Lamentations, this Monster Stript him Stark Naked, and lash'd both his Hands round a Tree, and Scourg'd him, so that from the Crown of his Head unto the Sole of his Foot, he was all over Bloody and Swollen: and when he was Tired with laying on his Blows, on the Forlorn Infant, he would lay him on the Ground, with Taunts remembring him of his Parents. In this misery, the poor Creature lay horribly Roaring for diverse Dayes together, while his Master, gratified with the Musick, lay contriving of New Torments, wherewith to Martyr him. It was not long, before the Child had a Sore Eye, which his Master said, proceeded from his Weeping on the Forbidden Accounts: Whereupon, laying Hold on the Head of the Child

with his *Left Hand*; with the Thumb of his *Right*, he forced the Ball of his *Eye* quite out; there-
withal telling him *That when he heard him Cry*
again he would Serve t other so too, and leave him
never an Eye to Sleep withal. About Nine or Ten
Dayes after, this Wretch had Occasion to Re-
move, with his Family, about Thirty Miles fur-
ther: and when they had gone about Six Miles
of the Thirty, the Child being Tird and
Faint, sat him down to rest, at which, this
Horrid Fellow, being provoked, he Buried
the Blade of his Harcher, in the Brains of the
Child, and then chopt the Breathless Body to
pieces before the rest of the Company, & threw
it into the River. But for the sake of these and
other such Truculent Things done by *Hope-Hood*,
I am Resolved, that in the course of our Story,
will watch to see what becomes of that hideous
Loup garou, if he come to his End, as I am apt to
think he will, before the Story.

RELATION II.

Mebetabel Goodwin, being a Captive amongst
the Indians, had with her a Child about
Twelve Months old; which thro' Hunger & Hard-
ship, she being unable to nourish, it often made
most grievous Ejulations. Her Indian Master
told her, that if the Child were not quiet, he
would soon dispose of it; which caused her to
use all possible means, that his *Norop story* might
not

not be offend'd; and sometimes carry it from the Fire, out of his Hearing, where she sat up to the wall, in Snow and Frost, for several Hours, until it was Dull'd asleep. She thus for several dayes preserv'd the Life of her *Babe*, until he saw close to Travel, with his own *Cubs* farther afield; and then, lest he should be Reward'd in his Travel, He violently snatch'd the Babe out of it's Mother's Arms, and before her Face knockt out its *Brain*, and stript it of the Few Rags it had hitherto Enjoy'd, and order'd her the Task, to go wash the *Body*. *Continued* Returning from this *Melancholy Task*, She found the Infant hanging by the Neck in a Forked Bough of a Tree. She desired leave to lay it in the Earth; but he said, *It was better, as it was, for now the Wild Beasts would not come near it, [I am sure, they had been at it!] and she might have the Comfort of seeing it again, if ever they came that way.* The Journey now before them, was like to be very long, even as far as *Cupah*, where his purpose was to make Merchandise of his Captive, and glad was the Captive of such happy Tidings. But the Desperate length of the way, and want of Food, and grief of *Mind*, wherewith she now encountred, caus'd her within a few Dayes to faint under her Disturbances. When at length, she sat down for some Repose, with many Prayers, and Tears unto God, for the Salvation of her Soul, she found her self unable to Rise, until she espied her Furious Exe-

custoner coming towards her, with *Fire* in his *Eyes*, the *Devil* in his *Heart*, and his *Hatchet* in his *Hand*, ready to bestow a *Mercy-Stroke* of Death upon her. But then, this miserable Creature, got on her *Knees*, and with Weeping and Wailing & all Expressions of *Agony* and *Entreaty*, prevailed on him, to spare her Life a little, and she did not question but God would enable her to *Walk a little faster*. The merciless *Tyrant* was prevailed withal, to spare her this Time; nevertheless her former Weakness quickly Returning upon her, he was just going to Murder her; but a Couple of *Indians*, just at that Instant, coming in, suddenly call'd upon him to *Hold his Hand*; whereat such an Horror Surprised his *Guilty Soul*, that he ran away. But hearing them call his Name, he Returned, and then permitted these his Friends, to Ransome his prisoner from him. After this, being Seated by a River side, they heard several *Guns* go off, on the other side; which they concluded, was from a party of *Albany* Indians, who were Enemies unto these: whereupon this Bold Blade, would needs go in a *Canoe*, to discover what they were. They Fired upon him, and shot through him, and several of his Friends, before the Discovery could be made unto Satisfaction. But some Dayes after this, diverse of his Friends, gathered a party to Revenge his Death, on their *Supposed Enemies*; with whom they joined Battel, and fought several Hours, until

until their *Supposed Enemies*, did Really put 'em to the Rout. Among the Captives, which they left in their Fight, one was this poor *Goodwin*, who was Overjoyed in seeing her sell thus at Liberty; but the Joy did not last long, for these *Indians* were of the Same Sort with the other, and had been by their own *Friends*, thus through a strange *Mistake* set upon. However, this crue, proved more Favourable to her, than the former, and went away Silently with their Booty, being loth to have any Noise made of their foul *Mistake*. And yet, a few Dayes after, such an other *Mistake* happened; for, meeting with another party of *Indians*, which they imagined in the *English Interests*, they furiously engaged each other, and many were killed and wounded on either side; but they proved a party of the *French Indians*, who took this poor *Goodwin*, and presented her to the French Captain, by whom she was carried unto *Canada*; where she continued Five years, & then was brought safe Back into *New-England*.

RELATION III.

Mary Plaisted, the Wife of Mr. James Plaisted, was made a Captive by the *Indians*, about Three Weeks, after her Delivery of a Male Child. They then Took her, with her Infant, off her Bed, and forced her to Travel in this her Weakness, the best part of a Day, with-

out any Respect or Pity. At Night, the Cold Ground, in the Open Air, was her Lodging; and for many a Day, she had no Nourishment, but a little Water, with a little Bears-flesh: which rendered her so feeble, that she, with her Infant, were not far from totally Starved. Upon her Cries to God, there was at length, some Supply sent in, by her Masters taking a Moose, the Broath whereof Recovered her. But she must now Travel, many Dayes, thro' Woods, and Swamps, and Rocks, and over Mountains, and Frost and Snow, until she could stir no farther. Sitting down to Rest, she was not able to Rise, until her Diabolical Master help'd her up; which when he did, he took her Child from her, and carried it into a River, where stripping it of the few Rags it had; he took it by the Heels, and against a Tree dash'd out its Brains; and then flang it into the River. So he Returned unto the miserable Mother, telling her, *She was now eased of her Burden; and must walk faster than she did before!*

RELATION III

Mary Ferguson, taken Captive by the Indians at Salmon Falls, declares, that another Maid, of about Fifteen or Sixteen years of Age, taken at the same Time, had a Great Burden imposed on her. Being over born with her Burden, she burst out into Tears, telling her Indian Master,

That

With Indian Gallies.

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That she could go no further. Whereupon he immediately took off her Burden, and leading her aside into the Bushes, he cut off her Head, and Scalping in, he ran about laughing and bragging, what an Act he had now done, and showing the Scalp unto the rest, he told them, They should all be Served so, if they were not patient. A

In fine; when the Children of the English Captives Cried at any Time, so that they were not presently quieted, the design of the Indians was, to dash out their Brains against a Tree.

And very often, when the Indians were on, or near the Water, they took the Small Children, and held them under Water, till they had near Drowned them; and then gave them into their Distressed Mothers, to quiet them.

And the Indians in their Flocks, would Whip and Beat the Small Children, until they fell into grievous out-cryes, and then throw them to their Amazed Mothers, for them to quiet them again, as well as they could.

This was Indian Cruelty.

Reader, A Modern Traveller assures us, that at the River Endorpha, not far from Rome, there is to be seen the Body of a Petrified Man; and that he himself saw, by a piece of the mans Leg, Broken for Satisfaction, both the Bone, and the Skin Crusted over it. All that I will say, is, That if you cant Read these passages without Re;

An History of a War,
 Relenting Bowels, thou thy self art as really
 Petrified, as the man at *Villa Ludovisia*.

Nescio tu quibus es, Lector, Lectoris Ocellis ;
Hoc Scio quod Siccis Scribere non potui.

A R T I C L E VIII.

*A Little Account of the Greatest Action, that ever
 New-England Attempted.*

I have Read or Heard, That when the Insufferable Abuses, which the English Nation suffered from the *Abbeys*, were in the Parliament complained of, the Total Dissolution of those *Abbeys*, was much forwarded, by a Speech of a Gentleman in the *House of Commons*, to this purpose ; That his own House had been much annoy'd by *Rooks* building in a Tree, near unto it, and that he had used many ineffectual ways to disturb, and disroot these mischievous *Rooks* : until at Last, he found out an infallible way to be delivered from the *Rooks*, and that was to cut down the Tree that Lodged 'em. The Distresses into which New-England was now fallen, made this very comparison to be thought of. The *Indian Rooks* grievously infested the Country ; and while the Country was only on the *Defensive Part*, their Men were Thinned, their Towns were Broken, and their Treasures consumed,

med, without any Hope of seeing an End of these Troublesome Tragedies. The French Colonies to the Northward, were the Tree, in which those Rooks had their Nests; and the French having in person first fallen upon the English of New-England, it was thought that the New-Englanders might very justly take this Occasion, to Reduce those French Colonies under the English Government, and so at once take away from all the Rooks for ever, all that gave 'em any Advantage to Infest us. Accordingly, a Naval Force, with about Seven Hundred men, under the Conduct of Sr. William Phips, was dispatch'd away to Liaccady, and Nova Scotia. This Fleet, setting Sail from New-England, April 28. 1690, in a Fortnight Arrived at Port-Royal, and Sir William having the Fort Surrendred unto him, took Possession of that Province, for the Crown of England. But this was only a step towards a far greater Action! There was no Speech about the Methods of Safety made, which did not conclude, with, a, *Delenda est Carthago*. It was become the concurring Resolution, of all New-England, with New-York, that a vigorous Attack should be made upon Canada, at once, both by Sea, and Land. A Fleet of Thirty Two Sail, under the Command of Sr. William Phips, was Equipp'd at Boston, and began their Voyage, Aug. 9, and the whole Matter was put into Form, with so much Contrivance and Caution, and

Courage,

Courage, that nothing but an Evident Hand of Heaven, was likely to have given such a Defeat unto it, as has been indeed generally and Remarkably given unto all the Colonies of America, when they have Invaded one another. If this Expedition did miscarry, and if Canada proved unto New-England, what it prov'd unto the Spaniards, when at their Deserting it, they call'd it, *El Capo de Nada*, or, *The Cape of Nothing* (whence the Name *Canada*) there is no New-Englander, but what will maintain, that it was with a less Disgraceful miscarriage, than what baffled, every one of those, that were made in this War, against the French Islands, by more powerful Fleets of those, who were forward Enough to Reproach New-England. I am sure, he that Reads the Account of what was done at *Martinico*, in the Relation of the Voyage of M. de Genes, lately published, must be very easy in his Reflections upon what was done at *Canada*. And I will add, That if the New-England men return'd *re infecta* from *Canada*, yet they did not leave Two Hundred men behind them to the mercy of the French, as they who most Reproached New-England, soon after did at *Guadalupa*.

The fuller Narrative of these memorable Things, the Reader may find written in, *The Life of Sir William Phipps*, lately published; of which I must here give this Attestation, That as my Acquaintance with the Author, gives me

Assu-

Assurance, of his being as Willing to *Retract* a Mistake, as unwilling to *Commit* one, and of his Care in whatever he writes, to be able to make the profession of *Oecolampadius*, *Nolui aliquid Scribere, quod improbatum putem Christum*: So I have Compared this Narrative with the *Journals* of the Expedition, and I find the most Contested passages of the Story (nor did I ever hear of any more than one or two little circumstantial passages contested, as carrying a sound a little too *Rhetorical*; but, I say, I find them) to be the very Express Words thereof, contained in those *Journals*; and more than so, that very credible Persons, concerned therein, have readily offered their Depositions upon *Oath*, to the Truth of what is Written. So I take my leave of that History, and of Sir *William Phipps*, the Memorable Subject of that History, whom I leave under this

E P I T A P H.

Bonus non est, qui non ad Invidiam usque Bonus est.

[A Digression.]

REader, since we can give no better an Account, of the *Last* English Expedition to *Canada*, why may we not for a Minute or Two, Refresh our selves, with a Story of an *Old* one.

An History of a War,

In the very year, when the *Massachusetts-Colony* began, the English Attempted the Conquest of *Canada*, and though the *First* Attempt miscarried, the *Second* prospered. The Story of it, makes a Chapter, in *Father Hennepins Account* of the Vast Country lately discovered, betwixt *Canada*, and *Mexico*: and this is the Sum of it.

While a Colony was forming it self at *Canada*, an English Fleet was Equipp'd, in the year, 1628. under the Command of Admiral *Kirk*, with a Design to take Possession of that Country. In their Voyage, having taken a French Ship, at the *Isle Perceé*, they Sailed up the River, as far as *Tadoussac*, where they found a Bark, in which they set ashore some Souldiers, to Seize on *Cape Tourment*. And here a Couple of Salvages discovering them, ran away to advise the people of *Quebeck*, that the English were approaching. When the Fleet arrived, the Admiral Summoned the Town to Surrender by a Letter to *Monsieur Champelin*, the Governour; But the Governour notwithstanding his being so Surprised with the Invasion, made such a Resolute Answer, that the English, (though as the Historian says, *they are a People that will sooner Dy than quit what they once undertake*) did conclude the Fort *Quebeck*, was in a much better Condition for Defence than it really was; and therefore desisting from any farther Attempt at this Time, they returned into *England*, with Resolution further

to pursue their Design at a more favourable Opportunity.

Accordingly, on *July 19. 1629.* in the Morning, the *English Fleet* appear'd again, over against the Great Bay of *Quebeck*, at the point of the Isle of *Orleans*; which Fleet Consisted of Three men of War, and Six other Vessels. Admiral *Kirk* sending a Summons form'd in very Civil Expressions, for the Surrender of the Place, the miserable State of the Country, which had been by the English Interceptions, hindred of Supplies from *France*, for Two years together, oblig'd the *Sieur Champelin* to make a softer Answer, than he did before. He sent Father *Joseph Le Caron*, aboard the Admiral to treat about the Surrender, and none of his Demands for Fifteen Dayes, and then for Five Dayes, Time to Consider on't, could obtain any longer Time, than till the Evening, to prepare their *Articles*. Upon the Delivery of this Message, a Council was held, wherein some urged, that the English had no more than Two Hundred men, of Regular Troops aboard, and some others which had not much of the Air of Souldiers; and that the Courage of the Inhabitants was much to be relied upon, and therefore it was best for to run the risk of a Siege: But Monsieur *Champelin*, apprehending the Bravery of the English, remonstrated unto the Council, that it was better to make a Surrender on Good Terms, than be all

all Out Impious by an unreasonable Endeavour to Defend themselves. Upon this, the Articles regulating all matters, were got ready, and Father Joseph had his Commission, to carry them aboard the English Admiral, where the Signing of them was defer'd until To Morrow. On July 20. the Articles of Capitulation were Signed, on both sides, and the English being Landed, were put in possession of Canada, by the Governor of it. The French Inhabitants, who were then in the Country, had twenty Crowns a piece given them, the rest of their Effects remained unto the Conquerors, but those who were willing to stay, were favoured by the English with great Advantages. The Fleet set Sail again for England, Sept. 12. and arrived at Plymouth, Oct. 18. in that year.

ARTICLE IX.

When the Indians at last perceived that the New Englanders were upon a Likely Design to swallow up the French Territories, the Prospect of it began to have the same Operation upon them, that the Success of the Design would have made Perpetual; that is, to Dispirit them, for giving the New Englanders any further Molestation. Nevertheless, Before and Unth

they

with Indian Salvages.

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they were thoroughly Advised of what was a doing, and likely to be done, they did molest the Country with some Tragical Efforts of their Fury. Captain *James Couvers* was Marching through the vast Wilderness, to *Albany*, with some Forces, which the *Massachusetts Colony* were willing to send by Land (besides what they did send by *Sea* unto *Quebeck*,) for the Assistance of the Army, in the *West*, that was to go from thence over the *Lake*, and there fall upon *Mount Real* ; but unhappy Tidings out of the *East* required the Diversion of those Forces thither. About the Beginning of *May*, the French and Indians, between Four and Five Hundred, were seen at *Casco*, in a great Fleet of *Canoo's* passing over the Bay : but not Seeing or Hearing any more of them, for Two or Three Weeks together, the *Cascomians* flattered themselves with Hopes, That they were gone another way. But about *May* 16. those Hopes were over ; For one *Gresson*, a Scotchman, then going out Early, fell into the mouths of these Hungry Salvages. It proved no kindness to *Casco*, tho' it proved a great one to himself, that a Commander so qualified, as Captain *Willard*, was called off, Two or Three Dayes before. But, The Officers of the place, now concluding, that the whole *Army* of the Enemy, were watching for an Advantage to Surprize the Town, Resolved that they would keep a Strict watch, for Two or Three dayes, to make some further

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Disco-

Discovery, before they Salley'd forth. Notwith-
standing this, one Lieut. *Clark*, with near Thirty
of their Stoutest young men, would venture out,
as far as the Top of an Hill, in the Entrance of
the *Wood*, half a mile distant from the Town.
The out-let from the Town to the *Wood*, was
thro' a Lane, that had a Fence on each side, which
had a certain *Block-house* at one End of it: and
the *English* were Suspicious, when they came to
Enter the Lane, that the *Indians* were lying behind
the Fence, because the *Castel* stood staring that
way, and would not pass into the *Wood* as they
use to do. This mettlesome Company, then ran
up to the Fence, with an, *Huzzab!* thinking
thereby to discourage the Enemy, if they should
be lurking there: but the Enemy were so well
prepared for them, that they answered them with
an horrible Vengeance, which kill'd the Lieutenant,
with Thirteen more upon the Spot, and the rest
escaped with much ado unto one of the Garri-
sons. The Enemy then coming into Town, be-
set all the *Garrisons* at once, Except the *Fort*,
which were manfully Defended, so long as their
Ammunition lasted; but That being spent, with-
out a prospect of a Recruit, they quitted all the
Four *Garrisons*, and by the Advantage of the
Night, got into the *Fort*. Upon this, the Enemy
Setting the Town on Fire, bent their whole Force
against the *Fort*, which had hard by it, a deep
Gully, that contributed not a little unto the Ruin

with Indian Salvages.

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of it : For, the Besiegers getting into that Gully, lay below the Danger of our Guns. Here the Enemy began their *Mine*, which was carried so near the Walls, that the English, who by Fighting Five Dayes and Four Nights, had the greatest part of their men killed and wounded, (Captain *Lawrence* mortally, among the rest,) began a parley with them. Articles were Agreed, That they should have liberty to March unto the Next English Town, and have a Guard for their Safety in their March ; and the *French Commander*, lifting up his Hand, Swore by the Everlasting God, for the performance of these Articles. But the Agreement was kept, as those that are made with *Hugonots* use to be : The English being first Admonished, by the *French*, that they were all *Rebels*, for proclaiming the Prince of Orange their King, were Captived, and many of them cruelly Murdered by the *Indians* : Only some of them (and particularly, Major *Davis*,) were Carried unto *Canada*, where the Gentry, very civilly Treated them. The Garrisons at *Papoodack*, *Spurwink*, *Black Point*, and *Blue Point*, were so disanimated at these Disasters, that, without Orders they drew off immediately, to *Saco*; Twenty miles, within *Casco*, and from *Saco* in a few Dayes also they drew off to *Wells*, Twenty miles within the said *Saco* ; and about Half *Wells* drew off as far as *Lieut. Storers*. But the Arrival of Orders and Souldiers from the Government, stopt

them from Retiring any further, and *Hope Hood*, with a party that staid for further mischief, meeting with some Resistance here, turn'd about, and having first had a skirmish with Captain *Sherborn*, they appear'd the Next Lords day at *Newichawannick*, or, *Barwick*, where they Burnt some Houses, and Slew a man. Three Dayes alter, they came upon a Small Hamlet, on the South side of *Piscataqua* River, called, *Fox Point*, and besides the Burning of several Houses, they Took Half a Dozen, and kill'd more than a Dozen, of the too Securely Ungarrisoned People: which it was as easy to do, as to have Spoiled an ordinary *Hen Roost*. But Captain *Floyd*, and Capt. *Greenleaf*, coming upon thole *Indians*, made some Slaughter among them, Recovered some Captives, with much Plunder, and bestow'd a Good wound upon *Hope Hood*, who left

[*Villian ! Thou shalt not escape so : There must quickly be another stroke upon thee !*]

his Gun, (which was next his Life) in this Action. All that shall further belong to this Paragraph of our Story, is, That when the *Indians* were got into the Woods, they made one *Goody Stockford* their messenger, to her Neighbours; whole *Charity* she so well Solicited, that she got a *Schalop* full of it unto *Casco*, where the *Indians* permitted us to Redeem several of the *Prisoners*.

ARTICLE X.

Harm Watch'd, and Catch'd by the Indians, and several Rare Instances of Mortal wounds upon the English, not proving Mortal.

THat memorable Tygre, Hope-Hood, (called also, *Wobawa*,) finding the Coast hereabouts too hot for him, went away with his *Crue*, a great way to the *West-ward*, with a Design to Bewitch another *Crue* at *Aquadocta* into his Assistance. Here a party of *French-Indians*, by a strange Mistake, supposing *Hope Hood*, & his Wretches, to have been the *Indians*, who had lately done some Spoil upon them at *Canada*, furiously fell upon them, and in their *Blind Fury* slew him, and a considerable part of his Company. So, we have now done with him! On the mean Time, some other *Indians* came upon an Helpless place, called, *Spruce Creek*, and kill'd an old man, and carried a Woman into Captivity; but tho' Captain *Convers* pursued 'em Three Dayes, they were too Nimble for him. On *July*, 4 Eight or Nine persons working in a Field, at a place call'd, *Lampereel River*, the *Scythe of Death*, unhappily mow'd them down, in that *Field of Blood*: The *Indians* by Surprise, kill'd 'em all, and carried a Lad Captive. About this Time, a *Council of War*, was called, at *Portsmouth*, by which it was thought adviseable, to

send out Captain *Wiswal*, with a considerable Scout for to Scour the Woods, as far as *Casco*: and it being Resolved, That one of the other Captains with about Fourscore Stout men should accompany Captain *Wiswal* in this Action, they All with such a Generous Emulation offered it, that it was necessary to determine it by a Lot, which fell upon Captain *Floyd*. On July 4. assisted with Lieut. *Andrews*, and a Detachment of Twenty Two men from *Wells*, they took their March from *Quochecho*, into the Woods. But the Day following, the Enemy set upon Captain *Hiltons* Garrison in *Exeter*, which Lieut. *Bancroft*, then posted at *Exeter*, with the loss of a few of his men, Relieved. At this Time, there happened a Remarkable Thing. I know not whether the Story told by *Plato* be true, That one *Hermus Armenius* (whom *Clemens* will have to be *Zoroaster*) being Slain in War, lay Ten Days among the Dead, and then being brought away, and on the Twelfth Day laid on the Funeral Pile, he came to Life again. But it is true, that one *Simon Stone* being here wounded with Shot, in Nine several places, lay for Dead, (as it was Time!) among the Dead. The *Indians* coming to Strip him, attempted, with Two several Blows of an Hatchet at his Neck, to cut off his Head, which Blows added, you may be sure, more Enormous wounds unto those Port-holes of Death, at which the Life of the poor man, was already running out, as fast

as it could. Being charged hard by Lieut. Bancroft, they left the man, without *Scalping* him; and the English now coming to Bury the Dead, one of the Souldiers perceived this poor man to fetch a gasp: whereupon an *Irish* Fellow then present, advised 'em, to give him another Dab with an Hatchet, and so Bury him with the rest. The English detesting this Barbarous Advice, lifted up the wounded man, and poured a little *Fair Water* into his Mouth, at which he Coughed; then they poured a little *Strong Water* alter it, at which he opened his Eyes. The *Irish* Fellow was ordered now to hale a Canoo ashore, to carry the wounded men up the River, unto a Chelrurgeon; and as Teague was foolishly pulling the Canoo ashore, with the Cock of his Gun, while he held the Muzzle in his Hand, his Gun went off, and broke his Arm, whereof he remains a Creeple to this Day: But Simon Stone was thoroughly cured, and is at this Day a very lusty man, and as he was Born with Two Thumbs on one Hand, his Neighbours have thought him to have at least as many Hearts as Thumbs!

Reader, Let us Leave it now unto the Sons of *Aesculapius*, to Dispute out the Problem, *What Wounds are to be Judged Mortal?* The Sovereign Arbiter of Life and Death, seems to have determined it, *That no Wounds are Mortal, but such as He shall in His Holy Providence Actually make so.* On the one side, Let it be Remem-

An History of a War,

72
bred, That a Scratch of a *Comb* has proved *Mortal*; That the Incomparable Anatomist *Spigelius*, at the Wedding of his Daughter, gathering up the Reliques of a Broken Glass, a Fragment of it scratched one of his Fingers; and all his Exquisite Skill in *Anatomy*, could not prevent its producing an *Empyema*, that Killed him: That Colonel *Rossiter*, cracking a Plumbstone with his Teeth, broke his Tooth, and Lost his Life; That the Lord *Fairfax*, cutting a Corn, in his Foot, Cut asunder the *Thread* of his Life; That Mr. *Fowler*, a Vintner, playing with his Child, received a little scratch of a *Pin*, which turn'd unto a *Gangrene*, that Cost him his Life. And Reader, Let the Remembrance of such Things, cause thee to *Live*, preparing for *Death* continually. But then, on the other side, That nothing may be Despaired of, Remember *Simon Stone*. And besides him, I call to Remembrance, That the Indians making an Assault upon *Deerfield* in this *Present War*, they struck an Hatchet some Inches into the *Skull* of a Boy there, even so deep, that the Boy felt the Force of a Wrench used by 'em to get it out. There he lay a long while Weltring in his *Blood*; they found him, they Dress'd him, considerable Quantities of his *Brain* came out from time to time, when they opened the Wound; yet the Lad Recovered, and is now a Living Monument of the Power and Goodness of God. And in our *Former War*,

War, there was one *Jabez Musgrave*, who tho' he were Shot by the *Indians*, with a Bullet, that went in at his *Ear*, and went out at his *Eye*, on the other side of his head; and a Brace of Bullets, that went in to his *Right Side*, a little above his *Hip*, and passing thro' his *Body* within the *Back Bone*, went out at his *Left Side*; yet he Recovered, and Lived many years after it.

A R T I C L E XL

A Worthy Captain Dying in the Bed of Honour.

ON *July 6. Lords Day*, *Captain Floyd*, and *Captain Wiswell*, sent out their Scouts, before their *Breakfast*, who immediately returned, with *Tidings* of *Breakfast* enough provided for those, who had their *Stomach* sharp set for *Fighting*: *Tidings* of a considerable *Track* of the *Enemy*, going to the *Westward*. Our *Forces* vigorously followed the *Track*, till they came up with the *Enemy*, at a place call'd *Wheelrights Pond*; where they Engaged 'em in a *Bloody Action* for several *Hours*. The manner of the *Fight* here, was as it is at all times, with *Indians*; namely what your *Artists* at *Fighting* do call, *A la disbandad*: And here, the *Worthy Captain Wiswel*, a man worthy to have been *Shot* (if he must have been *Shot*,) with no *Gun* inferior to that at *Florence*, the *Barrel* whereof is

all

all pure Gold, behaving himself with much Bravery, Sold his Life, as dear as he could; and his Lieutenant *Flag*, and Sergeant *Walker*, who were *Valiant in their Lives, in their Death were not divided*. Fifteen of ours were Slain, and more Wounded; but how many of the Enemy, 'twas not exactly known, because of a singular care used by them in all their Battels, to carry off their *Dead*, tho' they were forced now to Leave a good Number of them on the Spot. Captain *Floyd* maintained the Fight, after the Death of Captain *Wifwal*, several Hours, until so many of his Tired and Wounded men Drew off, that it was Time for him to Draw off also; for which he was blamed perhaps, by some that would not have continued at it so long as he. Hereupon Captain *Cavers* repaired, with about a score Hands to look after the *Wounded* men, and finding seven yet *Alive*, he brought 'em to the *Hospital*, by Sun-rise the next morning. He then Returned with more Hands, to Bury the *Dead*, which was done immediately; and *Plunder* left by the Enemy at their going off, was then also taken by them. But the same Week, these *Rovers* made their Descent as far as *Amesbury*, where Captain *Foot* being *Ensnared* by them, they Tortured him to Death; which Disaster of the Captain, was an *Alarm* to the Town, and an Effectual Word of Command, causing 'em to Fly out of their *Beds* into their *Garrisons*; other-

wise

wife they had all undoubtedly, before the next morning Slept their last: their Beds would have been their Graves. However, the Enemy Kill'd Three Persons, Burnt Three Houses, Butchered many Cattel; and so, that Scene of the Tragedy being over, away they went.

In fine, From the First Mischief done, at Lampersool River, to the East at Amesbury, all belong'd unto one Indian Expedition, in which, though no English Places were taken, yet Forty English People were cut off.

ARTICLE XII.

An Indian Fort or Town, and some other Affairs.

Reader, I remember the prolixity of Guicciardini, the Historian, gave such Offence, that Accialini, brings in an Offender at Verbosity, Ordered for his punishment by the Judges at Perus, to Read that punctual Historian; but the poor Fellow begg'd rather to be Flay'd alive, than to be Tortured with Reading an Historian, who in relating the War between the Florentines and Pisans, made longer Narrations, about the Taking of a Pigeon House, than there needed of the most Fortified Castle in the World. For this cause let me be excus'd, Reader, if I make short Work; in our Story, and Leave the Honest Actors

Actors themselves to Run over Circumstances more at large, with their Friends by the Fireside.

The Enemy appearing a Little Numerous and Vexatious, the Government sent more Forces to break up the Enemies Quarters; and Auxiliaries both of English and Indians, under the Command of Major Church, assisted the Enterprize. About Three Hundred Men, were dispatched away upon this Design, in the Beginning of September, who Landed by Night in Casco Bay, at a place called, *Macquoit*, and by Night Marched up to *Peebyscot Fort*; where, from the Information of some Escaped Captives, they had an Expectation to meet with the Enemy; but found that the Wretches were gone farther a field. They then marched away for *Amonoscoggin Fort*, which was about Forty Miles up the River, and Wading through many Difficulties, whereof one was a Branch of the River it self, they met with Four or Five *Salvages*, going to their Fort, with two English Prisoners. They Sav'd the Prisoners, but could not catch the *Salvages*; however, on the Lords-Day they got up to the Fort undiscovered, where to their Sorrowful Disappointment, they found no more than one and Twenty of the Enemy, whereof they Took and Slew Twenty. They found some Considerable Store of Plunder, and Rescued Five English Captives, and laid the Fort in Ashes: but one

Disaster

Disaster they much Complained of ; That the Captain of the Fort, whose Name was *Agamcus*, alias, *Great Tom*, slipt away from the Hands of his too *Careless* keepers. But if this piece of *Carelessness* did any *Harm*, there was another which did some Good : For, *Great Tom* having terribly Scared a party of his Country-men, with the Tidings of what had happened ; and an English Lad in their Hands also telling some Truth unto them, they betook themselves to such a *Flight*, in their *Fright*, as gave one Mr. *Anthony Bracket*, then a Prisoner with 'em, an Opportunity to Flie Four-score miles another way. Our Forces returning to *Mackquoit*, one of our Vessels was there *Carelessly* run a ground, and compelled thereby to stay for the next Tide : and Mr. *Bracket*, had been miserably a ground, if it had not so fell out ; for he thereby got thither before she was afloat ; otherwise *he* might have perished, who was afterwards much Improved in Service against the Murderers of his Father. Arriving at *Winter Harbour*, a party of men were sent up the River, who coming upon a parcel of the *Mankien Wolves*, then hunted for, killed some of them, and Siezed most of their Arms, and Stores, and Recovered from them an *English man*, who told them, that the Enemy were intending to Rendezvouze on *Pechypscot Plain*, in order to an Attempt upon the Town of *Wells*. Upon this, they Reimbark'd for *Macquoit*, and repaired as fast

as they could unto *Pechypscot Plain*, and being Divided into Three parties, they there waited for the Approach of the Enemy. But being tyred with one of the Three *Italian* mileries, *Waiting for those who did not come*, they only possessed themselves of more Plunder there hid by the Enemy, and returned unto *Casco-Harbor*. The Enemy it seems *dogg'd* their Motions; and in the Night they made a mischievous Assault upon such of the English Army, as were too Remiss in providing for their own Safety, in their going ashore; Killing, Five of our *Plymouth* Friends, who had Lodg'd themselves in an House, without *Commanders* or *Centinels*. The English as soon as the Light of the Day, (which was the *Lords-Day*, *Sept. 21.*) gave 'em leave, quickly Ran upon the Enemy, and Eased the world of some of them, and made the rest Scamper from that part of the world, and got many of their Canoo's, and not a little of their Ammunition, and their best Furniture for the Winter. The Army was after this Dismiss'd; only an Hundred men, were left, with Captain *Convers*, and Lieutenant *Plaisted*, who spent their Time, as profitably as they could, in Scouring about the Frontiers, to prevent Surprizes, from an Enemy which rarely did Annoy, but when they could Surprize.

ARTICLE XIII.

A Flag of Truce.

New-England was now quite out of Breath ! A tedious, lingring, expensive Defence against an *Ever Approaching*, and *Unapproachable* Adversary had made it so, But nothing had made it more so, than the Expedition to *Canada* ; which had Exhausted its best Spirits, and seem'd its *Ultimus Conatus*. While the Country was now in too Great Amazements to proceed any farther in the *War*, the *Indians* themselves Entreat them to proceed no farther. The *Indians* came in to *Wells*, with a Flag of Truce : and there Ensued some Overtures, with the English Commissioners, Major *Hutchinson*, and Captain *Townsend* sent from *Boston*, to joyn with some others at *Wells*. At length a meeting was Appointed and obtained at *Sagadechock*, Nov. 23. Where the Redemption of Ten English Captives was accomplished ; one of whom, was one Mrs. *Hull*, whom the *Indians* were very loath to part withal, because being able to Write well, they made her serve them in the Quality of a Secretary : Another was named *Nathanael White*, whom the Barbarous Canibals had already ty'd unto a Stake, & cut off one of his Ears, and made him Eat it Raw, and intended for to have Roasted the rest of him alive : The poor man,

man, being astonish'd at his own Deliverance! At last, they Signed Articles, Dated, Nov. 29. 1691. wherein they Engaged, That no *Indians*, in those parts of the World, should do any Injury, to the Persons or Estates, of the English, in any of the English Colonies, until the *First of May*, next Ensuing; And that on the said *First of May*, they would bring in to *Storers Garrison* at *Wells* all the *English Captives* in their Hands, and there Make, and Sign, and Seal Articles of Peace with the English; and in the mean time give seasonable Advice of any Plots, which they might know the *French* to have against them. To this Instrument were set the *Pawes*, of *Edgeremet*, and Five more of their *Sagamores*, and Noblemen.

But as it was not upon the *Firm Land*, but in their *Canooes* upon the *Water*, that they Signed, and Sealed this Instrument; so, Reader, we will be Jealous, that it will prove but a *Fluctuating*, and *Unstable* sort of a Business; and that the *Indians* will *Do a Ly*, as they use to do. However, we will Dismiss all our Souldiers to their several Homes, Leaving only Captain *Convers* to keep *Wells* in some Order, until the *First of May*, do show, whether any more than a meer *Flag of Truce* be yet shown unto us.

ARTICLE

ARTICLE. XIV.

Remarkable Encounters.

AT the Day appointed, there came to the place, Mr. *Danforth*, Mr. *Moodey*, Mr. *Vaughan*, Mr. *Brattle*, and several other Gentlemen, guarded with a Troop, to see how the *Frenchified Indians*, would keep *their Faith with the Hereticks* of *New-England*. The *Indians* being poor *Musicians* for *keeping of Time*, came not according to their *Articles*, and when Captain *Convers* had the courage to go fetch in some of them, they would have made a *Lying Excuse*, That they did not know the *Time*. They brought in *Two Captives*, and promised, That in *Twenty Dayes* more, they would bring in to Captain *Convers* all the rest : but finding that in *Two and Twenty Dayes* they came not, with much concern upon his Mind, he got himself Supplied, as fast as he could, with *Five and Thirty men*, from the County of *Essex*. His men were not come half an Hour to *Storers House*, on *June 9. 1691.* nor had they got their *Indian Weed* fairly lighted into their Mouths, before *Fierce Moxus*, with *Two Hundred Indians*, made an *Attacque* upon the Garrison. This *Recruit of Men*, thus at the very *Nick of Time*, Saved the place ; For *Moxus* meeting with a brave *Repulle*, drew off ; and gave

Modockawando came to say, (as a Captive afterwards related it) *My Brother Moxus* ha's miss'd it now, but I will go my self the next year, and have the *Dog* *Convers* out of his Hole. About this Time, the Enemy Slew Two men at *Berwick*, Two more at *Exeter*, and the biggest part of *Nine*, loading a Vessel at *Cape Nidduck*. But about the latter End of *July*, we sent out a small Army, under the Command of Captain *March*, Captain *King*, Captain *Sherburn*, and Captain *Walten*. (*Convers* lying Sick all Summer, had this to make him yet more Sick, that he could have no part in these Actions,) who landing at *Macquost*, Marched up to *Pechypscot*, but not finding any signs of the Enemy, *Marched down again*. While the Commanders were waiting ashore, till the Souldiers were got aboard, such Great Numbers of *Indians* poured in upon them, that tho' the Commanders wanted not for Courage or Conduct, yet they found themselves obliged, with much ado, (and not without the Death of Worthy Captain *Sherburn*) to retire into the Vessels, which then lay aground. Here they kept pelting at one another all night; but unto little other purpose, than this, which was indeed Remarkable: That the Enemy was at this Time Going to Take the Isle of *Spoales*, and no doubt, had they gone, they would have Taken it, but having Exhausted all their Ammunition on this Occasion, they desisted from what they designed. For the Rest of the Year,

the

With Indian Salvages.

the Compassion of Heaven towards Distressed New-England, kept the Indians under a Strange Inactivity; only, on Sept. 28. Seven persons were Murthered and Captived, at Berwick; and the Day following, Thrice Seven, of Sandy-Beach. On Octob. 23. One Goodridge, and his Wife, were Murdered at Newberry, and his Children Captived: and the Day following, the like Fate befel a Family at Haverbil. And this year, a very Good Strong Fort, at Cape Nidduck, owned by a Widdow, was unhappily Deserted; after which, the Enemy came, and burnt the Houses in it.

ARTICLE XV.

*The Martyrdom of Mr. Shubael Dummer,
with the Fate of York.*

BUT the Winter must not pass over, without a Storm of Blood! The Popish Indians, after long Silence and Repose, in their Inaccessible Kennels, which made our Frontier Towns, a little Remit their Tired Vigilance, did, Janu. 25. 1691. Set upon the Town of York, where the Inhabitants were in their unguarded Houses, here and there Scattered, Quiet and Secure. Upon the Firing of a Gun by the Indians, which was their Signal, the Inhabitants looked out, but unto their Amazement, found their Houses to be Invested with horrid Salvages, who immediately kill'd many of

those unprovided Inhabitants, and more they took Prisoners. This Body of *Indians*, Consisting of diverse Hundreds, then sent in their *Summons*, to some of the *Garrison'd Houses*; and those *Garrisons* whereof some had no more than Two or Three *Men* in them, yet being so well *Mann'd*, as to Reply, *That they would Spend their Blood unto the last Drop, e're they would Surrender*; these Cowardly Miscreants had not mettle enough to meddle with 'em. So they Retired into their Howling Thickets, having first *Murdered* about *Fifty*, and *Captiv'd* near an *Hundred*, of that unhappy People. In this Calamity, great was the Share, that fell to the Family of Mr. SHUBAEL DUMMER, the Pastor of the *Little Flock* thus prey'd upon. Those Blood-Hounds, being set on by some *Romish Missionaries*, had long been wishing, that they might Embrace their Hands, in the Blood of some *New English MINISTER*; and in this Action, they had their Diabolical Satisfaction. Our *Dummer*, the Minister of *Toronto*, was One, of whom, for his Exemplary Holiness, Humbleness, Modesty, Industry, and Fidelity, *The World was not Worthy*. He was a Gentleman Well-Descended, Well-Tempered, Well-Educated; and now short of Sixty years of Age. He might have taken for his Coat of Arms, the same that the Holy Martyr Hooper Prophetically did, *A Lamb in a Flaming Bush, with Rays from Heaven shining on it*. He had been Solicited with many

Temp-

Temptations, to *Leave his Place*, when the Clouds grew Thick and Black, in the *Indian Hostilities*, and were like to break upon it; but he chose rather, with a paternal Affection, to stay amongst those, who had been, so many of them, Converted and Edified by his Ministry; and he spent very much of his own *Patrimony* to Subsist among them, when their Distresses made them unable to support him, as otherwise they would have done. In a word, He was one that might, by way of Eminency, be called, *A Good Man*. This *Good Man* was just going to Take Horse, at his own Door, upon a Journey in the Service of God, when the *Tygres*, that were making their Depredations upon the *Sheep of York*, Siez'd upon this their *Shepherd*; & they shot him so, that they left him Dead among the Tribe of *Abel*, on the Ground. Thus was he, as *Ambrose* in his *Elegant Oration, De obitu Fratris*, Expresses it, *Non nobis ereptus, sed periculis*. His *Wife* they carried into Captivity, where through Sorrows and Hardships among those *Dragons of the Desert*, she also quickly Dyed; and his *Church*, as many of them, as were in that Captivity, Endured This, among other Anguishes, that on the Next *Lord Day*, one of the *Tawnies*, chose to Exhibit himself unto them, [*A Devil as an Angel of Light!*] in the *Cloaths*, whereof they had Stript the Dead Body of this their *Father*. Many were the *Tears*, that were dropt throughout New-

England, on this Occasion; and These among the rest: for, tho' we do not, as Tradition tells us, the Antediluvians did use to do, By the Blood of Abel, yet we cannot but mournfully, Sing of the Blood of such an Abel.

E P I T A P H.

Dummer, The Shepherd Sacrific'd,
By Wolves, because the Sheep he priz'd.
The Orphan's Father, Churches Light,
The Love of Heav'n, of Hell the Spite.
The Countrys Gapman, and the Face,
That Shone, but knew it not, with Grace.
Hunted by Devils, but Reliev'd
By Angels, and on High Receiv'd.
The Martyr'd Pelican, who Bled
Rather than leave his Charge Unfed.
A proper Bird of Paradise,
Shot, and Flow'n thither in a Trice.

Lord, Hear the Cry of Righteous Dummer's wounds
Ascending still against the Salvage Hounds,
That Worry thy dear Flocks; and let the Cry
Add Force to Theirs, that at thine Altar ly.

To Compleat the Epitaph of this Good man,
there now needs no more, than the famous old
Coancers Motto,

Adors mihi armatum Requies.

ARTICLE.

ARTICLE XVI.

The Memorable Action at Wells.

A Vessel, the Name whereof I know not, [Reader, Let it be, *The Charity,*] being immediately dispatched unto Sagadahock, by the *Charitable Compassions* of the more Southward Neighbours, with Effects to accomplish it, happily Effected the Redemption of many that were taken Captives at York. But the rest of the People in that Broken Town, talking of Drawing off, the Government sent Captain *Convers* and Captain *Greenleaf*, with such Encouragements unto them, to keep their Station, as prevailed with 'em still to Stand their Ground. In February Major *Hutchinson*, was made Commander in Chief, & Forces under the Command of Captain *Convers*, Captain *Floyd*, and Captain *Thaxter*, were by him so prudently posted, on the Frontiers, that by maintaining a continual Communication, it became a Difficult Thing for the Enemy to make any more Approaches. Lieutenant *Wilson* particularly hearing of a man Shot at, in *Quacbecho* Woods, went out with a Scout of about Eighteen men, who came upon the *Indians* that had shot at the man; and killed and wounded all but one, of the whole Company. But now, Reader, the Longest Day in the Year is come on, and, if I

mistake not, the *Bravest Act* in the *War*, fell out upon it. *Modockawando* is now come, according to his Promise a Twelve-Month ago. Captain *Convers*, was lodg'd in *Storers* Garrison at *Wells*, with but Fifteen men; and there came into *Wells*, Two Sloops, with a Shallop, which had aboard Supplies of *Ammunition* for the Souldiers, and Contribution for the Needy. The Cattel this Day came *Frighted*, and *Bleeding* out of the Woods, which was a more certain Omen of *Indians* a coming, than all the *Prodigies* that *Livy* reports of the *Sacrificed Oxen*. *Convers* immediately issued out his Commands unto all Quarters, but especially to the Sloops just then arrived. The Sloops were Commanded by *Samuel Storer*, and *James Gouge*, and *Gouges* being Two miles up the River, he wisely brought her down undiscovered, unto *Storers*; by the advantage of a Mist then prevailing. A careful Night, they had on't! The next Morning, before Day-Light, one *John Diamond*, a Stranger that came in the Shallop on a Visit, came to Captain *Convers's* Garrison, where the Watch invited him in; but he chose rather to go aboard the Sloops, which were little more than a Gun-shot off; and, alas, the Enemy issuing out from their Lurking places, immediately seiz'd him, and haled him away by the Hair of the Head, (in spite of all Attempts used by the Garrison, to Recover him) for an horrible Story, to be told by'nd by concerning him. The General

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ral of the Enemies Army was Monsieur *Burniff*; and one Monsieur *Labrocree* was a principal Commander; (the Enemy said, he was Lieutenant General :) There were also Diverse other Frenchmen of Quality; Accompanied with *Modockawando*, and *Moxus*, and *Egeremet*, and *Warumbo*, and several more Indian Sagamores; The Army made up in all, about Five Hundred Men, or Fierce Things in the Shape of Men; all, to Encounter Fifteen Men, in one little *Garrison*, & about Fifteen more Men, [worthily called Such !] in a Couple of open Sloops. *Diamond* having informed 'em, *How it was*, in all points, (only that for *Fifteen*, by a mistake he said, *Thirty*,) they fell to Dividing the Persons and Plunder, and Agreeing, that such an *English Captain*, should be Slave to such a one, and such a Gentleman in the Town should serve such a one, and his *Wife* be a *Maid of Honour*, to such or such a *Squaw* proposed, and Mr. *Wheelright* (instead of being a Worthy Counsellor of the Province, which he Now is !) was to be the Servant of such a *Netop*; and the Sloops, with their *Stores*, to be so and so parted among them. There wanted but One Thing to Consummate the whole matter, even, the Chief Thing of all, which I suppose they had not thought of; That was, For *Heaven* to Deliver all this prize into their Hands: But, *Aliter Statutum est in Cælo* ! A man Habited, like a Gentleman, made a Speech to them in English; Exhorting

Exhorting 'em to Courage, and Assuring 'em, that if they would Courageously fall upon the English, all was their own. The *Speech* being Ended, they fell to the *Work*, and with an horrid Shout and Shot, made their Assault, upon the Feeble *Garrison*: but the English answered with a brisk Volley, and sent such a Leaden Showre among them, that they retired from the *Garrison* to spend the Storm of their Fury upon the *Sloops*. You must know, That *Wells-Harbour* is rather a *Creek* than a *River*, for 'tis very Narrow, and at low water, in many places *Dry*: nevertheless, where the Vessels ride, it is *Deep* enough, and so far off the Bank, that there is from thence no Leaping aboard. But our *Sloops* were sorely incommoded, by a Turn of the *Creek*, where the Enemy could ly out of danger, so near 'em, as to throw Mud aboard with their Hands. The Enemy was also privileged with a Great Heap of *Plank*, lying on the Bank, and with an *Hay Stock*, which they Strengthened with *Posts*, and *Rayles*; and from all these places, they poured in their Vengeance upon the poor *Sloops*, while they so placed Smaller parties of their Salvages, as to make it impossible for any of the *Garrisons*, to afford 'em any relief. Lying thus, within a Dozen yards of the *Sloops*, they did with their *Fire Arrows*, diverse times desperately set the *Sloops* on Fire: but the brave Defendents, with a *Swab*, at the End of a *Rope*, tyed

ryed unto a Pole, and so dip't into the Water, happily put the Fire out. In brief the Sloop gave the Enemy so brave a Repulse, that at Night they Retreated : when they Renewed their Assault, finding that their Fortitude would not assure the Success of the Assault unto them, they had recourse unto their Policy. First, an Indian comes on, with a Slab, for a Shield, before him ; when a Shot from one of the Sloop, pierced the Slab, which fell down, instead of a Tomb-stone with the Dead Indian under it : on which, as little a Fellow as he was, I know not whether some will not reckon it proper to inscribe the Epitaph, which the Italians use to bestow upon their Dead Popes ; *When the Dog is Dead, all his Malice is Dead with him.* Their next Stratagem was This : They brought out of the Woods, a kind of a Cart, which they Trim'd, and Rigg'd, and Fitted up into a Thing, that might be called, A Chariot : whereon they built a platform, shot-proof in the Front, and placed many men upon that platform. Such an Engine they understood how to Shape, without having Read, (I suppose) the Description of the *Pluteus* in *Vegetius* ! This Chariot they push'd on, towards the Sloop, till they were got, it may be, within Fifteen yards of them ; when, lo, one of the Wheels to their Admiration Sunk into the Ground. A French-man Stepping to heave the Wheel, with an Helpful Shoulder, Storer Shot him down ; Another Stepping

Stepping to the *Wheel*, *Storer* with a well placed Shot, sent him after his *Mate*: So the Rest thought, it was best let it stand as it was. The Enemy kept Gallling the *Sloops*, from their Several Batteries, and calling 'em to Surrender, with many fine promises to make them *Happy*, which ours answered with a just *Laughter*, that had now and then a mortiferous *Bullet* at the End of it. The Tide Rising, the *Chariot* overset, so that the men behind it lay open to the *Sloops*, which immediately Dispensed an horrible Slaughter among them; and they that could get away, got as fast, and as far off, as they could. In the Night, the Enemy had much Discourse with the *Sloops*; they Enquired, *Who were their Commanders?* and the English gave an Answer, which in some other Cases, and Places, would have been too true, *That they had a great many Commanders*: but the Indians Replied, *You ly, you have none but Convers, and we will have him too before Morning!* They also knowing, that the *Magazine* was in the *Garrison*, lay under an Hill-Side, Pelting at That, by Times; but Captain *Convers*, once in the Night, sent out Three or Four of his men, into a Field of Wheat, for a Shot, if they could get one. There seeing a *Black Heap* lying together, Ours all at once let Fly upon them, a Shot, that Slew several of them that were thus Caught in the Corn, and made the rest glad, that they found themselves Able to Run for it. Captain *Convers*

was

was this while in much Distress, about a Scout of Six men, which he had sent forth to *Newichawannick*, the Morning before the Arrival of the Enemy, ordering them to *Return* the Day following. The Scout *Return'd*, into the very Mouth of the Enemy, that lay before the Garrison; but the *Corporal*, having his Wits about him, call'd out aloud, (as if he had seen Captain *Convers* making a Salley forth upon 'em,) *Captain, Wheel about your men round the Hill, and we shall Catch 'em, there are but a Few Rogues of 'em!* Upon which the *Indians* imagining, that Captain *Convers* had been at their *Heels*, betook themselves to their *Heels*; and our Folks got safe into another Garrison. On the *Lords Day* Morning, there was for a while, a Deep Silence among the *Assailants*; but at length getting into a Body, they marched with great Formality towards the *Garrison*, where the Captain ordered his Handful of men to ly Snug, and not make a *Shot*, until every *Shot* might be likely to do some Execution. While they thus beheld a Formidable Crue of *Dragons*, coming with open mouth upon them, to Swallow them up at a Mouthful, one of the *Souldiers* began to speak of *Surrendring*; upon which the Captain Vehemently protested, *That he would lay the man Dead, who should so much as mutter that base word any more!* and so they heard no more on't: But the Valiant *Storer* was put upon the like protestation, to keep 'em in good Fighting

Fighting him, aboard the Sloops also. The Enemy now Approaching very near, gave Three Shots, that made the Earth ring again; and Crying out, in English, *Fire, and Fall on, Brave Boys!* the whole Body, drawn into Three Ranks, Fired at once. Captain *Convers* immediately ran into the several Flankers, and made their Best Gun Fire at such a rate, that several of the Enemy fell, and the rest of 'em disappeared almost as Nimbly, as if they had been so many Spectres. Particularly, a parcel of them got into a small Deserted House; which having but a Board-Wall to it, the Captain sent in after them, those Bullets of Twelve to the Pound, that made the House too hot, for them that could get out of it. The Women in the Garrison, on this occasion took up the *Amazonian* Stroke, and not only brought Ammunition to the Men, but also with a Manly Resolution fired several Times upon the Enemy. The Enemy finding that Things would not yet go to their minds, at the Garrison, drew off, to Try their Skill upon the Sloops, which lay still abreast in the Creek, lash'd fast one to another. They built a Great Fire Work, about Eighteen or Twenty Foot Square, and fill'd it up with Combustible matter, which they Fired; and then they set it in the way, for the Tide now to Flore it up, into the Sloops, which had now nothing but an horrible Death before them. Nevertheless, their Demands, of both the Garrison, and the

the Sloops, to yield themselves, were answered
no otherwise than with *Death* upon many of
them, Spit from the Guns of the Beseiged.
Having tow'd their *Fire-Work*, as far as they durst,
they committed it unto the *Tide*; but the Distres-
sed Christians that had this Deadly *Fire*, Swim-
ming along upon the *Water* towards 'em, com-
mitted it unto *God*: and *God* looked from Hea-
ven upon them, in this prodigious Article of
their Distress. *These poor men Cryed, and the Lord,*
heard them, and saved them out of their Troubles;
The *Wind*, unto their Astonishment, immediately
Turn'd about, and with a Fresh Gale drove the
Machin ashore on the other side, and Split it so,
that the *Water* being let in upon it, the *Fire*
went out. So, the Godly men, that Saw *God*
from Heaven thus Fighting for them, Cryed out,
with an Astonishing Joy, *If it had not been the*
Lord, who was on our Side, they had Swallowed us
up quick; Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given
us a prey to their Teeth; our Soul is Escaped, as a
Bird out of the Snare of the Fowlers! The Enemy
were now in a pittiful pickle, with Toyling, and
Moyling in the *Mud*, & black'ned with it, if *Mud*
could add *Blackness* to such Miscreants: and
their *Ammunition* was pretty well Exhausted:
So that now they began to Draw off, in all parts,
and with Rafts get over the River; some
whereof breaking, there did not a few Cool their
late *Heat* by falling into it. But first, they made
all

all the Spoil they could, upon the *Castel* about the Town ; and giving one Shot more at the *Sloops*, they kill'd the only *Man*, of ours, that was kill'd aboard 'em. Then, after about Half an Hours Consultation, they send a *Flag of Truce* to the Garrison, advising 'em with much Flattery, to *Surrender* ; but the Captain sent 'em word, *That he wanted for nothing, but for men to come, and Fight him.* The Indian replied unto Captain *Convers*, *Being you are so Stout, why don't you come, and Fight in the open Field, like a Man, and not Fight in a Garrison, like a Squaw ?* The Captain rejoyned ; *What a Fool, are you ? Do you think, Thirty men a Match for Five Hundred ?* No, (sayes the Captain, counting as well he might, each of his *Fifteen* men, to be as Good as *Two* !) *Come with your Thirty men upon the Plain, and I'll meet you with my Thirty, as soon as you will.* Upon this, the Indian answered ; *Nay, mee own, English Fashion is all one Fool ; you kill mee, mee kill you ! No, better ly some where, and Shoor a man, and bee no see ! That the best Souldier !* Then they fell to Coaking the Captain, with as many *Fine Words*, as the *Fox* in the Fable had for the Allurement of his Prey unto him ; and urged mightily that *Ensign Hill*, who stood with the *Flag of Truce*, might stand a little nearer their Army. The Captain, for a Good Reason, to be presently discerned, would not allow *That* : whereupon they fell to Threatning, and Raging, like so many

Defeated

Defeated Devils, using these Words, *Damn ye, we'll cut you as small as Tobacco, before to morrow Morning.* The Captain, bid 'em to make Hast, for, *he wanted work*; So, the Indian throwing his Flag on the Ground, ran away, and Ensign Hill nimbly Stripping his Flag ran into the *Valley*, but the Salvages presently Fired, from an Ambushment behind an *Hill*, near the place, where they had urged for a *Parley*.

And now for poor *John Diamond*! The Enemy Retreating (which opportunity the Sloops took, to Burn down the Dangerous *Has-Stock*,) into the plain, out of Gun-shot, they fell to Torturing their Captive *John Diamond*, after a manner very Diabolical. They Stripped him, they Scalped him alive, and after a *Castration*, they Finished that Article in the Punishment of *Traitors* upon him; They Slit him with *Knives*, between his *Fingers* and his *Toes*; They made cruel *Gashes* in the most Fleshy parts of his Body, and stuck the *Gashes* with *Fire-brands*, which were afterwards found Sticking in the wounds. Thus they Butchered One poor Englishman, with all the *Fury* that they would have spent upon them all; and performed an Exploit, for Five Hundred *Furies* to brag of, at their coming home. Ghastly to Express! what was it then to Suffer? They Returned then unto the *Garrison*, and kept Firing at it now and then, till near Ten a Clock at Night; when they all marched off, leaving

G

behind

behind 'em some of their Dead; whereof one was Monsieur *Labocree*, who had about his Neck, a Pouch with about a Dozen *Reliques* ingeniously made up, and a Printed Paper of *Indulgences*, and several other Implements: but it seems, none of the *Amulets* about his Neck, would save him from a *Mortal Shot* in the Head. Thus in Forty Eight Hours, was Finished an Action as Worthy to be Related, as perhaps any that occurs in our Story. And it was not long before the Valiant *Gouge*, who bore his part in this Action, did another that was not much inferiour to it, when he suddenly Recovered from the French a valuable prey, which they had newly taken upon our Coast.

I doubt, Reader we have made this *Article* of our History a little too long. We will finish it, when we have Remark'd, That albeit there were too much *Feebleness* discovered by my Countreymen, in some of their Actions, during this War, at Sea, as well as on Shore, yet several of their Actions, especially at Sea, deserve to be Remembered. And I cannot but particularly bespeak a Remembrance, for the Exploit performed by some of my Neighbours, in a Vessel going into *Barbadoes*. They were in sight of *Barbadoes* assailed by a French Vessel, which had a good number of Guns, and between Sixty and Seventy Hands. Our Vessel had Four Guns, and Eight Fighting Men. [Truly such!] with
two

with Indian Salvages.

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two Tawny Servants. The Names of these Men, were *Barret, Sunderland, Knoles, Nash, Morgan, Fosdyke*, and Two more, that I now forget. A desperate Engagement ensued: where, in our *Eight* Mariners managed the matter with such Bravery, that by the Help of Heaven, they killed between *Thirty* and *Forty* of the *French Assailants*, without loosing one of their own little Number: And they sank the *French Vessel*, which lay by their side, out of which they took *Twenty Seven* prisoners, whereof some were wounded, and all crying for Quarter. In the Fight the *French Pennant*, being by the wind fastned about the Top Mast of the English Vessel, it was torn off by the sinking of the *French Vessel*, and left pleasantly flying there. So they Sail'd into *Barbadoes*; where the Assembly voted them one Publick Acknowledgement, of their Courage and Conduct, in this Brave Action, and our *History* now gives them Another.

A R T I C L E. XVII.

The Fort at Pemmaquid.

HIS Excellency Sir *William Phipps*, being arrived now the Governour of *New England*, applyed himself, with all possible Vigour, to carry on the *War*: and the Advice of a New

Slaughter some time in July made by the Indians, on certain poor Husband-men, in their Meadows, at the North Side of Merrimack River, put an Accent upon the Zeal of the Designs, which he was now vigorously prosecuting. He Raised about Four hundred and Fifty Men, and in pursuance of his Instructions from Whitehall, he laid the Foundations of a Fort at Pennington, which was the Finest Thing that had been seen in these parts of America. Captain Wing, assisted with Captain Bancroft, went thro' the former part of the Work; and the latter part of it was Finished by Captain March. His Excellency, attended in this matter, with these worthy Captains, did, in a few Months, dispatch a Service for the King, with a Prudence, & Industry, and Thirstiness, Greater than any Reward, they ever had for it. The Fort, called, The William Henry, was built of Stone, in a Quadrangular Figure; being about Seven hundred and thirty seven Foot in Compass, without the Outer Walls, and an Hundred and Eight Foot Square, within the Inner ones. Twenty Eight Ports it had; and Fourteen (if not Eighteen) Guns mounted, whereof Six were Eighteen-Pownders. The Wall, on the South Line, fronting to the Sea, was Twenty Two Foot High, and more than Six Foot Thick at the Ports, which were Eight Foot from the Ground. The Great Flanker, or Round Tower, at the Western End of this Line, was

Twenty

with Indian Salvages.

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Twenty Nine Foot High. The Wall on the East line, was Twelve Foot High, on the North it was Ten, on the West it was Eighteen. It was Computed, That in the whole, there were laid above Two Thousand Cart-Loads of Stone. It stood about a Score of Rods from High Water Mark; and it had generally at least Sixty men posted in it, for its Defence, which if they were Men, might easily have maintained it against more than Twice Six Hundred Assailants. Yea, we were almost Ready to flatter our selves, that we might have writ on the Gates of this Fort, as the French did over that of Namur, (yet afterwards taken by K. William) *Reddi, non Vinci possit*. Now, as the Architect, that built the Strong Fortress at Narne in Poland, had, for his Recompence, his Eyes put out, lest he should build such another; Sir William Phipps was almost as hardly Recompenced, for the Building of This at Pemmaquid. Although this Fort thus Erected in the Heart of the Enemies Country, did so Break the Heart of the Enemy, that indeed they might have call'd it, as the French did theirs upon the River of the Illinois, The Fort of Crevecoeur; and the Tranquillity After Enjoy'd by the Country, (which was very much more than Before,) was, under God, much owing thereunto: yet the Expence of maintaining it, when we were so much impoverished otherwise, made it continually complained of, as one of the Countreyes Grievances.

The Murmurings about this Fort, were so Epidemical, that, if we may speak in the Foolish cant of *Astrology*, and, Prognosticate from the Aspect of *Saturn* upon *Mars*, at its Nativity, *Fort William-Henry*, Thou hast not long to Live! Before the year Ninety Six Expire, thou shalt be demolished. In the mean Time, let us accompany Major *Church* going with a Company to *Penobscot*, where he took Five Indians; and afterwards, to *Tacomet*, where the *Indians* discovering his Approach, set their own Fort on fire themselves, and flying from it, left only their Corn to be destroy'd by him. And so we come to the End of 1692. Only we are stopt a little, with a very strange *Parentbesis*.

ARTICLE. XVIII.

A Surprising Thing, laid before the Reader, for him to Judge, (if he can) what to make of it.

Reader, I must now address thee, with the Words of a Poet:

*Dicam Insigne Recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio. Horat.*

But with Truths more confirmed, than what uses to come from the Pen of a Poet. The Story of the Prodigious War, made by the Spirits of the Invisible World, upon the People of New-England, in the year, 1692. hath Entertain'd a great part

part of the English World, with a just Astonishment : and I have met with some Strange Things, not here to be mentioned, which have made me often think, that this inexplicable War, might have some of its Original among the Indians, whose chief *Sagamores* are well known unto some of our Captives, to have been horrid Sorcerers, and hellish Conjurers, and such as Conversed with Demons. The Sum of that Story is, Written in, *The Life of Sir William Phipps* ; with such Irreproachable Truth, as to Defy the utmost Malice and Cunning of all our *Saducees*, to Confute it, in so much as one Material Article : And that the Balant, and Latrant Noises of that sort of People, may be forever Silenced, the Story will be abundantly Justified, when the further Account written of it, by Mr. *John Hale* shall be published : For none can suspect a Gentleman, so full of Dissatisfaction, at the proceedings then used against the Supposed *Witchcraft*, as Now that Reverend Person is, to be a *Superstitious Writer* upon that Subject.

Now in the Time of that matchless War, there fell out a Thing at *Glocester*, which falls in here most properly to be related : a Town so Scituated, Surrounded, and Neighbour'd, in the County of *Essex*, that no man in his Wits, will imagine, that a Dozen *French men* and *Indians*, would come, and alarm the Inhabitants for Three weeks together, and Engage 'em in several Skirmishes,

while there were two Regiments Raised, and a Detachment of Threescore men sent unto their Succour, and not one man Hurt in all the Actions, & all End unaccountably. And because the Relation will be Extraordinary, I will not be my self the Author of any one clause in it; but I will Transcribe the words of a Minister of the Gospel, who did me the Favour, with much critical Caution to Examine *Witnesses*, not long after the Thing happened, and then sent me the Following Account.

A Faithful Account of many Wonderful and Surprising Things, which happened in the Town of Gloucester, in the Year, 1692.

Ebenzer Bapson, about midsummer, in the Year, 1692. with the rest of his Family, almost every Night heard a Noise, as if persons were going and running about his House. But one Night being abroad late, at his Return home, he saw Two men come out of his Door, and run from the end of the House into the Corn. But those of the Family told him, there had been no person at all there; where upon he got his Gun, and went out in pursuit after them, and coming a little Distance from the House, he saw the Two men start up from behind a Log, and run into a little Swamp, laying to each other,

The

'The man of the House is Come, now Else we
'might have taken the House. So, he heard,
'nor saw, no more of them.

'Upon this, the whole Family got up, and
'went with all speed, to a Garrison near by;
'and being just got into the Garrison, they
'heard men Stamping round the Garrison.
'Whereupon *Bapson* took his Gun, and ran out,
'and saw Two men again Running down an
'Hill into a Swamp. The next Night but one,
'the said *Bapson* going toward a fresh Meadow,
'saw Two men, which looked like *French men*,
'one of them having a Bright Gun upon his
'Back, and both running a great pace towards
'him, which caused him to make the best of
'his way to the Garrison, where being come
'several heard a Noise, as if men were Stamping
'and Running, not far from the Garrison. With-
'in a Night or two after this, the persons in
'the Garrison, heard a Noise, as if men were
'throwing Stones against the Barn. Not long
'after this, *Bapson*, with *John Brown*, saw Three
'men, about a Gunshot off the Garrison, which
'they endeavoured to Shoot at, but were disap-
'pointed by their Running to and fro, from the
'Corn into the Bushes. They were seen Two
'or Three Nights together; but though the a-
'bovesaid strove to shoot at them, they could
'never attain it. On *July. 14.* *Bapson*, and
'*Brown*, with the rest of the men in the Gar-
'rison,

rison, saw within Gun-shot, half a dozen men ;
 whereupon all the men, but one, made Hast
 out of the Garrison, marching towards them.
Bapson presently overtook two of them, which
 run out of the Bushes, and coming close to
 them, he presented his Gun at them, and his
 Gun missing Fire, the Two men Returned into
 the Bushes. *Bapson* then called unto the other
 persons, which were on the other side of the
 Swamp, and upon his call, they made Answer,
Here they are ! Here they are ! *Bapson* then run-
 ning to meet them, Saw Three men walk softly
 out of the Swamp by each others Side ; the
 middlemost having on a white Waist coat. So,
 being within Two or Three Rod of them, he
 Shot, and as soon as his Gun was off, they all
 fell down. *Bapson* then running to his suppo-
 sed prey, cryed out unto his Companions, whom
 he heard on the other side of the Swamp, and
 said, *He had kill'd Three ! He had kill'd Three !*
 But coming almost unto them, they all rose up,
 and one of them Shot at him, and hearing the
 Bullet whys by him, he ran behind a Tree,
 and Loaded his Gun ; and seeing them lye be-
 hind a Log, he crept toward them again, tell-
 ing his Companions, *they were here !* So, his
 Companions came up to him, and they all Ran
 directly to the Log, with all speed ; but before
 they got thither, they saw them start up, and
 run every man his way ; One of them run
 into the Corn, whom they pursued, and

hemm'd in; and *Bapson* seeing him coming toward himself, Shot at him, as he was getting over the Fence, and saw him fall off the Fence on the Ground, but when he came to the Spot, he could not find him. So they all searched the Corn; and as they were searching; they heard a great Discoursing in the Swamp, but could not understand what they said; for they spoke in an *unknown Tongue*. Afterwards, looking out from the Garrison, they saw several men Skulking among the Corn, and Bushes, but could not have a Shot at them.

The next morning, just at Day break, they saw one man come out of the Swamp, not far from the Garrison, and stand close up against the Fence, within Gun shot. Whereupon *Isaac Prince*, with a long Gun, shot at him with *Swan-shot*, and in a moment he was gone out of sight; they saw him no more. Upon this, *Bapson* went, to carry News to the Harbour; and being about Half a mile in his way thither, he heard a Gun go off, and heard a Bullet whysse close by his Ear, which Cut off a Pine bush just by him, and the Bullet lodg'd in an Hemlock Tree. Then looking about, he saw Four men Running towards him, one with a Gun in his Hand, and the other with Guns on their Shoulders. So he ran into the Bushes, and turning about, shot at them, and then ran away, & saw them no more. About Six men returned from

from the Harbour with him, searching the woods as they went; and they saw, where the *Bullet* had cut off the Pine-bush, and where it was lodg'd in the Hemlock Tree, and they took the *Bullet* out, which is still to be seen. When they were come to the Garrison, they went to look for the Tracks of the Strange men, that had been seen, and saw several Tracks; and whilst they were looking on them, they saw one, which look'd like an *Indian*, having on a Blue coat, and his Hair Ty'd up behind, Standing by a Tree, and looking on them. But as soon as they spake to each other, he ran into a Swamp, and they after him, and one of them shot at him; but to no purpose. One of them also saw another, which look'd like a *French man*, but they quickly lost the sight of him.

July 15. Ezekiel Day, being in Company with several others, who were ordered to Scout the woods, when they came to a certain Fresh Meadow, two miles from any House, at some Distance from the said Meadow, he saw a man, which he apprehended to be an *Indian*, cloathed in Blue; and as soon as he saw him start up and run away, he shot at him; whereupon he saw another rise up a little way off, who also run with speed; which together with the former, were quickly out of sight; and though himself, together with his Companions, diligent-ly

ly sought after them, they could not find them:
The same Day, *John Hammond*, with several
other persons, Scouting in the woods, saw another
of these *Strange men*, having on a blue
Shirt, and white Breeches, and something about
his Head ; but could not overtake him.

July 17. Three or Four of these *Unaccountable Troublers*, came near the Garrison ; but they
could not get a shot at them. *Richard Dolliver*,
also, & *Benjamin Ellery*, creeping down an Hill,
upon Discovery, saw several men come out of
an Orchard, walking backward and forward,
and striking with a stick upon *John Row's*
Deserted House, (the Noise of which, was
heard by others at a Considerable Distance ;)
Ellery counting them, to be Eleven in all ; *Dolliver*
Shot at the midst of them, where they
stood Thickest, and immediately they dispersed
themselves, and were quickly gone out of sight.

July 18. Which was the Time, that Major
Appleton sent about Sixty men, from *Ipswich*, for
the Towns Assistance, under these *inexplicable*
Alarms, which they had suffered Night & Day,
for about a Fortnight together ; *John Day* testifies,
that he went in Company with *Ipswich*
and *Glocester* Forces, to a Garrison, about Two
miles and an Half, from the Town ; and News
being brought in, that Guns went off, in a
Swamp not far from the Garrison, some of the
men, with himself, ran to discover what they
could ;

could ; and when he came to the Head of the Swamp, he saw a man with a Blue Shirt, and bushy black Hair, run out of the Swamp, and into the Woods ; he ran after him, with all speed, and came several Times within shot of him ; but the woods being Thick, he could not obtain his Design of Shooting him ; at length, he was at once gone out of sight, and when afterwards, he went to look for his Track, he could find none, though it were a low miry place, that he ran over.

About July 25. Bapson went into the Woods, after his Cattel, and saw Three men stand upon a point of Rocks, which look'd toward the Sea. So he crept among the Bushes, till he came within Forty yards of them ; and then presented his Gun at them, and Snap't, but his Gun miss'd Fire ; and so it did above a Dozen Times, till they all Three came up towards him, walking a slow pace, one of them having a Gun upon his Back. Nor did they take any more Notice of him, than just to give him a Look ; though he snap'd his Gun at them, all the while they walked toward him, and by him ; neither did they quicken their pace at all, but went into a parcel of Bushes. and he saw them no more. When he came home, he snap'd his Gun several Times, sometimes with but a few Corns of Powder and yet it did not once miss Fire. After this, there occurred several
Strange

Strange Things; but now concluding they were but *Spectres*, they took little further Notice of them.

[Several other Testimonies, all to the same Effect, with the Foregoing, my Friend has added, which for brevity I omit; and only add, The most considerable of these passages, were afterward Sworn, before one of Their Majesties Council.]

Reverend and truly Honoured Sir, According to your Request, I have Collected a brief Account of the Occurrences, remark'd in our Town, the last year. Some of them are very Admirable Things, and yet no less True than Strange, if we may Believe the Assertions of Credible persons. Tho' because of Great Hast, it is a rough Draught, yet there is nothing written, but what the persons mentioned, would, if duely called, confirm the Truth of, by Oath.

I might have given you a larger Account; only several who Saw and Heard some of the most Remarkable things, are now beyond Sea. However, I hope, the Substance of what is written, will be enough to Satisfy all Rational Persons, that *Glocester* was not Alarumed last Summer, for above a Fortnight together, by real *French* and *Indians*, but that the *Devil* and his Agents, were the cause of all the Molestation, which at this Time besel the Town; in the Name of whose Inhabitants, I would take
upon

An History of a Wat,

upon me, to Entreat your Earnest Prayers to
the Father of Mercies, that those Apparitions
may not prove, the sad Omens of some future,
and more horrible Molestations to them.

May 19. 1693. S I R,
Your very Humble Servant,
J. E.

NOW, Reader, albeit that passage of the Sacred Story, 2 Chron. 20. 22. *The Lord set Ambushments against the Children of Ammon, Moab, and Mount Seir, and they were Smitten*: is by the best Expositors thus understood; That there was the Ministry of the Holy Angels wondrously Employ'd in this matter; the Angels in the Shape of Moabites and Ammonites, fell upon them of Mount Seir, and upon this apprehended provocation they then all fell upon one another, until the whole Army was destroyed: Nevertheless, I entirely refer it unto thy Judgment (without the least offer of my own,) whether, *Satan* did not now Set Ambushments against the Good People of Gloucester, with *Dæmons*, in the Shape of Armed Indians and French-men appearing to considerable Numbers of the Inhabitants, and mutually Firing upon them, for the best part of a Month together. I know, the most Considerate Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, unto this Day, Believe this whole matter to have been a

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Invisible World, then made upon other parts of the Country. And the publication of this Prodigy among other *Wonders of the Invisible World* among us, has been Delay'd until Now, that for the Opinion of our most considerate Gentlemen about it, might have Time for a thorough Consideration: and that the Gentlemen of the Order of St. Thomas, may have no Objection to make against it. But, be it what it will, they are not a few profane Squibs from the Sons of the Extravagant *Bekker*, that will be a fit Explication, for Things thus Attested, and so very Marvellous.

A R T I C L E XIX.

PACEM, Te Postumus Omnes.

IN the year, 1693. His Excellency sent away Captain *Convers*, to draw off the fittest of the Officers and Souldiers, quartered in the East, for a March, and causing about Three Hundred and Fifty more to be Levied, gave him, what he had merited above a year ago; even a Commission of Major, and Commander in Chief over these Forces. While Major *Convers* was at *Wells*, hearing of some Indians, that were seen in the Woods, he Surprised them all, and finding, that they had cut off a poor Family at *Oyster River*, he gave the chief of them, something of what they also had merited. Going to *Pemmaquid*,

after some service there, they Sailed up *Sheepscote River*, & then marched through the Woods to *Taconet*, which being Deserted by the *Indians*, they ranged through many other Woods; but could meet with none of their Enemies. Repairing then to *Saco*, they began another Fort, which was carried on by that worthy Gendeman *Major Hook*, and the truly commendable Captain *Hill*, and proved a matter of Good Consequence unto the Province. While these Things were doing, some time in *July*, the Straggling *Indians* did some Spoil, upon *Quaboag*, a remote Village, in the Road unto *Connecticut*; but Advice being dispatch'd unto the Towns upon *Connecticut River*, a party immediately sallied out after the Spoilers, and leaving their Horses at the Entrance of a *Swamp*, whither by their Track they had followed them; they come upon the Secure Adversary, and kill'd the most of them, and Recovered the Captives, with their Plunder; and Returning home, had some Reward for so brisk an Action.

But now, the *Indians* in the East, probably Disheartened by the Forts Erecting that were like to prove a sore Annoyance to them, in their Enterprizes; and by the Fear of wanting Ammunition, with other Provisions, which the *French* were not so Able just now to dispence unto them; and by a presumption that an Army of *Maquas*, [part of those Terrible Cannibals to the Westward, where

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where of 'tis affirm'd by those who have published the Stories of their Travels among them, That they have destroy'd no less than Two Million Salvages of other Nations about them, through their being Supplied with *Fire Arms*, before Hundreds of other Nations, lying between them, & the River *Meschasippi*,] was come into their Country; because they found some of their *Squa's* killed upon a *Whortle berry Plain*; and all the Charms of the *French Fryar* then Resident among them, could not hinder them, from Suing to the English for Peace. And the English, being to involved in Debts, that they Scarce knew how to prosecute the War any further; took some Notice of their Suit. Accordingly, a Peace was made, upon the Ensuing Articles.

*Province of the Massachusetts
setts Bay in New-England.*

The Submission and Agreement of the Eastern Indians, at Fort William Henry in Penmaquid the 11th. day of August, in the Fifth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord and Lady, William and Mary, by the Grace of God, of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, King and Queen, Defenders of the Faith, &c. 1693.

WHereas a Bloody War ha's for some years now past been made and carryed on by the Indians within the Eastern parts of the said Province, against Their Majesties Subjects

the *English*, through the Instigation and Influences of the *French*; and being sensible of the Miseries which we and our People are reduced unto, by adhearing to their ill Council: We whose names are hereunto Subscribed, being Sagamores and Chief Captains of all the Indians belonging to the several Rivers of *Pennobscot* and *Kennebeck*, *Amanascogin*, and *Saco*, parts of the said Province of the *Massachusetts Bay*, within Their said Majesties Sovereignty: Having made Application unto his Excellency Sir *William Phipps*, Captain General & Governour in Chief in and over the said Province, that the War may be put to an end; Do lay down our Arms, and cast our selves upon Their said Majesties Grace and Favour. And each of us respectively for our selves, and in the Name & with the free consent of all the Indians belonging unto the several Rivers aforesaid, and of all other Indians within the said Province of and from *Merrimack* River, unto the most Easterly Bounds of the said Province; hereby acknowledging our hearty Subjection and Obedience unto the Crown of *England*: and do solemnly Covenant, Promise and Agree to and with the said Sir *William Phipps*, and his Successors in the place of Captain General and Governour in Chief, of the aforesaid Province or Territory, on Their said Majesties behalf, in manner following, *viz.*

: That

That at all time and times for ever, from and after the date of these Presents, we will cease and forbear all acts of Hostility towards the Subjects of the Crown of *England*, and not offer the least hurt or violence to them or any of them in their Persons or Estate : But will henceforward hold and maintain a firm and constant Amity and Friendship with all the *English*.

Item. We abandon and forsake the *French* Interest, & will not in any wise adhere to, joyn with, aid or assist them in their Wars, or Designs against the *English*, nor countenance, succour, or conceal any of the Enemy *Indians* of *Canada* or other places, that shall happen to come to any of our Plantations within the *English* Territory, but secure them it in our power, and deliver them up unto the *English*.

That all *English* Captives in the hands or power of any of the *Indians* within the Limits aforesaid, shall with all possible speed be set at liberty, and returned home without any Ransom or Payment to be made or given for them or any of them.

That Their Majesties Subjects the *English*, shall and may peaceably and quietly enter upon, improve, and for ever enjoy, all and singular their Rights of Lands, and former Settlements and possessions within the Eastern parts of the said Province of the *Massachusetts Bay*, without any pretensions or claims by us or any other *Indian*,

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and be in no wise molested, interrupted, or
disturbed therein.

That all Trade and Commerce which here-
after may be allowed between the *English* and
Indians, shall be under such Management and
Regulation as may be stated by an Act of
the General Assembly, or as the Governour
of the said Province for the time being, with
the Advice and Consent of the Council shall
see cause to Direct and Limit.

If any controversy, or difference, at any
time hereafter happen to arise between any of
the *English* and *Indians* for any real or supposed
wrong or injury done on one side or the other,
no private Revenge shall be taken by the *Indians*
for the same, but proper Application be made
to Their Majesties Government, upon the place,
for Remedy thereof in a due course of
Justice, we hereby submitting our selves to be
ruled and governed by Their Majesties Laws,
and desire to have the benefit of the same.

For the more full manifestation of our sincer-
ity and integrity in all that which we have
herein before Covenanted and Promised, we do
deliver unto Sir *William Phipps*, Their Majesties
Governour as aforesaid, *Abassombarnett* Brother
to *Edgeremett*; *Wenongabewitt* Cousin to *Mad-
ckawando*, and *Edgeremett*, and *Bagatawawongon*,
also *Sheepscot John*, to abide and remain in the
Custody of the *English*, where the Governour
shall

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shall direct as Hostages or Pledges, for our Fidelity, and true performance of all and every the foregoing Articles, reserving Liberty to exchange them in some reasonable time for a like number, to the acceptance of the Governor and Council of the said Province, so they be persons of as good account, and esteem amongst the Indians, as those which are to be exchanged. In Testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our several Marks and Seals, the Day and Year first above written.

The above written Instrument was deliberately read over, and the several Articles and Clauses thereof Interpreted unto the Indians, who said they well understood, and consented thereto, and was then Signed, Sealed, & Delivered in the Presence of us,

John Wing.
Nicholas Manning.
Benjamin Jackson.

Egeremet.

Madockawando.

Wessambomett of Navidgwock.

Wenobson of Tecomet in behalf of Moxis.

Keterramogis of Narridgwock.

Abanquit of Penobscot.

Bomaseen.

Nitamemat.

Webenes.

Awansomeck.

Robin Doney.

Madaumbis.

Paguabaret, alias Nathaniel.

John Hornybrook,

John Bagatawawongo alias

Sheepscot John.

Phill. Quisakis Squaw.

} Interpreters.

ARTICLE XX.

*Bloody Fishing at Oyfter-River. And Sad work
at Groton.*

A *Years Breathing Time*, was a great Favour of Heaven to a Country, quite out of *Breath*, with Numberless Calamities: But the Favour was not so Thankfully Enjoyed, as it should have been. And now, *The Clouds Return after the Rain*. The Spectre that with Burning Tongs drove Xerxes to his War upon the Gracians, had not lost his Influence upon our *Indians*. The Perfidy of the *Indians* appeared first, in their not Restoring the *English Captives*, according to their *Covenant*; but the perfidious Wretches Excused this, with many Protestations. That which added unto our *Jealousies* about them, was, their Insolent carriage towards a *Sloop*, commanded by Captain *Wing*; and the Information of a Fellow called *Hector*, That the *Indians* intended most certainly to break the *Peace*, and had promised the

the French Priests, taking the Sacrament there-upon, to destroy the first English Town they could Surprize. Rumours of Indians Lurking about some of the Frontier-Plantations, now began to put the poor people into Consternation; but upon an Imagination, that they were only certain Beaver Hunters the Consternation of the people went off into Security. 'Tis affirmed by English Captives, which were then at Canada, that the Desolation of Oyster-River was commonly talk'd in the Streets of Quebec, Two months before it was Effected; for the Spies had found no Town so Secure as That. And now, what was Talk'd at Quebec in the month of May, must be Done at Oyster River in the month of July; for on Wednesday, July 18 1694. the Treachearous Enemy, with a great Army tell upon that place, about break of Day, and Killed and Captiv'd, Ninety Four, (or, an Hundred) persons; about a Score of whom, were men belonging to the Trained Band, of the Town. Several persons Remarkably Escaped this Bloody Deluge, but none, with more Bravery, than one Thomas Bickford, who had an House, a Little Pallisado'd, by the River Side; but no man in it besides himself. He dexterously put his Wife, and Mother, and Children aboard a Canoe, and Sending them down the River, he Alone, betook himself to the Defence of his House, against many Indians, that made an Assault upon him. They

They first would have perswaded him, with many fair *Promises*, and then, terrified him with as many Fierce *Threatnings*, to yield himself; but he flouted and fired at them, daring 'em, to come if they durst. His main *Stratagem* was, to Change his *Livery* as frequently as he could; appearing Sometimes in one *Coat*, Sometimes in another, Sometimes in an *Hat*, and Sometimes in a *Cap*; which caused his Beseigers, to mistake this *One* for *Many* Defendents. In fine, The pittiful Wretches, despairing to *Beat* him out of his House, e'en left him in it; whereas many that opened unto them, upon their Solemn Engagements of giving them Life and Good Quarter, were barborously butchered by them; and the Wife of one *Adams*, then with Child, was with horrible Barbarity Ripped up. And thus there was an End of the *Peace*, made at *Pemmaquid*! Upon this, the Friends of Mrs *Ursula* *Cutt*, (Widow of Mr *John* *Cutt*, formerly President of *New-Hampshire*,) desired her, to leave her Farm, which was about a Mile above the Bank Exposed unto the Enemy, on the South side of *Piscataqua* River. She Thank'd them for their Care, but added, that she believed, the Enemy had now done their Do for this Time; and however, by the *End of the Week*, her *Business* at the Farm would be all dispatched, and on *Saturday*, she would Repair to her Friends at the Bank. But, alas, before the *End of the week*, she saw the

End of her Life: On Saturday, about one or two a Clock, in the Afternoon, the *Business at the Farm was Dispatched*, sure enough! The Indians Then Kill'd this Gentlewoman, and Three other People, a little before they had Finished a point of Husbandry, then in their Hand. Nor did the Storm go over so: Some Drops of it fell upon the Town of Groton, a Town that lay, one would think, far enough off, the place, where was the last Scene of the Tragedy. On July 27. About break of Day, Groton felt, some Surprizing Blows, from the *Indian Hatchets*. They began their Attacks, at the House of one Lieutenant Lakin, in the out skirts of the Town: but met with a Repulse there, and lost one of their Crue. Nevertheless, in other parts of that Plantation, (when the Good People had been so tired out, as to lay down their *Military Watch*,) there were more than Twenty persons killed, and more than a Dozen carried away. Mr. Gerskom Hobart, the Minister of the place, with part of his Family, was Remarkably preserved, from falling into their Hands, when they made themselves the Masters of his House; though they Took Two of his Children, whereof the one was killed, and the other some Time after happily Rescued out of his Captivity.

I remember, The Jews, in their Book *Taanith*, tell us, *The Elders Proclaimed a Fast in their Cities, on this Occasion, because the Wolves had Devoured*

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two Little Children beyond Jordan. Truly, The
 Elders of *New-England*, were not a little concern-
 ed at it, when they saw the *Wolves* thus devour-
 ing their Children, even on this side of *Merrimack*.

A R T I C L E. XXI.

More English Blood, Swallowed, but Revenged.

R Eader, We must after This, ever Now and
 Then, Expect, the happening of some un-
 happy Accident. The *Blood-thirsty* Salvages, not
 content with quaffing the *Blood* of Two or Three
 persons, found at work, in a Field at *Spruce creek*,
 on *Aug. 20.* & of another person at *York*, the same
 Day, (Captivating also a Lad, which they found
 with him ;) They did on *Aug. 24.* Kill & Take,
 Eight persons at *Kuttry*. Here, a little Girl, a-
 bout Seven years old, the Daughter of one Mr.
Downing, fell into their Barbarous Hands ; They
 knock'd her o' th' Head, and barbarously Scalped
 her, leaving her on the *Cold Ground*, (and it was
 then very *Cold*, beyond what use to be,) where
 she lay all the Night Ensuing : Yet she was found
Alive the Next Morning, and Recovering, she is
 to this Day *Alive*, and well : only the place broke
 in her skull, will not endure to be closed up.
 He had another Daughter, which at the same
 Time, almost miraculously Escaped their Hands.
 But so could not at another Time, *Joseph Pike* of
Newbury,

Newbury, the Deputy Sheriff of Essex, who, on Sept. 4. Travelling between Ameshury and Haverbil, in the Execution of his Office, with one Long, they both had an Arrest of Death Served upon them, from an Indian Ambascado. *Bommafeen*, a Commander of prime Quality among the Indians, who had set his Hand unto the late Articles of Submission, came Nov. 19. with Two other Indians, to *Pemmaquid*, as Loving as Bears, and as Harmless as Tygres, pretending to be just Arrived from Canada, and much Afflicted for the late mischiefs, (whereof there was witness, that he was a principal Actor,) but Captain March, with a Sufficient Activity Siezed them; as Robin Doney, another famous Villain among them, with Three more, had been Siez'd at Saco Fort, a little before. *Bommafeen*, was Convey'd unto Boston, that he might in a close Imprisonment there, have Time to consider of his Treacheries, and his Cruelties; for which, the Justice of Heaven, had thus Delivered him up. When he was going to *Pemmaquid*, he left his Company, with a Strange Reluctancy and Formality, as if he had presaged the Event; and when at *Pemmaquid*, he found the Event of his coming, he discovered a more than ordinary Disturbance of mind: his Passions foam'd and boyl'd, like the very Waters at the Fall of *Niagara*.

But being thus fallen upon the mention of that Vengeance, wherewith Heaven pursued the chief
of

of the *Savage Murderers*, it may give some Diversion unto the Reader, in the midst of a long and a sad Story, to insert a Relation of an Accident that fell out a little after this Time.

The *Indians*, (as the Captives inform us) being hungry and hardly bestead, passed through deserted *Casco*; where they spied several *Horses* in Captain *Bracket's* Orchard. Their famished *Squas* beg'd them to Shoot the *Horses*, that they might be revived with a little *Roast meat*; but the young men, were for having a little Sport before their Supper. Driving the *Horses* into a Pound, they took one of them, and furnished him with an *Halter*, suddenly made of the *Main* and the *Tail* of the Animal, which they cut off. A Son of the famous *Hegon*, was ambitious to mount this *Pegasæan Steed*; but being a pitiful Horseman, he ordered them, for fear of his Falling, to Ty his Legs fast under the *Horses* Belly. No sooner was this Beggar Set on *Horse* back, and the Spark in his own opinion thoroughly Equipt, but the Mettle some *Horse* furiously and presently ran with him out of sight. Neither *Horse* nor *Man*, were ever seen any more; the astonish'd *Tawnees* howl'd after one of their Nobility, disappearing by such an unexpected Accident. A few Dayes after they found one of his Legs, (and that was *All*,) which they buried in Captain *Bracket's* Cellar, with abundance of Lamentation.

And thus ended the History of the *War*, which was the last of the *Indians* who were seen in the *Country*.

ARTICLE. XXII.

A Conference with an Indian-Sagamore.

BUt now *Bommaseen* is fallen into our Hands, let us have a little Discourse with him.

Behold, Reader, the Troubles, and the Troublers of *New-England* ! That thou mayst a little more Exactly Behold the Spirit of the matter, I'll Recite certain passages, occurring in a Discourse that pass'd between this *Bommaseen* (who was one of the *Indian Princes*, or, *Chieftanes*,) and a Minister of the Gospel, in the year 1696.

Bommaseen, was, with some other *Indians*, now a Prisoner, in *Boston*. He desired a Conference with a Minister, of *Boston*, which was granted him. *Bommaseen*, with the other *Indians*, assenting and asserting to it, then told the Minister; That he pray'd his Instruction in the *Christian Religion*; inasmuch as he was afraid, that the *French*, in the *Christian Religion*, which they taught the *Indians*, had Abused them. The Minister Enquired of him, What of the Things taught 'em by the *French*, appear'd most Suspicious to 'em ? He said, The *French* taught 'em, That the Lord JESUS CHRIST, was of the *French Nation*; That His Mother, the *Virgin Mary*, was a *French Lady*; That they were the *English* who had Murdered him; and, That

That whereas He Rose from the Dead, & went up to the Heavens, all that would Recommend themselves unto His Favour, must Revenge His Quarrel upon the English, as far as they can. He ask'd the Minister, whether these Things were so; and pray'd the Minister to Instruct him in the True Christian Religion. The Minister considering, that the Humour and Manner of the *Indians*, was to have their Discourses managed, with much of *Similitude* in them, Look'd about for some Agreeable object, from whence he might with apt Resemblances Convey the Ideas of Truth unto the minds of Salvages: and he thought, none would be more Agreeable to them, than a Tankard of Drink, which happened then to be standing on the Table. So he proceeded in this Method with 'em.

He told them, [Still with proper Actions painting, and pointing out the Signs unto them,] That our Lord JESUS CHRIST, had given us, a Good Religion, which might be Resembled unto the Good Drink in the Cup, upon the Table.

That if we Take this Good Religion, (even that Good Drink,) into our Hearts, it will do us Good, and preserve us from Death.

That Gods Book, the Bible, is the Cup, wherein that Good Drink, of Religion is offered unto us.

That the French, having the Cup of Good Drink, in their Hands, had put Poison into it; and then made the *Indians* to Drink that Poisoned Liquor, where.

whereupon, they Run mad, and fell to killing of the *English*, though they could nor but know, it must unavoidably issue in their own Destruction at the Last.

That, it was plain, the *English* had put no *Poison*, into the *Good Drink*; for they let the *Cup* wide open, and invited all men, to Come & See before they *Tast*; even, the very *Indians* themselves; for we Translated the *Bible* into *Indian*. That they might gather from hence, that the *French* had put *Poison* into the *Good Drink*; inasmuch, as the *French* kept the *Cup* fast Shut, (the *Bible* in an *Unknown Tongue*,) and kept their *Hands* upon the *Eyes* of the *Indians*, when they put it unto their mouths.

The *Indians* Expressing themselves to be well-Satisfied, with what the Minister had hitherto said, pray'd him, to go on, with showing 'em, what was the *Good Drink*, and what was the *Poison*, which the *French* had put into it.

He then set before them distinctly, the chief *Articles* of the *Christian Religion*, with all the Simplicity and Sincerity of a *Protestant*: Adding upon each, *This is the Good Drink, in the Lords Cup of Life*: And they still professed, *That they liked it all*.

Whereupon, he demonstrated unto them, how the *Papists* had in their Idolatrous *Popery*, some way or other Depraved, and Altered, every one of these *Articles*; with Scandalous *Ingredients* of their

their own Invention ; Adding upon each, This is the Poison which the French have put into the Cup.

At last, he mentioned this Article.

To obtain the Pardon of your Sins, you must confess your Sins to God ; & pray to God, That He would Pardon your Sins, for the sake of Jesus Christ, who dyed for the Sins of His People : God Loves Jesus Christ infinitely, and if you place your Eye on Jesus Christ only, when you beg the Pardon of your Sins, God will Pardon them. You need confess your Sins to none but God, Except in cases, where men have known your Sins, or have been Hurt by your Sins ; & then those men should know that you confess your Sins ; but after all, none but God can Pardon them.

He then added ; The French have put Poison in to this Good Drink ; They tell you, that you must confess your Sins to a Priest, and carry skins to a Priest, and Submit unto a Penance enjoined by a Priest ; and this Priest is to give you a Pardon. There is no need of all This : 'Tis nothing but French Poison, all of it.

The Wretches appearing astonish'd, to meet with one who would so fairly put them into a glorious way to obtain the Pardon of their Sins, and yet take no Bever Skins for it : in a Rapture of Astonishment, they fell down on their knees, and got his Hand into theirs, and fell to kissing of it with an Extream show of Affection.

He shaking them off, with dislike of their posture, Bammaseen with the rest of them stood up ;

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up; and first lifting up his Eyes, and Hands, to Heaven; declaring, That God should be Judge of his Heart in what he said; he then said, Sir, I thank you for these Things; I Resolve to Spit up all the French Poison; You shall be my Father; I will be your Son; I beseech you, to continue, to Instruct me, in that Religion, which may bring me to the Salvation of my Soul! ... Now, God knows, what Heart this Indian had, when he so Expressed himself: To Him let us leave it.

But so much for this Digression.

A R T I C L E. XXIII.

More Mischiefs, in Spite of Treaties.

EXcept it were the Falling of Two Souldiers belonging to Saco Garrilon, into the Hands of the Enemy, who Took the one, and Kill'd the other, some Time in March. 1695. Many Months pass'd away, without any Action between Them and Us; And it is Reported by Returned Captives, That the Hand of God, reach'd them, when the Hand of Man could not find them, and a Mortal Sickness, did at a Strange Rate carry off multitudes of them. At length, upon the Mediation of old Sheepscoat John, once a Praying Indian, of the Reverend ELIOT's Catechumens, but after-wards, a Pagan, and now a Popish-Apostate, a Great Fleet of Canoes came,

in to an Island, about a League from the Fort at *Pemmaquid*, May 20. 1695. and, after they had laid still there, all the *Lords-Day*, on *Munday* morning they sent unto the English, for another Treaty. They Declared, Their Design was to *Exchange Captives*, and Renew the *Peace*, and condemned themselves for their Violating the *Peace* made near Two years ago. *Eight Captives*, they Immediately Delivered up; and upon a Grant of a *Truce* for Thirty Days, Colonel *John Phillipi*, Lieut. Colonel *Hawthorn*, and Major *Convers*, were sent Commissioners unto *Pemmaquid*, for the management of that affayr. Our Commissioners, with Good Reason, demanding a Surrender of all the *English Captives*, according to former Agreement, before they would allow any New Propositions of *Peace* to be offered, the *Indians*, digusted that their Idol *Bommaseen* was left at *Boston*, broke off the Conference, and went off in Discontent. Advice was immediately dispatch'd into all parts of the *Eastern Country*, to stand well upon their Guard: notwithstanding which, on *July 6*. Major *Hammond* of *Kittery*, fell into the Hands of the *Lurking Indians*; and the next week, Two men at *Exeter* were kill'd by some of the same Dangerous *Lurkers*. Major *Hammond* was now aboard a *Canoo*, intending to put ashore at *Saco*; but some of the *Garrison-Souldiers* there, not knowing that they had such a good Friend aboard, inadvertently Fired upon the

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the *Canoe*; and so, the *Indians* carried him clear away. They transported him at length to *Canada*; where he met with Extraordinary Civilities; Count *Frontenack*, the Governour himself, nobly purchased him, of his Tawny-master; and sent him home to *New-England*, by a Vessel, which also fetch'd from thence a Considerable Number, (perhaps near *Thirty*) of English Prisoners. In *August*, the House of one *Rogers* at *Billerica*, was plundered, and about Fifteen People Kill'd and Taken, by *Indians*, which, by appearing and Approaching, 'tis said, on *Horse-back*, were not Suspected for *Indians*, [for, *Who set them on Horse-back?*] till they Surprized the House they came to. And about the same Time, Sergeant *Haley*, Venturing out of his Fort, at *Saco*, Stept into the *Snare* of Death. On *Sept* 9. Sergeant *March*, with Three more, were Killed by the *Indians*, and Six more, at the same Time wounded at *Pemmaquid*, Rowing a *Gondula*, round an high Rocky point, above the *Barbican*. On *Oct* 7. the *Indians* entred the House of one *John Brown* at *Newbury*; carrying away Nine Persons with them; whereupon Captain *Greenlief*, nimble pursuing the Murderers, did unhappily so Scumble on them in the Night, that they wounded the good man, and made their Escape over the River. The Captain Retook all the Captives; but the *Indians*, in their going off, Strook them all so Violently on the Head, with

the *Clubs*, which I remember a French Historian somewhere calls by the frightful Name of *Head-breakers*, that they afterwards all of them *Dyed*, Except a *Lad* that was only hurt in the Shoulder. Some of them *Lingred* out for *half* a year, and some of them for more than a *whole* year; but if the *Doctors* closed up the *wounds* of their *Heads*, they would grow *Light beaded*, and *Faint*, and *Sick*, and could not bear it; So at last, they *Dyed*, with their very *Brains* working out at their *Wounds*.

But having thus run over a *Journal of Deaths*, for the year, 1695. Let us before the year be quite gone, see some Vengeance taken upon the *Heads in the House of the Wicked*. Know then, Reader, That Captain *March* petitioning to be *Dismiss'd* from his Command of the Fort at *Pemmaquid*, one *Chub* Succeeded him. And this *Chub*, found an Opportunity, in a pretty *Chubbed manner*, to kill, the famous *Egeremet*, and, *Abenquid*, a couple of Principal *Sagamores*, with one or Two other Indians; On a *Lords day*, the Sixteenth of *February*. Some that well enough liked the *Thing*, which was now done, did not altogether like the *manner* of doing it, because there was a pretence of *Treaty*, between *Chub*, and the *Sagamores*, whereof he took his Advantage to lay violent Hands on them. If there were any unfair Dealing (which I know not) in this Action of *Chub*, there will be another *February*,
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not far off, wherein the *Avengers of Blood*, will
take their *Satisfaction*.

A R T I C L E XXIV.

Still, *Mischief upon Mischief*.

THE Next whole year, namely, 1696. had it
not been for the Degree of a *Famine*,
which the *Alteration of the course of Nature* in
these, as well as other parts of the world, threat-
ned us withal, would have been a Year of *Less*
Trouble, than some of the rest, in our *Troublesome*
Decad. The most *uneasy Accident* of this year,
shall be told, when we arrive unto the Month
of *August*; but in the mean Time, it was a mat-
ter of some *Uneasiness*, that on *May. 7.* one *John*
Church of *Quocbecho* who had been a Captive, E-
scaped from the Hands of the Indians, almost
Seven years before, was now Slain, and Stript,
by their Barbarous Hands: And, on *Jun. 24.*
one *Thomas Cole*, of *Wells*, and his wife, were Slain
by the Indians, returning home with two of his
Neighbours, and their Wives, all three Sisters,
from a Visit, of their Friends at *York*: And, on
Jun. 26. at several places within the Confines of
Portsmouth, Several Persons, Twelve or Fourteen,
were Massacred, (with some Houses Burnt,)
and Four Taken, which, yet were soon Retaken;
among whom, there was an Ancient Women

Scalp for Dead, and no doubt the Salvages upon producing her Scalp, received the Price of her Death, from those that hired them, and yet she so Recovered, as to be still *Alive*. Moreover, on July 26 the Lords Day, the People at *Quocbebo*, returning from the Publick Worship of God, Three of them were killed, Three of them were wounded, and Three of them were carried away Prisoners to *Peposcut*; which last Three, were nevertheless in less than Three weeks returned. But now we are got into fatal *August*; on the Fifth or Sixth Day of which Month, the French having Taken one of the English Men of War, called, *The New-port*, and Landed a few men, who joyn'd with the Indians, to pursue their Business, *Chub*, with an unaccountable Baseness, did Surrender the Brave Fort at *Pemmaguid* into their Hands. There were Ninety Five men double Armed, in the Fort, which might have Defended it against Nine Times as many Assailants; That a Fort now should be so basely given up! Imitating the Style of *Homer* and *Virgil*, I cannot forbear crying out, *O mera Novanglae, neque enim Novangli*! And yet if you read the Story written by the *Sieur Froger*, how poorly *St. James's Fort*, in *Africa*, was given up to the French in the year, 1695. You'll say, the Things done in *America*, are not so bad, as what have been done in ether parts of the World. The Enemy having Demolished so fair a Citadel, now grown

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grown mighty *Uppish*, Triumph'd, as well they might, Exceedingly; and Threatned, that they would carry all before them. The Honourable Lieutenant Governour *Staughton*, who was now Commander in Chief, over the Province, immediately did all that could be done, to put a Stop unto the Fury of the Adversary. By Sea, he sent out Three *Men of War*, who, disadvantaged by the Winds, came not soon Enough to engage the *French*. By Land, the *Indians* being so Posted in all quarters, that the People could hardly Stir out, but about half a Score of the poor People in their Fields here and there were pick't off, he sent Colonel *Gidney* with Five Hundred men; who perceiving the Salvages to be drawn off, only Strengthened the Garrisons, and Returned. The Lieutenant Governour, that he might not in any other point be wanting, to the Publick Safety, hereupon dispatched, Colonel *Northern*, with a Suitable Number of Souldiers, and Frigats unto *St. Johns*, with orders to fetch away some Great Guns that were lying there, & joyn with Major *Church* who was gone with Forces that way, to attack the Fort at *St. Johns*, which was the Nest of all the *Wasps* that Stung us: but the Difficulty of the Cold Season so discouraged our men, that after the making of some few Shot, the Enterprize found it self under too much Congelation to proceed any further. So we will afflict our selves no further for this year;

year; Except only with mentioning the Slaughter of about Five poor Souldiers, belonging to Saco-Fort, Oct. 13. who had a Discovery of the Enemy, Seasonable Enough, to have made their Escape; yet, not Agreeing about the way of making it, as if led by some *Fatality* to their *Destruction*, or, as if they had been like the *Squirrels*, that must run down the Tree, Squeaking and Crying, into the mouths of the *Rattle-Snakes*, that fix their *Eyes* upon them; they went back into the very path, where the Indian Ambush was lying for them.

ARTICLE XXV.

A Notable Exploit; wherein, Dux Famina Facti.

ON March 15. 1697. the Salvages made a Descent upon the Skirts of *Haverhil*, Murdering and Captiving about Thirty Nine Persons, and Burning about Half a Dozen Houses. In this Broil, one *Hannah Dustan*, having lain in about a Week, attended with her Nurse, *Mary Neff*, a Widow, a Body of Terrible *Indians* drew near unto the House, where she lay, with Designs to carry on their Bloody Devastations. Her Husband, hastened from his Employments abroad, unto the Relief of his Distressed Family; and first bidding Seven of his Eight Children (which were from Two to Seventeen years of Age)

to get away as fast as they could, unto some Garrison in the Town, he went in, to inform his Wife, of the horrible Distress come upon them, Ere she could get up, the fierce Indians were got so near, that utterly despairing to do her any Service, he ran out after his Children; Resolving, that on the Horse, which he had with him, he would Ride away with *That*, which he should in this Extremity, find his Affections to pitch most upon, and leave the Rest, unto the care of the Divine Providence. He overtook his Children about Forty Rod from his Door; but *then*, such was the *Agony* of his Parental Affections, that he found it impossible for him to Distinguish any one of them from the rest; wherefore he took up a Courageous Resolution to Live and Dy with them all. A party of Indians came up with him; and now, though they Fired at him, and he Fired at them, yet he manfully kept at the Reer of his *Little Army* of Unarmed Children, while they Marched off, with the pace of a Child of Five years old; until, by the Singular Providence of God, he arrived safe with them all, unto a place of Safety, about a Mile or two from his House. But his House must in the mean Time, have more dismal *Tragedies* acted at it. The *Nurse* trying to Escape, with the New born *Infant*, fell into the Hands of the Formidable Salvages; and these furious Tawnies coming into the House, bid poor *Duffan*,

to Rise Immediately. Full of Astonishment, she did so; and sitting down in the Chimney, with an Heart full of most fearful *Expectation*, she saw the Raging Dragons rattle all that they could carry away, and set the House on Fire. About Nineteen or Twenty *Indians*, now led these away, with about Half a Score other English *Captives*; but ere they had gone many Steps, they dash'd out the Brains of the *Infant*, against a Tree; and several of the other *Captives*, as they began to Tire in their sad *Journey*, were soon sent unto their *Long Home*; the Salvages would presently bury their Hatchets in their Brains, and leave their Carcases on the Ground, for Birds and Beasts to feed upon. However, *Dustan* (with her Nurse) notwithstanding her present Condition, Travelled that Night, about a Dozen Miles; and then kept up with their New Masters, in a long Travel of an Hundred and Fifty Miles, more or less, within a few Days Ensuing, without any sensible Damage, in their Health, from the Hardships, of their *Travel*, their *Lodging*, their *Diet*, and their many other Difficulties. These Two poor Women, were now in the Hands of those, whose *Tender Mercies are Cruelties*; but the Good God, who hath all Hearts in His own Hands, heard the Sighs of these *Prisoners*, and gave them to find unexpected Favour from the *Master*, who laid claim unto them. That *Indian Family* consisted of Twelve
Persons

Persons ; Two Stout men, Three Women, and Seven Children ; and for the Shame of many an *English Family*, that ha's the Character of, *Prayerless*, upon it, I must now Publish what these poor Women assure me : 'Tis *This* ; In Obedience to the Instructions, which the French have given them, they would have *Prayers* in their Family, no less than Thrice Every Day : In the *Morning*, at *Noon*, and in the *Evening* ; nor would they ordinarily let their Children *Eat* or *Sleep*, without first saying their *Prayers*. Indeed these *Idolaters*, were like the rest of their whiter Brethren, *Persecutors* ; and would not endure, that these poor Women should Retire to their *English Prayers*, if they could hinder them. Nevertheless, the poor Women, had nothing but fervent *Prayers*, to make their Lives Comfortable, or Tolerable ; and by being daily sent out, upon Business, they had Opportunities together and asunder, to do like another *Hannab*, in *Pouring out their Souls before the Lord* : Nor did their praying Friends among our selves, forbear to *Pour out* Supplications for them. Now, they could not observe it without some wonder, that their Indian Master, sometimes, when he saw them Dejected, would say unto them ; *What need you Trouble your self ? If your God will have you delivered, you shall be so !* And it seems, our God would have it so to be. This *Indian Family*, was now Travelling with these Two Cap-
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 tive Women, (and an English youth, taken from
Worcester, a year and half before,) unto a Ren-
 dezvous of Salvages, which they call, a *Town*,
 somewhere beyond *Penacook*; and they still told
 these poor Women, that when they came to this
 Town, they must be Stript, and Scourg'd, and
 run the *Gantlet* through the whole Army of
Indians. They said, This was the *Fashion*, when
 the Captives first came to a Town; and they
 derided some of the Faint hearted English,
 which, they said, fainted and swooned away
 under the *Torments* of this Discipline. But on
April. 30. While they were yet, it may be, a-
 bout an Hundred and Fifty Miles from the In-
 dian Town, a little before Break of Day, when
 the whole Crew was in a *Dead Sleep*; (Reader,
 see if it prove not So !) one of these Women,
 took up a Resolution, to Imitate the Action of
Jael upon *Sisera*; and being where she had not
 her own *Life* secured by any *Law* unto her, she
 thought she was not Forbidden by any *Law*, to
 take away the *Life* of the *Murderers*, by whom
 her *Child* had been butchered. She heartened
 the *Nurse*, and the *Youth*, to assist her in this En-
 terprize; and all furnishing themselves with *Har-
 bers* for the purpose, they struck such Home
 Blows, upon the Heads of their *Sleeping Oppressors*,
 that ere they could any of them Struggle into
 any Effectual Resistance, at the Feet of those
 poor Prisoners, they bowed, they fell, they lay down;

at their feet they bowed, they fell; where they bowed, there they fell down Dead. Only one Squaw escaped sorely wounded from them, in the Dark, and one Boy, whom they Reserved Asleep, intending to bring him away with them, suddenly wak'd, and skuttled away from this Desolation. But cutting off the *Scalps* of the *Ten Wretches*, they came off, and Received *Fifty Pounds* from the General Assembly of the Province, as a Re-compence of their Action; besides which they Received many presents of Congratulation from their more private Friends, but none gave 'em a greater Taste of Bounty, than Colonel Nicholson, the Governour of *Maryland*, who hearing of their Action, sent 'em a very generous Token of his Favour.

A R T I C L E. XXVI.

Remarkable Salvations; and some Remarkable Disasters.

BESIDES a man Taken at *York*, in *May*, and another man kill'd at *Hatfield*, in *June*, and a Third kill'd at *Groton*; and a Fourth with Two Children carried Captives: there fell out more *Mischief*, with no small *Mercy*, on *Jun. 10.* at *Exeter*. The Day before, some Women & Children, would needs ramble without any Guard, into the Woods, to gather *Straw-berries*; but some

some that were willing to Chastise them with a *Fright*, for their presumption, made an *Alarm* in the Town; whereupon many came together in their *Arms*. The *Indians* it seems, were at this very Time, unknown to the *English*, lying on the other side of the Town, ready to make a Destructive Assault upon it; but Supposing this *Alarm* to be made on *their* Account, they therefore supposed themselves to be discovered. Wherefore they laid aside their purpose of attempting the Destruction of the Town; and contented themselves, with *Killing* one man, *Taking* another, and *Wounding* a Third. But on *July. 4. Lords Day*, Major *Charles Frost*, who had been a Person of no little Consequence to our Frontiers, Returning from the Publick Worship of God, in *Berwick*, (to repair unto which, about Five Miles from his own House, he had that Morning express'd such an *Earnestness*, that much Notice was taken of it,) pass'd several more Dangerous places, without any Damage; but in a place, on a little plain by the Turn of a *Path*, where no Danger was Expected, the *Adverser in the path* Surprized him; the *Indians* having stuck up certain Boughs upon a Log, there mortally Shot him, with Two more, while his Two Sons, that were in the Front of the Company, happily escaped. And the Two young men, that Rode Post unto *Wells*, with these *Tidings*, in their going back, had their own Death added for another

Article of such unhappy *Tidings*. About the latter End of this Month also, *Three Men Mowing* the Meadows at *Newchwawannic*, were themselves Cut down by the *Indians*; tho' one of the *Mowers* bravely Slew one of the *Murderers*. But the most Important Action of this Year, was a little further off. About the beginning of *July*, Major *March* was Employ'd, with about Five Hundred Souldiers, not only to Defend the *Frontiers*, but also to seek out, and Beat up, the Enemies Quarters. In the meantime, the Lieutenant Governour, apprehending an *Invasion* from a Formidable, *French Fleet* on the Coast of *New-England*, with his accustomed prudence and vigour, applied himself to put the whole Province into a posture of Defence: And the *Militia*, with the several *Forts*, especially that of *Boston*, (very much, through the Contrivance and Industry of Captain *Fairweather*,) were brought into so good a posture, that some could hardly forbear too much Dependence on our Preparations. But, it being more particularly Apprehended, that in the Intend'd *Invasion*, the *Indians*, assisted by the *French*, would make a Descent upon our *Frontiers* by Land, Major *March* was advised therefore to Employ some of his Forces, in Scouting about the Woods. Before the Major arrived at *York*, a party of the Enemy kill'd a man that stood Centinel for some of his Neighbours at Work

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 in the Marsh at *Wells*; and catching another *Alive*, they carried him a mile and half off, and
 Roasted him to *Death*: But Captain *Brackett*,
 that followed them quite as far as *Kennebunk*, did
 but almost overtake them: For truly, Reader, our
 Souldiers cannot, as Antiquity Reports, the
 old *Gracian*, and *Roman* Souldiers could, march
 at a Running pace or trot, heavily Loaded,
 five and twenty miles in four Hours; but
 rather suspect whether those Reports of Anti-
 quity be not Romantick. Three Souldiers of
Saco Fort, after this cutting some *Fire-wood*, on
Cow-Island, for the use of the Fort, were by
 the *Indians* cut off; while that Lieutenant
Fletcher with his Two Sons, that should have
 Guarded them, went a *Fowling*; and by do-
 ing so, they likewise fell into the Snare. The
Indians carrying these Three Captives down
 the River in one of their *Canoes*, Lieutenant
Larabe, that was abroad with a Scout, way-
 laid them; and Firing on the Foremost of
 the *Canoes*, that had Three men in it, they
 all Three fell and sank in the *River of Death*.
 Several were kill'd aboard the other *Canoes*;
 and the rest ran their *Canoes* ashore, and E-
 scaped on the other side of the River: and
 one of the *Fletchers*, when all the *Indians*
 with him were killed, was Delivered out of
 the Hands which had made a prisoner of
 him: tho' his poor Father afterwards Dyed
 among

among them. Henceupon Major *March*, with his Army, took a Voyage farther Eastward; having several *Transport Vessels* to accommodate them. Arriving at *Casco Bay*, they did, upon the Ninth of September, come as occult as they could, farther East among the Islands, near a place called, *Corbins Sounds*; and Landed before Day, at a place called, *Damascotta River*; where, before Half of them were well got ashore, and drawn up, the scarce-yet-expected Enemy, Entertained them with a *Valley*, and an *Huzza*! None of ours were Hurt; but Major *March*, Repaid 'em in their own *Lead* and *Gins*; and it was no sooner Light, but a *Considerable Battel* Ensued. The Commanders of the *Transport-Vessels*, were persons of such a mettle, that they could not with any patience, forbear going ashore, to take a part of their *Neighbours Fare*; but the Enemy seeing things operate this way, fled into their Fleet of *Canoes* which hitherto Lay out of sight, and got off as fast, and as well, as they could, leaving some of their *Dead* behind them; which they never do, but when under extreme *Disadvantages*. Our Army thus beat 'em off, with the Loss of about a Dozen men; whereof One was, the worthy Captain *Dymock* of *Barnstable*: and about as many Wounded, whereof one was Captain *Phillips* of *Conston*; and in this Action, Captain *Wolring*

a young Gentleman of much *Worth*, and *Hope*,
 Courageously acting his part, as Commander of
 the *Forces*, the *Helpers of the War*, which the Co-
 lony of *Connecticut* had Charitably lent unto this
 Expedition, had his Life remarkably rescued,
 from a Bullet grazing the Top of his Head. But
 there was a Singular Providence of our Lord
 Jesus Christ, in the whole of this matter. For
 by the seasonable *Arrival* and *Encounter* of our
 Army, an horrible Descent of *Indians*, which
 probably might have laid whole Plantations De-
 solate, was most happily *Defeated*. And at the
 same Time, the Signal Hand of Heaven, gave
 a *Defeat* unto the purposes of the *French Squa-*
drans at Sea, so that they had something else to
 do, than to Visit the Coast of *New-England*.

A R T I C L E XXVII.

The End of the Year, and we hope of the War.

O Thou Sword of the Wilderness; When wilt
 thou be quiet? On Sept. 11. A party of the
 Enemy came upon the Town of *Lancaster*, then
 prepared for *Mischief* by a wonderful Security,
 and they did no little *Mischief* unto it. Near
 Twenty were killed, and among the rest, Mr
Jahn Whiting, the Pastor of the Church there.
 Five were carryed Captive to Two or Three
 Houses were burnt, and several Old People in them
 Captain

Captain Brown, with Fifty men, pursued them, till the Night stop't their pursuit: but it seems, a Strange Dog or two, unknown to the Company, did by their Barking, alarm the Enemy, to Rise in the Night, and Strip and Scalp an English Captive-Woman, and fly so far into the Woods, that after Two Dayes Bootless Labour, our men Returned. November arrived, before any farther Blood shed; and then, it was only of one man, in the Woods, at Oyster-River. December arrived with the welcome Tidings, of a Peace concluded between England and France; which made us Hope, that there would be little more of any Blood shed at all. The Winter was the Severest, that ever was in the memory of man. And yet February must not pass, without a Stroke upon Pemmaquid Chub, whom the Government had mercifully permitted after his Examination, to Retire unto his Habitation in Andover. As much out of the way as to Andover, there came above Thirty Indians, about the middle of February, as if their Errand had been for a Vengeance upon Chub, whom (with his Wife) they now Massacred there. They Took Two or Three Houle, and Slew Three or Four Persons; and Mr. Thomas Barnard, the worthy Minister of the place, very narrowly Escaped their Fury. But in the midst of their Fury; there was one piece of Mercy, the like whereof had never been seen before: For, they had got Colonel Dudley Bradstreet, with his

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Family into their Hands; but perceiving, the
Town Mustering to follow them, their Hearts
were so changed, that they dismissed their Cap-
tives without any further Damage unto their
Persons. Returning back by *Huronvil*, they
kill'd a couple and a couple they Took, with some
Remarkable circumstances, worthy to be made
a distinct History. But, Reader, we are now in
Hast, for to have our present History come unto
an End: and though the end of this Year did not
altogether prove the end of the War; for, on
May 9. 1698. the Indians Murdered an old
man, at *Spruce-Creek*, and carryed away Three
Sons, of that old man; and wounded a man at
Tork: yet we were not without prospect of our
Troubles growing towards a period: and even
in that very Murder at *Spruce creek* there fell
out one thing that might a little encourage our
Hopes concerning it. The Murderer was a fa-
mous kind of a Giant among the Indians,
Fellow Reputed Seven Foot High: This Fellow
kill'd the poor old man in cold Blood, after he
had Surrendred himself a Prisoner: But behold,
Before many Hours were out, this famous and
bloody Fellow accidentally Shot himself to Death,
by his Gun going off, when he was foolishly
pulling a Canoo to the Shore with it.

The last Bloody Action, that can have a Room
in our Story is This.

The Indians, (though sometimes, it hath been
much

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much doubted, *What Indians?*) have in this War, made several Descents upon some of the upper Towns, that were our most *Northerly Settlements* upon *Connecticut River*. But the Pious, and Honest People in those Towns, have always given them a brave Repulse, and had a notable Experience of the Divine Favour to them, in their preservations. *Deerfield* has been an Extraordinary Instance of Courage, In keeping their *Station*, though they have lived all this while in a very *Pibahiroth*; and their worthy Pastor, Mr. *John Williams*, deserves the Thanks of all this Province, for his Encouraging them all the ways Imaginable, to *Stand* their ground. Once the Enemy was like to have Surprised them into a grievous Desolation; but he, with his Praying, and Valiant, little Flock, most happily Repelled them. And now, about the middle of *July*, 1698. a little before Sun set, *Four Indians*, killed a Man and a Boy, in *Hatfield Meadows*; and carried away Two Boys, into Captivity. The Advice coming to *Deerfield* in the Night, they presently Dispatched away Twelve men, to way lay the Enemy coming up the River; having first, Look'd up unto the Lord Jesus Christ, that they might find the Enemy, and harm none but the Enemy, and Rescue the Children which the Enemy had Seized upon. After a Travel of near Twenty Miles, they perceived the *Indians*, in their *Canooes* coming up the

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River,

River, but on the other side of it, within a Rod or Two, of the opposite Shore: Whereupon they so Shot, as to *Hut* one of the *Indians*, and then they all Jump'd out of the *Canooes*, and one of the *Boyes* with them. The wounded *Salvage* crawled unto the Shoar; where, his back being broken, he lay in great Anguish, often Endeavouring with his Hatchet, for to knock out his own *Brains*, and tear open his own *Breast*, but could not: and another *Indian* seeing the Two *Boyes* getting one to another, design'd 'em a Shot, but his Gun would not go off: Whereupon he followed 'em with his Hatchet, for to have knock'd 'em on the Head; but just as he came at 'em, one of our men sent a Shot into him, that Spoil'd his Enterprize; and so the *Boyes* getting together, into one *Canooe*, brought it over to the Friends thus concerned for them. These good men, seeing their Exploit performed thus far; Two *Indians* destroy'd, and Two *Children* delivered, they fell to Praising of God; and one young man particularly, kept thus Expressing himself; Surely, 'Tis God, and not we, that have wrought this Deliverance! But, as we have sometimes been told, That even in the Beating of a *Pulse*, the Dilating of the Heart, by a *Diastole* of Delight, may be turned into a contracting of it, with a *Systole* of Sorrow: In the Beating of a few *Pulse*, after this, they sent five or six men, with the *Canooe*, to fetch the other, which

which was lodged at an Island not far off, that they might pursue the other Indians: when those two Indians having hid themselves in the High-grass, unhappily Shot a quick Death, into the young man, whose Expressions were but now recited. This Hopeful young mans Brother-in-Law, was intending to have gone out, upon this Action; but the young man himself importuned his Mother to let him go: which, because he was an *only Son*, she denyed; but then, fearing she did not well to withhold her Son from the Service of the Publick, she gave him leave: saying, *See that you do now, and as you go along, Resign, and give up your self unto the Lord; and I desire to Resign you to Him!* So he goes, and so he dies; And may be be the last, that falls in a Long and Sad War, with Indian Salvages!

ARTICLE XXVIII.

The Epilogue of a Long Tragedy.

FOR the present then, the Indians have Done Murdering; They'l Do so no more till next Time. Let us then have done Writing; when we have a little informed our selves what is become of the chief Murderers among those Wretches, for whom if we would find a Name of a Length like one of their own Indian Long-winded words, it might be,

Bombardo-gladio-fun-bassi-flavimi-loquentes.

Major *Convers*, and Captain *Alden*, in pursuance of Instructions Received from the Lieut. Governour and Council, arriving at *Penobscot*, on Oct. 14. 1698. were there informed, That *Maddockawando*, the noted Sagamore, with several other *Sachims* of the East, were lately Dead. And six days after this, the chief *Sachims* now Living, with a great Body of Indians, Entertained them with a Friendly Discourse; wherein they said, That the Earl of *Frontenac* had sent them word, there was a Peace concluded between the Kings of *France* and *England*, and that one of the Articles in the Peace was, for Prisoners on both sides to be Returned, and they were Resolved to obey the Earl of *Frontenac* as their Father; and accordingly such Prisoners of ours, as they had now at hand, might immediately Return, if we could persuade them, for They would not Compel them. When our English Messengers argued with them, upon the perfidiousness of their making a New War, after their Submission, the Indians replied, That they were Instigated by the French to do what they did, against their own Inclinations; adding, That there were two Jesuites, one toward *Amnoscoggin*, the other at *Narridgaway*, both of which they desired the Earl of *Bellamont*, and the Earl of *Frontenac*, to procure to be Removed; otherwise it could not be expected, that a-

ny

Indian Savages.

by Peace would continue long. The *Indians* also, and the *English* Prisoners, gave them to understand, that the last *Winter*, many, both *Indians*, and *English* Prisoners, were Starved to Death; and particularly, *Nine Indians*, in one company, went a Hunting, but met with such hard circumstances, that after they had Eat up their *Dogs*, and their *Coats*, they Dyed horribly Famished: And since the last *Winter*, a grievous and unknown *Disease* is got among them, which consumed them wonderfully. The *Sagamore Saquadoch*, further told them, That the *Kennebeck* *Indians*, would fain have gone to War again, this last *Summer*, but the other *Refused*, whereupon they likewise *Desisted*: And they Relolved now, to *Fight no more*; But if any Ill Accident or Action, should happen on either side, he did in the Name of the *Indians* Desire, That we would not presently make a *War* upon it, but in a more amicable way compose the Differences.

That the *Indian* Affairs might come to be yet more exactly understood, the General Assembly of the Province, Employ'd Colonel *John Phillips*, and Major *Convers*, to Settle them. These Gentlemen, took a Difficult and a Dangerous Voyage, in the Depth of *Winter*, unto the Eastern parts, in the Province Galley, then under the Command of Captain *Cyprian Southack*; and the principal *Sagamores* of the *Indians* there coming to them, did again Renew, and Sub-

scribe

scribe the *Submission* which they had formerly made in the year 1693. With this Addition unto it.

And whereas, notwithstanding the aforesaid Submission and Agreement, the said *Indians* belonging to the *Rivers* aforesaid, or some of them, thro' the ill counsel and instigation of the *French*, have perpetrated sundry Hostilities against His Majesties Subjects, the *English*, and have not Delivered and Returned home several *English* Captives in their Hands, as in the said Submission they Covenanted.

Wherefore, we whose Names are hereunto Subscribed, Sagamores, Captains, and principal men of the *Indians* belonging unto the *Rivers* of *Kennebeck*, *Ammonoscoggin*, and *Saco*, and parts adjacent, being sensible of our great Offence and Folly, in not complying with the aforesaid Submission and Agreement, and also of the Sufferings and Mischiefs, that we have hereby exposed our selves unto; Do, in all Humble and most Submissive manner, cast our selves upon His Majesties Mercy, for the pardon of all our Rebellions, Hostilities, and Violations of our promises, praying to be Received into His Majesties Grace, and protection; And for, and on behalf of our selves, and of all other the *Indians*, belonging to the several *Rivers* and places aforesaid, within the Sovereignty of His Majesty of Great Britain, do a

with Indian Salvages.

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gain acknowledge, and profess our Hearty and Sincere Obedience, unto the Crown of England, and do solemnly Renew, Ratify, and Confirm all and every of the Articles and Agreements, contained in the aforesaid Recited Commission. And in Testimony thereof, we, the said Sagamores, Captains, and principal men, have hereunto set our several Marks and Seals, at Casco Bay, near Mares point, the Seventh Day of January, in the Tenth Year of the Reign of His Majesty, King WILLIAM the Third; *Annoque Domini, 1698, 9.*

Subscribed, by,
In the presence of *Moxus*, and a
James Convers, and a Great Number more.
Cyprian Sourback.

John Gills, Interpreter,
And *Scodack*,
alias *Sampson*.

At this Time also, the Indians Restored as many of the English Captives, in their Hands, as were able to Travel above an Hundred Miles in this terrible Season of the year, from their Head-quarters, down to the Sea-side; giving all possible satisfaction, for the Restoration of the rest, as Early in the Spring, as there could be any Travelling.

The Condition of these Captives, has afforded

ed many very Remarkable Things, whereof 'tis a thousand pities that so many are lost. But because one of the Two Gentlemen Employ'd as Commissioners for the Treaty with the Indians, took certain Minutes of Remarkable Things from some of the Captives, I am willing to give the Reader a Taste of them.

At Mares point in Casco Bay,

Jan. 14. 1698, 9.

THE Captives informed me, That the Indians have Three Forts, at Narridganog, and Narrackomagog, and Amassacanty. And at each of these Forts, they have a Chappel, and have Images in them.

They informed me, That Three Captives in one Wigwam, were Starved to Death last Winter.

Mary Fairbanks, and Samuel Hutching, and some other Captives, told me, That Jonathan Hutching, belonging to Spruce-Creek, a Lad fourteen years old, They met him crying for want of Victuals, for in Two or Three Days he had nothing to Eat. Afterward, as he was going to fetch some Wood, he fell something hard in his Bosome. He put in his Hand, and unto his Astonishment, he found there Two Great, Large Ears of Indian Corn, which were very well Roasted. He Eat them, and knew not how they came unto him.

Some

'Some other of the Captives told me, That one *Mary Catter*, (which person we now brought home with us, belonging to *Kittery*) her Master and many other Indians, came down to *Casco-Bay*. There seeing some Sloops, or Shallops, they thought they were the English coming upon them, and ran away, into the Woods, and left the said *Mary Catter* very Sick in the *Wigwam*, without any thing at all to Eat. They staid away many dayes; but left a Fire in the *Wigwam*. She Lay wishing for something to Eat, and at length in came a *Turtle*. She got *That*, and Eat it; but afterwards began to Despair of out living the *Famine*, which was Returned upon her. At length, when she was very Hungry, in came a *Partridge*; She took a Stick, and Struck it, and Drest it, and Eat it. And by that Time she was Hungry again, her Master came to look after her.

'They tell of several of the *Indians*, that have kill'd themselves, with their own *Guns*, in taking them out of their *Canoes*.

Assacombuit sent *Thomasin Rouse*, a Child of about Ten years old, unto the Water-side, to carry something. The Child cryed: He took a Stick, and struck her down: She lay for Dead: He took her up, and Threw her into the water: Some *Indians*, not far off, ran in, and fetch'd her out. This Child we have now brought Home with us.

'This,

This *Assacombust* hath killed and Taken this War, (they tell me) an Hundred and Fifty Men, Women, and Children. A Bloody Devil.

Thus the Paper of Minutes.

The Reader now ha's nothing but *Peace* before him. Doubtless he comforts himself with Hopes, of Times better to *Live* in, than to *Write* of !

BUT that which yet more assures a *Break of Day* after a long and sad *Night* unto us, is, That the Best King at this Day upon Earth, and the *Greatest Monarch*, that ever Sway'd the Scepter of Great Britain, hath Commission'd a Noble Person, who hath in him an *Illustrious Image* of His own *Royal Vertues*, to take the Government of these Provinces; and he is accordingly Arrived now near our *Horizon*. When the Schools of the Jews delivered, That there were *Three Great Gifts* of the Good God unto the world, The *Law*, the *Rain*, and the *Light*; R. Zeira added, I pray, let us take in *Peace* for a *Fourth*. All these *Four Gifts* of God, are now Enjoy'd by *New-England*: But I must now ask, That our Hope of a *Fifth* may be added unto the Number; which is, A GOVERNOUR, of Signalized Vertues. To the truly Noble Earl of BELLOMONT, the whole *English Nation* must own it self Endebred, while it is a Nation, for the most

most Generous and Successful Zeal, with which he Laboured for those *Acts of Parliament*; by Assenting whereunto, the Mighty WILLIAM, hath Irradiated *England*, with *Blessings*, that it never saw before His Happy Reign; *Blessings* richly worth all the Expences of a *Revolution*. *England* owes no less Immortal Statues, unto the Earl of *Bellomont*, than *Ireland*, unto his Illustrious Ancestors. But the *Continent of America*, must now Share in the Influences of that Noble Person, whose Merits have been Signalized on the most famous *Islands of Europe*; and the Greatest Person, that ever set foot, on the *English Continent of America*, is now Arrived unto it. We are now satisfying our selves in the Expectations of the Great and Good Influences, to be derived from the Conduct of a Governour, in whom there will meet,

---*Virtus et Summa potestas.*

And now, Reader, I will conclude our History of the *Indian War*, in Terms like those used by the *Syrian Writer* at the Conclusion of his Book;

Emis, per Auxilium Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, mense Duodecimo, per manus peccatoris pauperis et Errantis.

ARTICLE XXIX.

Quakers Encountred.

FOR the present then, we have done with the *Indians*: But while the *Indians* have been thus molesting us, we have suffered Molestations of another sort, from another sort of Enemies, which may with very good Reason, be cast into the same *History* with them. If the *Indians* have chosen to prey upon the *Frontiers*, and *Out-Skirts*, of the Province, the *Quakers* have chosen the very same *Frontiers*, and *Out-Skirts*, for their more *Spiritual Assaults*; and finding little *Success* elsewhere, they have been labouring incessantly and sometimes not unsuccessfully, to Enchant and Poison the Souls of poor people, in the very places, where the *Bodies* and *Estates*, of the people have presently after been devoured by the *Salvages*. But that which makes it the more agreeable, to allow the *Quakers*, an *Article* in our *History* of the *Indians*, is That a certain silly Scribbler, the very First-born of *Non-sensicality*, (and a *First-born* too, that one might Salute as the Martyr *Polycarp* once did the wicked *Marcion*,) One *Tom Maule*, at this Time Living in *Salem*, hath exposed unto the Publick, a Volumn of *Nonsensical Blasphemies* and *Hæresies*, wherein he sets himself to Defend the

the Indians, in their Bloody Villanies, and Revile the Countrey for Defending it self against them. And that the *Venome* of this Pamphlet might be Improved unto the *Height* of *Slandorous Wick- edness*, there hath been since added unto it, in a- nother Pamphlet, a parcel of Ingredients com- pounded, for mischief, as if *by the Art of the A- pothecary*. None but he, whom the Jewes, in their *Talmuds* call, *Ben-tamalion* could have inspi- red such a Slanderer! Have the *Quakers* ever yet Censured, this their Author, for holding forth in his *Alcoran*, [pag. 221.] *That the Devil, Sin, Death, and Hell, are but Nothing, they are but a Non-Entity*: And, [pag. 183.] *That all men who have a Body of Sin remaining in them, are Witches?* I have cause to believe, that they never did! Nor that they ever advised him to pull in his *Horns*, from goring the sides of New- England, with such passages as those, in [pag. 195.] the same horrible Pamphlet: *God hath well Rewarded the Inhabitants of New-England, for their Unrighteous Dealings, towards the Native Indians, whom now the Lord hath suffered to Reward the Inhabitants, with a double measure of Blood, by Fire and Sword, &c.* And those *Unrighteous Dealings*, he Explains, to be the Killing of the Indians, (or Murdering of them) by the Old Planters of these Colonies, in their *First Settlement*. Thus are the Ashes of our Fathers vilely staled upon, by one, who perhaps would not

stick at the Villany of doing as much upon their *Baptism* it self. I must tell you, Friends, that if you don't publickly, *give forth a Testimony* to *Deity, Tom Maule,* and *his Works*, it will be thought by some, who it may be don't wish you so well, as I do, that you own this *Bloody Stuff*: which, doubtless you'l not be so ill advised as to do. But, certainly, if the good people of *New-England*, now make it not a proverb for a *Liar* of the First Magnitude, *He is as* very a *Liar* as *TOM MAULE*; they will deprive their Language of one Significant Expression, which now offers it self unto them.

Let us now Leave our Friend *Maules Works*, as a fit Volumn to be an *Appendix* unto the famous *Tartaretus*, and worthy of a Room in *Pantagruels Library*. The fittest way to answer him, would be to send him to *Boston Woods*!

In the mean Time, I owe unto the Publick, a piece of *History*, which it may be for the Safety of our *Northern Towns*, to be acquainted withal. Know, Sirs, That once the famous *George Keith*, undertook to be the Champion of our *New-English Quakers*; and bid fair to be the very *Dalae*, or *Prester John*, of all the *English Tartars*; but a Minister of *Boston*, upon that occasion, publishing a Book, Entitled, *Little Flocks guarded against grievous Wolves*, could not but complain of it, as a very *Scandalous Thing*, in *George Keith*, to maintain the points of the *Foxian Quakerism*.

Quakerism, while he really differed from them. All this while, *George Keith* was admired by our *Quakers*, as an *Apostle*, or, an *Oracle* : but, he finding it impossible to maintain the gross Tenets of the common *Quakers*, preach'd unto them the Necessity of Believing on a *Christ without*, as well as a *Christ within*. Hereupon, there grew such alienations between him, and the other *Quakers*, (who had been taught by *George Fox*, to say, *The Devil is in them, who say, they are Saved by Christ without them* :) that he not only ha's written diverse Learned Books, to confute those very Doctrines of the Common *Quakers*, which the Pastors of *New-England* had, upon his Provocation, Written against, but also ha's theretore undergone a Storm of *Persecution*, from the Friends in *Pensylvania* : Yea, 'tis verily thought, that poor *George* would have been made a Sacrifice to *Squire Samael Jennings*, and the rest of the *Pensylvanian Dragons*, and that, since a crime which their Laws ha'l made *Capital*, was mention'd in the *Mittimus* whereby *Keith* was committed, they would have Hang'd him, if a Revolution upon their Government had not set him at liberty. Being by the Fines, and Gaols, and Fierce Usages of the *Quakers* in *Pensylvania*, driven over to *England*, the Wondertul Hand of God, hath made this very man, I think I may say, incomparably the greatest *Plague*, that ever came upon that Sect, of *Energumens*. Although

he do himself still retain the Name of a *Quaker*, yet he hath in one Treatise after another, Earnestly called upon the Divines, throughout the Nation, more Vigorously to Employ their *Talants*, against the *Quakers*, as a more *Dangerous* Generation of People than they are well aware; and he did in the year 1696. with the leave of the *Lord Mayor*, Challenge the *Quakers*, to make their Appearance at *Turners Hall*, in the chief City of *Europe*; where he proved unto the Satisfaction of a vast Assembly, that the chief Writers of the *Quakers*, assert *Christ* neither to be God, nor *Man*; and that they deny *Christ* to be pray'd unto; and that they had affirm'd, *Christs outward Blood*, shed on the Ground, to be no more than the Blood of another Saint; and that they had charged him with *New-Doctrine*, for directing to Faith in *Christ* without us, as well as within us; and that at their Meetings, they had censured him, for saying, That *Christs Body* came out of the Grave, which they say, It never did: And many more such horrid matters. To confirm these things, Besides the grievous Bites which *Francis Bugg*, one of their late Friends, hath given them, one *Daniel Leeds*, without wholly casting off the Profession of a *Quaker*, hath lately Printed a Book, wherein he produces above *Threescore* Instances, of the *Flat Contradictions*, which he hath observed in the Books of the *Friends*, that have most pretended unto *Infallibility*; and he demon-

strates

strates from evident matter of Fact, that though they declared unto the World, *That their Sufferings had been greater, and more unjust, than the Sufferings of Jesus, and His Apostles*; yet they themselves were no sooner mounted into the Seat of Government, than they fell to *Persecuting* as bad as any in the World. *Albeit Fox* writes, *They that cause People to be put in Prison, and have their Goods taken away, are Disorderly Teachers, and shall be rooted out*; Nevertheless *Leeds* proves by many Examples, that the *Pensylvanians* did it, even upon their own Friends, for meer *Scruples* of their *Consciencs*. 'Tis reported, The *Quakers* are so confounded at this Book of *Leeds*, that they have been at the charge to buy up the whole *Impression* of it, and so to *Stifle* and *Smother* it: If it be so, I hope 'twill but produce a *New Impression* of so rare a Book. The *Marvellous Providence* of our Lord *Jesus Christ*, having thus employ'd, the Pens of the *Quakers* themselves, to warn you, that you beware of *Quakerism*, it will be a marvellous *Infatuation* in any of you, after this, to be led away with that *Error of the Wicked*. Reader, make a *Pause*, and here *Admire* the *Marvellous Providence* of our Lord *Jesus Christ*! The first and great *Apostle* of the *Quakers*, even *George Fox*, the *Shoe-maker*, in his, *Great Mystery*, Pag. 94. Excludes from the Church of *Christ*, Those who are not *Infallible*, in *Discerning the Hearts of other men*. Whereas now in

Spite of all their *Infallibility*, such Friends as *Keith* (and *Leeds*) whom they once admired, profess that they never in their *Hearts Believed*, as the Common *Foxian Quakers* do; and *Quakerism* Suffers from none in the world more than these. But that I may a little Suggest unto you, certain Methods of Encountring those Adversaries of your *Faith*, which go about, seeking whom they may deceive, and whom I do here offer to prove as horrid *Idolaters*, as even those that worshipp'd the Rats of *Egypt*, if it be fairly demanded of me, I will first Recite unto you, certain passages, of a Discourse, which a Minister of *Boston*, had with a very Busy and Noisy Teacher among the *Quakers*, (and another of the *Friends*,) in his Return from his *Visitation* unto some of our Northern Towns, where the Giddy People, had cry'd him up for a *None-Such*.

Quaker. We are come to give thee a Friendly Visit.

Minister. I am glad to see you, at my House; you shall be welcome to the best Entertainments, my House can afford you.

But will you do me the Favour, to let me understand, the Designs upon which you visit these parts of the Country?

Quaker. I come to preach *Jesus Christ*.

Minister. Excuse me. -- What *Christ*, I pray?

Quaker. The same *Christ*, that appeared unto *Abraham*,

Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; and that appeared unto Moses in the Bush, and that was with Israel in the Wilderness.---

Minister. I would interrupt you. I perceive, that we shall be drawn into some Discourse. Matter of *Argument* will occur, I foresee, in our Discourse. *Argument* sometimes does draw forth *Words* that may have too much *Warmth* in them. I purpose none such. But if you are sensible, that I do let fall any *one such word*, in our Disputation, do me the favour, to take notice of it unto me, and I'll immediately correct it. Now, if you please;--

Quaker. Thou speakest very well. This is but according to the Good Report we have heard of thee.

Minister. Friend, I am sensible, that you are come among us, to preach a Religion, different from that which is commonly Preached, Professed, & Practised in the Country. If you approve the Religion of the Country, I can't see, where's the Sense of it, for you to take such tedious Journeys for our Illumination. I pray, be so kind as to let me know, what point in our Holy Religion, you do not Approve?

Quaker. 'Tis not my Business here to Enquire into thy Religion. I am come to preach the Religion of Jesus Christ; the same that the Holy Prophets and Apostles believed; even the Inward manifestation of Christ in our Hearts,----

Minister. To make short work on it; I perceive

ceive you both to be that sort of people, we call *Quakers*. Now, there is among the *Quakers*, that extream Uncertainty, Variety, and Contradiction, that no man, can say what you hold, any further than each *Individual Person*, will confess his own Tenets. I must therefore, pray the favour of you, to tell me; Do you own *George Foxes Book*, Entitled, *The Great Mystery*?

Quaker. 'Tis none of our *Business*, to tell what Books we own, and what we do not own: And it is none of thy *Business* to Ask us. I say, We own *Jesus Christ*, and His *Inward Manifestation* in our *Hearts*. And that's Enough!

Minister. You'l Excuse me: I do again ask, whether you do own *George Foxes Book*, of, *The Great Mystery*? Because doubtless you have Read it. And if you'l ask me, as much concerning any Book under Heaven, (that I have Read,) Whether I own it, or, How much I own of it, I'll answer you with all the Freedom in the world.

Quaker. I say, What hast thou to do with *George Fox*? or, to Examine me?

Minister. Yes, Friend, I do, and must, and will Examine You. For you are come to Hold Forth unto as many of my Flock, as you can. And the Word of God bids me to Try you. And, I have to do with *George Fox* too: because *George Fox*, in his Writings, has to do with me.

And

And if you will sincerely tell me, whether you own George Fox, or no, I shall more probably tell, *who* you are. In short; If you'l say, you Deny and Renounce George Fox, then I must go another way to work with you. If you'l say you own him, then I must endeavour to Save you, from some of his *Damnable Heresies*.

Quaker. *What Heresies?*

Minister. Numberless. But I do at this Time call to mind Three of them.

First. That the Soul of man, is without Beginning, and Infinite. This is, if I forget not, in the 90th page of that Book.

Secondly. That it is not contrary to the Scripture, That God the Father took upon Him Humane Nature. And, That the Scripture does not tell people of a Trinity, nor Three Persons in God; but that these Three Persons were brought in by the Pope.

This is in pag. 246.

Thirdly. That they that are not compleat in Sanctification, are not compleat in Justification.

This is in, pag. 284.

Now, What say ye, Syrs?

Quaker. *What hast thou to do, to Rake into the Ashes of the Dead? Let George Fox alone. Hast thou any thing to charge upon me?*

Minister. I shall know, if you'l tell me, whether you own George Fox or no. And you can tell me, if you will. I would be more civil to you, Syrs.

Quaker.

Quaker. *I never saw that Book of George Fox.*
 [And so said, the other Quaker, that was with him.]

Minister. Syrs, you astonish me! What? Never see *George Foxes Book*, of, *The Great Mystery*? 'Tis impossible! This Thing is to me, a *Mystery*! Syrs, That Book is the very *Bible of Quakerism*. 'Tis Essential unto a Quaker, at least, unto a *Teaching Quaker*, as you are, to be *Indoctrinated* from that Book. Never see it, man!— However, if you say so, I must Believe it.

Quaker. [Fell into an Harangue, Repeating what he had Preached abroad, about the Country; which, because I would misrecite nothing, I dare not undertake exactly to Recite in this place.]

Minister. I perceive our Conversation, will be to little Advantage, except we get a little closer to some *certain point*, which I have hitherto Endeavoured but ineffectually.

Syrs, There are several points, which I would willingly bring you to. And there happening to be several of my Honest Neighbours at hand, I have pray'd them (with your leave,) to walk in, that they may be Witnesses of what passes between us.

First, I'll begin, if you please, with *This*.

I told you at the Beginning, I would not willingly Treat you, with one *Hard word*. There is an *Hard word*, which will presently occur, by
 the

the unavoidable course of Disputation. I would pray you, to ease me of the Trouble of speaking it. You shall your self have the speaking of it.

Quaker. *What's that?*

Minister. I pray, Friend, what doth the Scripture say, of them that say, *They know Jesus Christ*, and yet keep not His Commandments?

Quaker. Nay, *What dost thou say, the Scripture sayes in that case?*

Minister. You will compel me, I see.---I say then: The Scripture saies, *He that says, I know Him, and keeps not His Commandments, is a Lyar, and the Truth is not in him.* 'Tis in 1 Joh. 2. 4.

Quaker. *And what then?*

Minister. Why *this* then. He that says, *I know Jesus Christ*, and yet keeps not the Commandments of Jesus Christ, is a Lyar, and the Truth is not in him.

You say, *You know Jesus Christ*. But you must give me leave to say, That you *Keep not the Commandments* of Jesus Christ.

Therefore,---pray Syrs, do you help out the Conclusion. I am loth to speak it. You know what it is.

Quaker. Yes, yes. *We know well enough what Conclusion, thou wouldest be at: Thou wouldest say, That we are Lyars, and that the Truth is not in us.*

Minister. Right! Since it must be so.

Quaker. *But what Commandment of Jesus Christ, is there, that we don't keep?*

Minister.

Minister. The Commandment of Jesus Christ, is, For His Disciples to be *Baptised with Water*; But you, *Quakers*, do not keep that Commandment of Jesus Christ.

Quaker. How dost thou prove, that Jesus Christ commanded *Baptism with Water*?

Minister. I know, you must have the word, *Water*, or nothing will content you. Else I would have urged, for a sufficient proof, our Lords Commanding His Ministers, to *Baptise* men, [Matth. 28. 19.] This Command Expresses our Duty. 'Tis not our Duty to *Baptise* men with the *Holy Spirit*. This belongs not unto *Us*, but unto *Him*, who's that *Holy Spirit* is. You will not say, we *Sin*, if we don't *Baptise* the Disciples in all Nations, with the *Holy Spirit*. So then, it must be a *Baptism with Water*, which is there Commanded by our Lord. But, as I said, you must have the word, *Water*; & you shall have it.

The Apostle Peter said,...

Quaker. The Apostle Peter! The Apostle Peter! Thou wast to prove that Jesus Christ Commanded *Baptism with Water*, And now, Thou art come to the Apostle Peter!

Minister. Stay, Friend; not so fast! Will you say then, that the Commandments brought by the Apostle Peter, as the Commandments of Jesus Christ, are not the Commandments of Jesus Christ? But however, I'll mend the Expression, - The Spirit of Jesus Christ in the Apostle Peter.

ter, (Now, I hope, it fits you!)---

Quaker. [J. S.] Thou art a Monster, all Mouth, and no Ears,---

Minister. --Prethee, talk Civilly, Don't make me Believe, that I am at Ephesus. If I were in one of your Houses, I would not give you such Language; you had but now, a greater liberty to use your Mouth, than I have hitherto taken; and my Ears were patient. But, you foresee my Argument, is going to pinch you. 'Tis but Civility to let me Finish it.

Quaker. Thou wast to prove, that Jesus Christ Commanded Baptism with Water. And thou hast not proved it. And therefore thou Speakest Falsely.

Minister. What do you mean? These little Shuffles won't help you.

I say, The Spirit of Jesus Christ, in the Apostle Peter, after our Lords Ascension, when it was Impossible for Johns Baptism (which was into the Messiah Suddenly to come, not, already come,) should have place, did say, in Act. 10 47. Can any man Forbid Water, that these should not be Baptised, which have Received the Holy Ghost?

Quaker. How does this prove, That Jesus Christ Commanded these to be Baptised with water?

Minister. Thus;---

If Jesus Christ had not Commanded Baptism with Water, any man might have then Forbid it.

But, no man could Forbid it.

Therefore Jesus Christ Commanded it.

Quaker.

Quaker. *Therefore! Therefore! Argo, Argo! Why, Dost thou think, Religion is to be proved by thy Therefore's, by thy Argo's?*

Minister. Friend, I perceive, the word, *Therefore*, is a very dead doing sort of a Word to yee. I'll dismiss this Terrible Word. I'll only say, The Reason, why none could forbid Believers to be Baptised with Water, was merely Because Jesus Christ Commanded it.

Quaker. BECAUSE; *Why, the word, Because is as bad as the word, Therefore.*

Minister. [Smiling.] It may be so. But in the mean time, you are wonderfully unreasonable! I say, why could none forbid Water, for the Faithful to be Baptised.

Quaker. *Who sayes, None could Forbid Water? 'Tis only said, Can any man Forbid Water?*

Minister. I pray, Syrs; And is not this, *None can.*

But I'll bring the matter to bear upon you, without those two Dangerous words, **THEREFORE**, and **BECAUSE**; at which you are so terrified.

I will put the matter into the Form of a Question: And your Answer to this Question, shall put an End, to our present Velitations.

Quaker, *What have we to do to Answer thy Questions?*

Minister. My Question is, *Whether a man might not forbid in the Worship*

with Indian Salvages.

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of Jesus Christ, what Jesus Christ Himself hath no
way Commanded?

You can Answer this Question, if you will; &
I desire, I demand your Answer.

Quaker. What? For us to answer thy Questions!
That would be, to Ensnare our selves.

Minister. I am very sensible of That. There-
fore, take Notice, You are Ensnared, in the Toyls
of your own miserable Delusions. But still, I
say, Answer my Question.

Quaker. Do you see, Neighbours? Friend M.
was to prove, that Jesus Christ commanded Baptism,
and now, he's come to a Question!

Minister. So I am Truly. And, I see 'tis a
Question, that puts you into a Sweat. I beseech
you to Answer it. I Require you to Answer it.
What shall I say? I Defy you to Answer it. Par-
don my Cogency; You Force me to 't!

Quaker. I say, How does a Question prove, That
Jesus Christ commanded Baptism with Water? And
why dost thou Baptise Infants?

Minister. Nay, I'll keep you to the Question.
Your Answer to the Question, will prove it; I am
deligning to make you your selves prove it. And,
Sirs, I do here offer to you, That I will give the
best Answer I can, to any Question in the world,
that you shall put unto me: why are you so loath
to Answer one short Question of mine?

Quaker. I be not obliged to Answer thy Question?

Minister. I must contrive some fair way, to

merch

M

Compe

Compel some Answer unto this *one Question*. Give me leave therefore to tell you, That if you do not Answer this *Question*, you go away conquered and confounded. Yea, Sirs, I must in Faithfulness tell you, That you carry away, the dreadful Mark of Hereticks, upon you, Even, To be *Condemned in your own Conscience*. You go away, *Self-Condemed*, That you don't keep the *Commandments of Jesus Christ*; and Therefore, That you are, --- what, you Remember, the Apostle *John* said concerning you.

Quaker. I don't condemn Thee, for using *Baptism with Water*.

Minister. This is no Answer to the *Question* still: For you don't observe it your self; neither you, nor any Quakers under Heaven. Wherefore I still urge for an Answer.

Quaker. Thou art not Civil to us. Is this thy *Civility* to Strangers? We have heard a Great Fame of thee, for thy Civil, and obliging carriage, towards others that are not of thy persuasion. But now thou art uncivil to us. That which I have to say, is, I will keep to that Book, the Bible, and I will preach what is in that Book.

Minister. [Taking up the Bible,] Friend, you pretend then to understand this Book. I do here make you this offer; That I will immediately Turn you to Ten several places, in one Book of this Holy Bible, [the *Chronicles*,] And if you can give me a Tolerable Solution of any one of them,

them, I'll acknowledge that you are worthy to preach out of it.

Quaker. Canst thou do it thy self?

Minister. I Humbly Hope, I can.

Quaker. How dost thou know that I can't?

Minister. I say, you can't. Now do you Accept my offer: If you can, I'll own that I have wrong'd you.

Quaker. What's that to thee, what I can do?

Minister. Look you, Neighbours: I think, 'tis to no purpose, to proceed unto any other points, with such unreasonable Follies as these. You see how 'tis. If you desire it, I'll proceed.

Neighbours. No, Syr, 'Tis to no purpose, they are a people of no Reason.

Quaker. Nay, Friend M. I would not have thee to be so Hard upon us. I mean Thee no Harm. I hear, thou takest a great deal of pains for the good of thy people. And they will do well, to Hearken to Thee. I have Rebuked some of them for speaking Evil of thee. Yea, It is my Judgment, That thou, and other such Ministers as Thou art, ought Honourably to be maintained by the people.

Minister. You differ from all your Friends, methinks. What? Would you have us to be Hirelings? 'Tis very strange to hear a Quaker plead for the Maintainance of our Ministry. But for your satisfaction, I'll tell you, The people whom I Serve, I never once in all my Life ask'd for any Maintainance or Salary; and I never made

any Agreement with them about any Salary, in all my Life.

Quaker. I say, I would not have thee too Hard upon us. New England has Persecuted our Friends at a grievous Rate.

Minister. Nay, Friends, Be not you too Hard upon me, about that matter. I Approve Persecution, as Little as any of you all. I abhor it. I have Preach'd against it, I have Writ against it. I have Bewayled the mistakes that some Good men have committed in it. I would have you Treated with all the Civility, imaginable. I would not have the Civil Magistrate Inflict upon you, the Damage of one Farthing for your Consciences.

Quaker. But now, you may see, how the Judgments of God, are come upon the East Country, by the Indians, for your Persecution.

Minister. I can't tell that neither. For tho' I am sorry at my Heart, that ever you were Persecuted: Yet, I can't say, That because Boston was guilty of Persecution, therefore Newchwannic, and Castle Bay, (places in other Provinces,) that never had any such thing in them, must be cut off.

Quaker. Yes, they Persecuted at the Eastward. There were Two Women, of our Friends, cruelly Seourged there.

Minister. I suppose, you refer to a Story, published by one George Bishop, a Quaker: He

Complains

Complains bitterly, of the New England Persecution, because there came Two Quaker women stark Naked, into our Publick Assemblies, and they were carried unto the Whipping post for it. This was in the Northern parts of the Country, as I have been told: These Baggages, I believe, were the persecuted women; you talk of Quakers. Well, and what if they did appear Naked, to show the People the Nakedness of their Sin? As a Minister. For shame, Sirs, let us have no more of This Talk.

Quaker. Why didst thou treat George Keith so harshly? He deserved it, when I so Treated him. And you Quakers, have since Treated him Ten Times worse than ever I did. You write whole Books, of Railing against him, I never dragging him into Goals, and under Fines. I should have been Troubled at any that would have done so. But you have done it. Therefore, I believe, tis best for you to leave that Subject. And so, after a few other small Pulls, the Saw stood still. The Conference ended. There are Five or Six witnesses, which I have brought unto the Truth of this Relation, which I have here given, of a Conference, with a Quaker, which had all the Friends far and near wondering (as well as wandering) after him. And yet these Christians boasted among their Friends, how much they had confounded the Minister in this Conference.

All that I would presume now to Commend unto those Towns, which have such Quakers annoying of them is This Brethren carry in well even with all convenient Civility & Humanity towards this Poor Deluded People; while you Charge your Children and Servants, that they do not go unto their Meetings: and cast not your selves also into Temptation, by needlessly being There. But after all, yea, before all, make an Experiment, which the Good People at Lyn made a little while ago, with a Success truly observable and memorable.

The Quakers made a more than ordinary Descent upon the Town of Lyn, and Quakerism suddenly spread there, at such a rate as alarmed the Neighbourhood. The Pastor of the Church there, Indited a Day, for Prayer with Fasting, to Implore the Help of Heaven against the unaccountable Enchantment; and the Good People presented accordingly, on July 29. 1664. their fervent Supplications unto the Lord, that the Spiritual Plague might proceed no further. The Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ gave a Remarkable Effect, unto this Holy Method of Encountering the Charms of Quakerism: It proved a Better method, than any Coercion of the Civil Magistrate: Quakerism in Lyn received (as I am informed) a Death-Wound, from that very Day; The Number of Quakers in that place hath been so far from Increasing, that I am told,

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and, it hath since rather *Decreased* notably. Now
let other Endangered Plantations; Go, and *2^d*
Wearse.

The *Quakers*, are such Enemies, to the Holy
Religion, which is the Life of *New England*, That
you must Excuse my concern to have you For-
tify'd against *their* Attempts also, while I am
giving you an *History* of your *other Enemies*.
What *all* of them would be at, methinks, was a
little intimat'd by what *One* of them once De-
clared. The *Globe Tavern* was near our Publick
and Spacious *Meeting-House* at *Salem*: and a No-
ted *Quaker* there, caused a paper to be set up on
the Door of that Meeting-House, which had
such Stuff as this written in it.

Beware, Beware, and Enter not:
But rather to the Globe, and spend a Pot.

This is but like a passage mentioned in the
Life, of that Excellent man *Mr. P. Henry*, lately
published. A Debauched Gentleman, in his Re-
vels, Drinking and Swearing, at *Malpas*, was Re-
proved by a *Quaker*, then in his Company. Why,
said the Gentleman, I'll ask thee one Question;
Whether it is better for me to follow Drinking
and Swearing, or to go and Hear *Henry*? The
Quaker answered; *Nay, of the Two, rather follow*
thy Drinking and Swearing. Behold, the Spirit
of *Quakerism*! When I once compelled a *Quaker*

to confess, that the Body of Jesus of Nazareth rose from the Grave, and went up into the Heavens, he begg'd me that I would not improve his confession, as if made on the behalf of all his Friends. And another of them, as, I hear, publicly *Held Forth* by one of his late *Stercorations*, That the *Husks* of the Swine, on which the *Prodigal* fed in the *Parable*, were, The *Bread and Wine*, in that which People call, *The Sacrament*.

But what will become of those *Forlorn Villages*, that shall *Resign* themselves to the conduct of that *Light within*; which our Sacred Scriptures indeed never expressly mention but once or twice, and then call it, *Real Dark-ness*; and which may lead men to all this wickedness? There was among the *Mahometans* in the Eastern parts of the World, a Sect called *Batenists*, from the Arabic, *Baten*, which signifies *within*;) who were Enthusiasts that followed, *The Light within*, like our *Quakers*; and on this principle, they did such Numberless Villanies, that the World was not able to bear them. None of all their *Diabolical Ravings*, which I know I am now pulling on my self, and which I value no more, than if they came from the *Poultiers* of *Malabar*, shall frighten me from soliciting your *Christian Cares & Prayers*. That you be not over-run with English *Batenists*. And I must solicitously make the Observation, That although such a Number of *Quakers* in our Nation

Nation, be a dreadful Judgment of God upon men, smiting them with *Spiritual Plagues* for their Unfruitfulness and Unthankfulness under the Gospel; nevertheless, ~~it is~~ a special Favour of God, that the Number of Quakers is no Greater; for if they should multiply, not only would *Christianity* be utterly Extinguished, but *Humanity* it self Exterminated. It is well known, That when a Quaker had Stollen an Hour-glass, their Mahomet, George Fox (of whom Sol. Brola, in a Sheet call'd, *The Quakers Challenge*, page 6. saies, He was the Christ,) thus vindicated it [Great Myst. pag. 77.] like for any thing offered of the Lord, as take away your Hour-glass from you, by the Eternal Power it is owned. Reader, Dost not thou even Tremble to think, what a Dark Land, we should have, if it should ever be fill'd with these pretended followers of the Light; who wear the Name of Tremblers? In Truth, I know not unto what better one might compare them, than unto the *Machabediers* growing upon St. Lucia; Trees which bear Apples of such an Odour and Colour as invites people to Eat thereof; but it is horribly Dangerous to do so; for there is no Antidote that can secure a man from speedy Death, who hath once tasted of them. The Leaf of the Trees, makes an Ulcer on any place touched with it; the Dew that falls from them ferches off the Skin; the very Shadow swells a man, so as to kill him, if he be not speedily helped.

ARTICLE XXX.

Things to Come.

From *Relating of Things past*, it would not
 I doubt, be very Acceptable to the Reader
 if we could pass to *Foretelling of Things to come*.
 Our Curiosity in this point may easily come to a
 Degree *Culpable*, and *Criminal*. We must be
 Humbly content, with what the God in whose
 Hands are our *Times*, hath *Reveal'd* unto us.

Two Things we will venture to *Insert*.

First, For our *Yellows*, at home, Let us Remem-
 ber an awful Saying of our *God*, quoted by
 my Reverend Friend, Mr. *Noes*, in his late
 Excellent Sermon at our Anniversary Election.

As you Look for *Storms* in *Autumn*, and
Frosts in *Winter*, so Expect *Judgments*, where
 the Gospel hath been Preached; for the Quar-
 rel of the Covenant must be Avenged.

Secondly. For the Church abroad, I am far
 from deserting, what was Asserted, in the
 Sermon Preached at our Anniversary Election,
 in the year, 1696. The *Things* which I bring
 unto you, are, That there is a *Revolution*,
 and a *Reformation*, at the very Door, which
 will be vastly more wonderful, than any of
 the Deliverances yet seen by the Church of
 God, from the Beginning of the World. I do

not

not say, That the Next year will bring on this
 Happy Period: but this I do say, The Bigger
 part of this Assembly, may, in the course of
 Nature, live to see it. These Things will
 come on, with horrible Commotions, and
 Concussions, and Confusions: The mighty
 Angels of the Lord Jesus Christ, will make
 their Descent and set the World a Trembling at
 the Approaches of their Almighty Lord:
 They will Shake Nations, and Shake Church-
 es, and Shake mighty Kingdoms, and Shake
 even more, not Earth only, but Heaven also.

Unto these Two Things, my Reader will not
 misimprove it, I hope, if I add a Third, lately
 fallen into my Hands; and never yet so Expo-
 sed unto the Publick.

*A Wonderful Matter Incontestably Demonstrated,
 and much Desired by some Good men, to be in
 this place Communicated.*

MR. John Sadler, a very Learned and a
 very Pious man, and a most Exemplary
 Christian, lay sick in his Bed, at his Man-
 nor, of Martwell in Dorset Shire: In the year,
 1661. In the Time of his Illness, he was visited
 by Mr. Cutbbert Bound, the Minister of Warm-
 well.

Mr. Sadler then desired his man, (one Tho-
 mas Gray,) to see that there should be no bo-
 dy

dy else in the Room, and Lock the Door, and give him the Key.

He then Sat up in his Bed, and asked Mr. Bound and the Attendant Gray; Whether they Saw no body? and, whether they did not hear, what a person said, that stood at the corner of the Chamber? They Replied, No. He wondered at it, and said, *The man spoke so loud, that the whole Parish might hear him.*

Hereupon, calling for a Pen and Ink, he wrote what was told him, and made Them set their Hands to it; For he told them, *that would not be gone, till he had seen that done.*

The Articles written down, were;
I. That there would, after so many months, be a Plague in London, whereof 100,000 would Dye: [Naming the Number.]

II. That the greatest part of the City would be Burnt, and Pauls, he particularly shew him, Tumbled down into Ruines, as if Beaten down with Great Guns.

III. That there would be Three Years between the English and the Dutch.

IV. That there would appear Three Black Stars, the Last of which, would be terrible to behold. [He said, The man shew'd him a Star.]

V. That afterwards, there would come Three small Ships, to Land in the West of Weymouth, which would put all England in an uproar, but it would come to nothing.

with Indian Salvages.

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VI. That in the year 1688. there would come to pass such a Thing in the Kingdom as all the world would take notice of.

VII. That after this, and after some further Disturbance, there would be Happy Times. And a Wonderful Thing would come to pass, which he was not now to Declare.

VIII. That he, and his man (Gray) should Dye, Before the Accomplishment of these things; but Mr. Bound should Live to see it.

IX. For the confirmation of the whole, the man thus appearing, told him, That he should be well the next Day; and there would come Three men to visit him, One from Ireland, One from Guernsey, and his Brother Bingham.

Accordingly, The Day following Mr. Sadler went abroad: And this Day, there accidentally met at his House, and so Dined with him, first, the Lord Steel, who had been Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and now returning from thence, in his way to London, came to see Mr. Sadler: Secondly, Monsieur de la Morfe, a French Minister from Guernsey, and Lastly, his Brother Bingham.

Mr. Bound, and Gray, within Three Days after this, made Affidavit of it, before Colonel Gales, Strangeways, and Colonel Cocker, who is yet alive.

Mr.

In History of a War
Mr. Daniel Sadler and Mr. John Sadler the
Sons of this old Mr. Sadler, very serious and
worthy Christians, are at this Time Living in
Rotterdam; one of them is His Majesties Agent
for Transportation.

Mr. Daniel Sadler, making his Application
to Mr. Bound, for his Testimony about this
matter, the said Old Mr. Bound, in a Letter
dated, Warmwell, Aug. 30th. O. S. 1697 af-
firms the matter at large unto him; and Sub-
scribes, *This I shall testify before the King himself,*
if occasion be: when he comes into England.

Yours, Cuthbert Bound,
A Minister of Warmwell

Mr. Daniel Sadler, has this Testimony fur-
ther fortified by a Letter from One Mr. Ro-
bert Loder, telling him That he had met with
an Old Copy of the Depositions aforesaid; which
accordingly he transcribes for him; and several
yet living in Dorchester affirm'd unto him, the
Truth of the Story.

The Copies of these Letters are now in
Boston in New-England.

Mr. John Sadler, adds his Testimony, That
his Father told unto his Mother, and himself,
That he had been told, of Remarkable Things
to come to pass, particularly the Burning of
London, and Pauls. But that they were not
acquainted

With Indian Savages.

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acquainted with all the matters, he foretold
unto Mr. Bond, and Gray. Only he Remem-
bers well, *They Two* were with him in his
Chamber alone; and his Father went abroad
within a day or two; and that, (according
to the Sign he had given to them,) the *Three*
Persons aforesaid visited him. He adds, That
his Father spoke of leaving in Writing, the
things that had been Shown to him; and that
a little after, he saw once a Thin Octavo Ma-
nuscript in his Fathers Study, which he be-
lieved had those things in it: but after that,
he could never find it. This Testimony, is
Dated, in October. 1697.

A Worthy and a Godly Gentleman, at this
Time, Living in Rotterdam, and well-acquainted
with both Mr. Daniel, and Mr. John Sadler, Sends
this to Mr. Increase Matber, in New England;
with a Letter Dated, 26. March. 1698.

REader, I am not Ignorant, that many Cheats
and Shams, have been Imposed upon the
World, under the Notion of Communications
from the *Invisible World*; and, I hope, I am not
becoming a Visionary. But Fancies, and Fuggles,
have their Foundation laid in Realities: there
would never have been Impositions of Apparitions,
and of Communications from the *Invisible World*,
if there never had been Really some such things,
to be Counterfeited and Imitated. *Wise men*
therefore

therefore, will count it a *Folly* in its *Exaltation* and *Extremity*, to *Divide* all *Instances*, of *Strange Things* arriving to us, from the *Invisible World*, because that *Some Things* have been *Delusions*. No, 'tis a *Wisdom*, that is pleasing to God, and useful to the World, for a due Notice to be taken, of *Rare Things*; wherein we have *Incontestable Proofs*, of an *Invisible World*, and of the Interest it hath in *Humane Affairs*. The *Narrative* of Mr. *Sadler*, is advantaged with such *Incontestable Proofs*, and contains in it such *Notable passages*, that, I believe, I do well to lay it before *Serious Men*; and, I believe, no *Serious Men*, will play the *Buffoon* upon it. By no means pretend I to pass any Judgment upon this *Remarkable Narrative*; by no means do I presume to tell what I think of it, any more than this, that it is *Remarkable*. Nevertheless, for the Caution of unwary Readers, I will annex the words of an *Excellent Writer* upon *Divine Providence*.

Watch against an *Unmortified Itch*, after *Eccentric*, or *Extraordinary Dispensations* of *Providence*. *Luther* said, *The Martyrs, without the Apparition of Angels, being confirmed by the word of God alone, dyed for the Name of Christ; and why should not we acquiesce?* And he observeth, how the *Devil* hath greatly deluded parties who have been gaping after *Visions*.

Therefore

Not

Nor will it be unprofitable, to Recite the words of another Author, whom I must quote, R. David Kimchi, did use to quote R. Joseph Kimchi, under the Title of, *Adoni Ani*.

'*Evil Angels* do now appear, more often than *Good Ones*. 'Tis an unwarrantable, and a very Dangerous Thing, for men to wish, that they might see *Angels*, and converse with them. Some have done so; and God hath been provoked with them for their Curiosity and Presumption, and hath permitted *Devils* to come unto them, whereby they have been Deceived and Undone.

More Particular Prophecies, upon the Future State of NEW-ENGLAND.

BUT, Oh, my dear NEW-ENGLAND, Give one of thy Friends Leave, to utter the Fears of thy best Friends concerning thee; and consider, what Fearful cause there may be for thee to expect sad Things to come? If every Wise man be a Prophet, there are some yet in thee, that can Prophecy. Predictions, may be laid out of these

Reasonable Expectations.

1. Where Schools are not Vigorously and Honourably Encouraged, whole Colonies will sink into a Degenerate and Contemptible Condition, and at last become horribly Barbarous:

N

And

And the first Instance of their Barbarity will be that they will be undone for want of Men, but not see and own, what it was that undid them.

II. Where Faithful Ministers, are Cheated and Grieved, by the Sacrilege of people that Rebel against the Express Word of Christ, Let him that is Taught in the Word, Communicate unto him that Teacheth in all Good Things, the Righteous Judgments of God will Impoverish that people. The Gospel will be made Lamentably Unsuccessful unto the Souls of such a people; The Ministers will either be fetch'd away to Heaven, or have their Ministry made woefully Insignificant by their Encumbrances on Earth.

III. Where the Pastors of Churches in a Vicinity, despise or neglect Formed Associations for mutual Assistance in their Evangelical Services. Wo to him that is alone. 'Tis a sign either that some of the Pastors want Love to one another, or that others may be conscious to some Fault which may dispose them to avoid Inspection. But fatal to the Churches will be the Tendency of either.

IV. Where Churches, have some Hundreds of Souls under their Discipline; but the single Pastors, are not strengthened, with Consistories of Elders, or an Agreeable Number of wise and good and grave men chosen to join with the Pastor, as their President, in that part of his Work, which concerns the Well-Rule of

Flock, there Discipline will by Degrees be utterly Lost; The Grosest Offenders, will by degrees, and thro' parties, be scarce to be dealt withal.

V. Where Pastors, do not Quicknen Orderly Private Meetings, of both Elder and Younger Christians, for Exercises of Religion, in their Neighbourhood, the Power of Religion will observably Decay, among those Christians; the Seed sown in the Publick, will not so much prosper, for want of being watered in private: And when the Pastor shall fall sick, there will not be so much as one company of Christians in all his Flock, that can come together, to pray for his Life.

VI. Where Churches professing a Great Reformation, shall in their Constitution cease to Represent unto the World, the Holiness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of His Heavenly Kingdom; they will become Loathsome to that Holy Lord; their Glory is gone, and their Defense goes with it: the dreadful Wrath of Heaven, will Astonish the World, with the Things which it will do unto them.

VII. Where Churches are Loth to give unto Councils regularly upon Complaints Enquiring into their Administrations, an Account thereof, tis much to be suspected, that they are Chargeable with Male-Administrations; and if the Advice of Regular Councils come once to be put under foot, by any Particular Churches, all

serious men will be afraid of joining to such *Unaccountable Societies.*

VIII. Where a mighty Body of people in a Country, are violently set upon running down the ancient *Church State* in that Country, and are violent for the Hedge about the *Communion* at the *Lords Table* to be broken down, and for those who are not Admitted unto the *Communion*, to stand on equal Terms in all *Votes* with them that are; the *Churches* there are not far from a tremendous Convulsion, and they had need use a marvellous *Temper* of Resolution with *Circumspection* to keep it off.

IX. Where *Churches* are bent upon *Backsliding*, and carried away with a strong Spirit of *Apostasy*, whatever Minister shall set himself to withstand their *Evil Bents*, will pull upon himself an inexpressible contempt and hatred; Be his merits never so Great, a Thousand Arts will be used for to make him Little; He had need be a man of Great Faith and Great Prayer; But God will at length Honour such a man, with wonderful Recompences.

X. Where a *Fountain* shall become Corrupt, there the *Streams* will no longer Make Glad the *City of God.*

XI. The Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, we have with much expence, lately sent unto several of our *Southern Plantations*: If it be Rejected, there are Terrible Things to come upon them;

twice

'twere better to have Lived in *Sodom*, than in one of those *Plantations*.

XII. God prepare our dear Brethren, in *Connecticut*, for certain *Changes* that are Impending over them.

Finally; There was a Town called, *Amycté*, which was Ruined by *Silence*. The Rulers, because there had been some false Alarms, forbade all people under pain of Death to speak of any *Enemies* approaching them: So, when the *Enemies* came indeed, no man durst speak of it, and the Town was Lost. *Corruptions* will grow upon the Land; and they will gain by *Silence*; 'Twill be so Invidious to do it, No man will dare to speak of the *Corruptions*; and the Fate of *Amycté* will come upon the Land.

Reader, I call'd these things *Prophecy*; But, I wish, I be not all this while Writing *History*.

Now, if any Discerning persons, apprehend any *Dangers* to Impend over *New-England*, from any of the *Symptomes* mentioned, it is to be hoped, they will Employ their best Thoughts, how to Anticipate those *Dangers*. And whereas 'tis the sense of all men, who discern any thing, that it is in vain to hope for any Good, until a *Spirit of Grace*, be poured out from Heaven,

very, to dispose men unto it, I beg them to consider, whether the only way to obtain that Spirit of Grace, be not, Humbly to Ask it, by Prayer with Fasting before the God of Heaven.

It was therefore an Article in an Advice agreed, by some of the principal Ministers in this Province; and with the mention of that Advice, (which doubtless, all but the Sleeping will follow) I conclude; Solemn Days of Prayer with Fasting, celebrated in our Churches, to Implore the Grace of God, for the Rising Generation, would probably be of blessed consequence, for the Turning of our Young people, unto the God of our Fathers. The more there is this way ascribed unto Grace, the more the Grace of God is like to be communicated; and there is in this way, a natural and a plentiful Tendency to Awaken our Unconverted Youth, unto a sense of their Everlasting Interests: Which were it generally accomplished, a Remarkable Reformation where therein Effected.

Observable

Observable Things.

**THE
HISTORY
OF
Ten Years**

**Roll'd away under the great
Calamities of**

A WAR,

**WITH
Indian-Salvages:**

**Repeated and Improved, in a SERMON,
at Boston-Lecture. 27d. 7m. 1698.**

Judg. VI. 3, 5, 6.

**The Children of the EAST came up against them;
and they Entred into the Land, to Destroy it;
and Israel was greatly Impoverished.**

**Boston, Printed for Samuel Phillips, at the Brick
Shop. 1699.**

PREFACE

WHen the *Israelites* were Engaged in a WAR, they made choice of a *Priest* among them, to Serve some of their greatest Occasions in it, and after a *Sacred Unction* bestow'd upon him, we are told by *Maimonides*, he was call'd *Mashuach Milchamah*, that is to say, *Unctus Belli*; which was as much as to say, *The Priest of the War*.

To bring unto a People profitable Advices & Reflections upon a WAR, wherein they are Engaged, and sound the *Silver Trumpet*, of the Gospel, with agreeable Notes unto them in it, is to do in some sort, the Office of the *Mashuach Milchamah*; and this Office the Ensuing Discourse presumes to do, with Endeavours that the Voice of Heaven by the *Trumpet* of our late War, may be heard giving a certain Sound, in these *Echo's* of it.

The History of a long War, hath, with all possible care of *Truth*, been given you. The Author Earnestly prays, that if the least material *Mistake* have happened in the History, He may be Advised, & It may be corrected. The Noise that may be made, by a few Sordid People, here & there, in a Room Tophetized with Smoke, and Rhum, and Spittle, and Malice, and Lyes, crying out concerning the most Conscientious Essayes, to preserve *Memorable Truths*, They are a parcel of *Lies*! He values not. But he now tenders to the Acceptance of the more *Civilized Readers*, an Improvement of *Memorable Truths*, which it was His Duty to make, & it will be *Theirs* to mind.

THE
REMARKABLES
of a long WAR,

Collected and Improved.

Boston-Lecture, 27.d. 7m. 1698.

IF a *Book* of some Consequence, be laid open before one that cannot Read, he may Look, and Gaze upon it; but unto what purpose, as long as he cannot understand it? This very Comparison, is by the Great *Austin* well applyed unto, The *Judgments* of God. And I will therefore so far Improve the Comparison, as to observe, That the *Judgments* of God, under which we have been Languishing for *Ten years* together, are a sort of a *Book* put into our Hands; a *Book* indeed all written in *Blood*; a *Book* yet full of *Divine Lessons* for us. But can every man Read this Terrible *Book*?

Books? No, Merhinks, I see the *Book* managed like the *Book* brought unto the Blessed Prophet of old, in Isa. 29. 12. *The Book is delivered unto him that is not Learned, Saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I am not Learned.* It will certainly be a work, well becoming a *Minister* of the Gospel, and every Serious *Christian* will be glad of seeing the Work done; To take this *Book*, and help you, as well as we can to *Spell* the *Divine Lessons* contained in it.

Christians, Let us now do a work, for which the Great God hath given us, that Warrant, and that Command, in

PSAL. CVII. 43.

Who is Wise, and will observe these Things?

THe various and marvellous Dispensations of the Divine Providence, towards the Children of men, are in this Elegant *Psal*m admirably set before us. Among those Dispensations, there is a particular mark set upon this, That the God of Heaven Turns a Fruitful Land into Barrenness, for the Wickedness of them which dwell therein; & though men have Sown Fields there and have multiplied greatly, yet they are again Diminished, & brought Low through Oppression, Affliction, and Sorrow. Of such Dispensations, is this passage to be understood, as a Question, *Who is wise, and will observe these things?* But if you will rather take it

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as a Sentence, it still comes to the same sense, *Who-
so is wise, will observe these Things.* And the French
Version very Expressively intimates the *Design*, as
well as the *Event* of this *Observation*; *That so they
may consider the Favours of the Lord.* No Less
than Ten years have Rolled away, since we have
been plunged into the Distresses of a **WAR**,
with a Barbarous Enemy. In this **WAR**, we
have seen the *Fruitful Land* of almost one whole
Province, and another whole County turned into
Barrenness; doubtless, not without provocations
of *Wickedness* in them, *who dwell therein*; Men
had *Sown Fields* there along the Shore in Settle-
ments for an Hundred miles together. and had
Multiplied Greatly into a Cluster of *Towns* (be-
sides *Lesser Villages*,) that might Challenge the
Name of a, *Decapolis*; but in this **WAR**, we
have seen them *Diminished again and brought Low*,
through Oppression, Affliction, and Sorrow. I am
to Lead you this day thro' a Spacious Country,
which has been on many Accounts, the most
Charming part of *New-England*; and I must
herewithal say, *Come, Behold the works of the
Lord, what Desolations He has made in that Land.*
Syr, 'Tis time for us, to *Observe these Things*;
and this, not with a meer *Athenian*, but with a
more *profitable* *Observation.* I must not be
Discouraged from this Holy Service, by the
vain Scoffs of those that *BlaspHEME* all Attempts
to *Consider the Wondrous Works of God*, as if it
were

were nothing but a *Telling of News in the Pulpit*. The Biggest part of the Holy Bible, which is but a Relation of such *Wondrous Works*, would be Scoffed by such profane men, if they might not thereby become Obnoxious. No: If *Who* is wise, will observe these things; Then let no man call it Folly to make the *Observation*. A Long WAR, is the *Text*, which I am now to insist upon: And, if we would approve our selves *Wise*, after all the *Stripes*, that have in this WAR been given us, these things will occur to our *Observation* in it.

I. In the WAR that hath been upon us, *Who* is *Wise*, may observe the Consequence of Entertaining the Gospel of the Lord JESUS CHRIST, and Obtaining and Maintaining the Ordinances of that Glorious Gospel. The *Gadarens* of old, were loath to have any thing of CHRIST in their *Coast*: And anon comes a *Roman War* which distress'd all the Land: But the woful Town of *Gadara* was the very first place besieged in that War, and Sad Things were done unto it. Alas, How little of an *Evangelical Church-State*, was there to be seen among all our *Eastern Settlements*! It hath been for the want of this, that the Judgments of God, have more than once forbidden them to be called *Settlements*. The Towns were generally without *Preachers* of CHRIST, and much more generally

nerally without Churches of CHRIST, for to Irradiate 'em: Yea, not one of the Towns, that are utterly broken up, had any Minister in it, for a long while before their Final Darkness came upon them. Such a *Way of Living* did content many of them, that it were horrible to Tell, what Ignorance of CHRIST they were thereby sunk into. I would never have told you, That some young men, twenty years old, in this Land, never so much as *once* heard the Name of CHRIST, in all their Lives, if I did not think, that the God of Heaven required us, all to mourn before Him, for such an *Horrible Thing in the Land*. Indeed the Strange Disasters which attended the First Essayes, to Settle that Good Country, made many people, Imagine the *Indian Sorcerers* had Enchanted the Ground so that no English could Thrive on such an Enchanted Soyl. But had they carried the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ with them, doubtless they had confuted that vain Imagination; all the *Spells* of Hell would have been insignificant; there would not have prevailed any *Enchantment* against a *Gods-Spel* which we have in our Gospel. The Original Design of NEW-ENGLAND, was, to Settle *Congregations*, wherein the Lord Jesus Christ should be known and serv'd according to His Gospel; and Instruct Families, that should be the Nurseries of those *Congregations*. The Plantations of the East, had

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had little of this *Illustrious Design* in their Eye; The Enjoyments of *Gadarens* did seem too much to Satisfy too many of them. For This cause, we may Believe it is, that our Lord JESUS CHRIST looking down from Heaven upon these *Unchristian Undertakings*, Thunder-struck them with His Indignation: He saw the Foolish taking Root, but suddenly He Cursed their Habitation. When some of our Eastern People have been Pining away under the Fatigues of their Captivity among the Indians, who had Stript them of all they had, Then they cryed out, Now, Now the Lord is punishing of us, for our Leaving of His Ordinances, and removing to a place of no Gospel for larger Accommodations in the World, and Exposing our Children to be bred up like the very Indians, into whose Hands we are fallen! That which Invites one to think, it may be For this Cause, is the Singular Distinction and Protection, which the CHURCHES of our Lord have Enjoyed, throughout the whole progress of our Calamity. No places that have had CHURCHES gathered in them, have all this while been broken up, however some of them have had much Bread of Adversity, and Water of Affliction. The Enemy that have come in upon our Land Like a Flood, carried all before them as an irresistible Torrent, until they came to places that have CHURCHES, as it were to Garrison them. There the Almighty Lord hath check'd the Proud Waves, and said, *Hither ye shall come,*

and no further ! But here let me add a very observable Thing : The Lord had some of His Elect among our Eastern People ; but He has brought those Elect Home unto Himself, by burning them out of their Homes and Habitations. The Indians have driven 'em hither, and here they have met with the Gospel of Christ, and been effectually Called unto the Lord, and Joyned unto our Churches, and Blessed the Name of God for bringing them unto these Churches. *Perissent nisi Perissent !* Now, *Who so is Wise, and will observe these things,* cannot but wish, That the Folly of Erecting Plantations, without the worship of the Lord JESUS CHRIST, may be no more committed among us. It was wholesome Counsil, Given, and usually Taken, in the Beginning of New-England : ' Let Christians nowhere sit down without Good Ministers, but let them rather tarry where they are, as Ezra tarried by the River *Abaya*, till he had got some *Levites* to go with them. And it was even Then observed, That places which made Beginnings any long while without Ministers, were with miserable *Unsettlements* broken all to pieces. I suppose, our Eastern Country, will shortly again be peopled : But let the people which intend there to Settle themselves, in the Fear of God Remember this Admonition : Don't venture to form Towns without the Gospel in them any more. Is the Lamentable Experience which you have

more

more than once had, of a Blast from Heaven upon Enterprizes to Live without the Gospel of the Son of God; will not inspire you with more of Wisdom for the future. I will foretel your Fate, in those awful words, *Plal. 28. 5. Because they regard not the Works of the Lord, nor the Operation of His Hands, He shall destroy them, and not Build them up.* Yea, But let all New-England at the same Time Learn, what the Welfare of the Ruine, of all, will Turn upon. The whole World was made for our Lord *Messiah*, and the Cause of God will more or less plague the World, according to the Respects, which that *Second Adam*, our Lord *Messiah* finds in it. But New-England, is by a more Eminent Profession that *Immanuel's Land*. Let the Interests of the Christian Religion in Reformed Churches, be pursued and preserved among us; Then, *All will go well!* Our Acknowledgment of our Lord *JESUS CHRIST* in CHURCHES, that shall be so ordered, as to Represent Him, and His Kingdom, unto the World; This will be our Glory; and this Glory will be our Defence; or, as 'tis promised, in *Isa. 4. 5. Upon all the Glory shall be a Defence.* But if once the Spirit of this World, Eat out the Spirit and Power of Religion, and the Order of our Churches, and mens value for a Room in the Churches, be lost, Then, write, *Ichabod*, upon all our Glory; and let us expect, that our

Holy

Holy Lord will Spue us out of His Mouth.

II. In the WAR that hath been upon us who is wise, may observe, in the very Instruments of our Calamity, shrow'd Intimations of the provoking Evils, for which the Righteous God hath Chastised us, by such Instruments.

When the Miseries of the Sword are inflicted on a people, it becomes them to consider what Provocations they have given to the Almighty God; who makes peace, and creates Evil; for 'tis He, the Lord, who doth all these things. The Sword by which we have been so grievously harassed, hath been in the Hands of God: and if our Father had not been very Angry, would He have taken a Sword into His Hands? We are Blind before Lightning, we are Deaf unto Thunder, if we do not sensibly perceive the Anger of God, in the Tremendous Rebukes that we have suffered. And we are unaccountably, and inexcusably Rupid, if we do not Enquire, what means the Heat of this Anger? It was once the Commination of God, in Ezek. 7. 24, 27. I will bring the worst of the Heathen, and they shall possess their Houses; and the Hands of the people of the Land shall be Troubled. Such Trouble hath come upon us, from the worst of the Heathen! But what was the cause of all? It follows, I will do unto them after their way, and I will judge them according to their Deserts; and they shall know that

I am the Lord. It is but seasonable for us now to Look back upon our own way, and see how much we have *Deserved* all this Vengeance, by going out of the way. Two persons in their Travels beholding the horrid Ruines of Germany, one of them said, *Hic fuit Hostilitas*; Behold the Fruit of *Hostility*! his Friend answered, *Hic fuit Iniquitas*; Behold the Fruit of *Iniquity*! If you will Travel over our *East Countrey*, how frequent, how dismal occasions will you see, to Sigh, *See what has been done by Hostility*! But there will be as many occasions for a sadder Sigh than that; Namely, *See the sad Effects of Iniquity*! Now, in this Contemplation, I do not go to charge them that were once Inhabitants of the Now Ruined Plantations, with any Sin, but what are more or less to be found in all our Colonies. I ask no more from our Brethren who yet Survive the Desolations that have come upon their Estates and Neighbours in those Plantations, but that they join with the rest of us all, in *Searching and Frying of our ways*, and in *Judging of our selves*. For, alas, Every mouth must be stop'd, and all the Land is become *Guilty before God*! Let us all then Enquire, What may have been those provoking Evils, for which the Holy and Blessed God, hath given the Sword a Commission so dreadfully to devour us? But then, Let us be sure to Enquire wisely concerning that matter. And here, I will not Enquire, whether

ther those that went before us, might never be too forward in any *Unjustifiable Encroachments*, to possess and command those Lands, which have since proved so Expensive unto us? *Older men* then I, are best able to manage that *Enquiry*, though I also have heard it made. But that whereupon I rather bespeak your Thoughts, is This: Will you please to *Enquire* into the *Properties* and *Qualities*, of our *Adversaries*? 'Tis possible, that in their *Properties* and *Qualities*, we may read something of those *Miscarriages*, for which our God, hath Raised them up to be our *Adversaries*. It hath been commonly seen, That when the people of God have sinfully come to *Imitate* the *Evil manners* of other *Nations*, God hath made *those* very *Nations* to be a sore scourge unto them. And the sense of This was that which long ago caused many sensible persons, to foretel, which of the *Neighbour Nations*, would bring our dear *England* Low. Now, since the *INDIANS* have been made by our God, *The Rod of His Anger*, 'tis proper for us to *Enquire*, whether we have not in some Instances too far *Imitated* the *evil manners* of the *Indians*? The *Indians* are Infamous especially for Three *Sandalous Vices*. First, They are *Ljars* of the first magnitude; One cannot believe a word they speak. Secondly, They are *Sluggards* to a proverb; they are for any way of Living rather than work. Thirdly, They are abominably

Indulgent unto their Children; there is no Family Government among them. Will you now Enquire, Sirs, how far we have Indianised in every one, but especially, the last of these Evil Manners. If we find these Indian Vices to grow Epidemical among us, Oh! don't wonder, that our God hath been, with Indian Hatchets cutting down the Tree, that brings forth Fruits thus disagreeable to Him that Planted it.

Now, Who so is wise, will Observe these things. And yet the Observation may Extend it self a little further. Sometimes, the Sovereign God chooses a Nation Remarkably laudable, for some Good Thing, to punish His own people, for the want of that Thing. Thus, when the Christian Churches fell into Idolatry, God sent the Mahometans upon them, to Torment them with one War alter another horribly; and the Mahometans are very Remarkable for this, That they are Great Haters of Idolatry, and wherever they come, they destroy those Idols, and works of mens Hands, which are Adored in the Antichristian Apostacy. Well, But can any Good Thing be reported of our Indian Invaders? Yes, there is one Good Thing which the French have taught them; There is Family Prayer among them, a daily Family Worship upheld among them. I Fear, I Fear, this is more than can be said of many English Sufferers, that have been annoy'd by those Indian Invaders. It may be, the Wretched Indians have

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cut off multitudes of Families, to whom they might have said, *These Families never Pray'd unto God once in a Month, and we have done it every Day!* And many of our poor Folks, never heard any Family Prayer in their Lives, till they were drag'd into the forlorn and howling *Wigwams*, of those wretched *Salvages*. I have heard it said, That in a Town of it may be more than *Seventy Families*, there have not been *Twice Seven Families*, that have had any constant Invocation of God in them. If it be so, then hear the Voice of God in it, when He sent those *Monstrous and Furious Barbarians* to burn down such *Prayerless Houses*: The Voice of Heaven in it, *Is, If Indians will pray in their Families, more than English, then let Indians destroy those English Families.* It was once the direful Imprecation, in *Jer. 10. 25. Pour out thy Great Wrath upon the Heathen that know thee not, and upon the Families that call not on thy Name.* Truly, God has used a Sort of *Heathen* to *Pour out His Great Wrath upon Families*, which in this one point, were worse than those *Heathen*, that they did not call on His Name. For Gods Sake, be so *Wise* as to *Observe these things*, and let *Family Prayer* be no where neglected throughout the Land, lest while God is punishing us by the *Pagans*, we become worse than *Pagans*. Let me faithfully and solemnly advise you, *Sirs*; A *Prayerless Family* is a *Pagan Family*. Do not now imagine, That it is only

the more Strict and Severe Doctrine of a Non-Conformist that now Smiles your Consciences ; it is the Doctrine of a Christian ; and it may be it will have the more Force upon some of you, I tell you, that the late Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, in a Book on that Subject, ha's this passage : *That Constant Family-Worship is so Necessary to keep alive a sense of God and Religion, in the minds of men, that he sees not, how any Family that Neglects it can in Reason be Esteemed a Family of Christians, or indeed to have any Religion at all.* I will add but this word unto all the rest : If after this there be a Prayerless Family, among us, I would, if I could, Write upon their Door, **Lord Hate Mercy upon us ;** for there is a Plague in that Pagan Family.

III. In the WAR that hath been upon us, *Whose is Wise, may observe,* That the very Objects of our Sins, have been made the very Engines of our Plagues. It is a thing Extraordinarily Observable, though it ordinarily happens ; That, *In quo quis peccat, in eo punitur ;* Men are Plagu'd by those very Things, with which they have Sinn'd. If an Eli omit his Dury towards his Children, it follows, in 1 Sam. 2. 33. Those very Children, shall consume thine Eyes, and grieve thine Heart. I am very much mistaken, if our Eyes have not been consumed, and if our Hearts not grieved, by those, to whom we have omitted our Dury Exceedingly.

ly. The Grand crime of the *Jews*, was in relation to the *Romans*, and God made the *Romans* the Destroyers of the *Jews*. You will now demand of me, Whether I think, that we are chargeable, with any Crime, relating to the *Indians*, which have been so bloodily Destroying of us. I must freely tell you, I Think, we are. The old *Britons*, did not what they should have done, to Convert the *Saxons* unto Christianity; and when the *Britons* were afterwards fearfully Destroy'd by the *Saxons*, their famous Countreyman *Gildas* told them, *This is the Vengeance of God upon you, because you did no more, for the Conversion of those Miserable Heathen.* And I admire, that the *English* Protestants in *Ireland*, after such Massacres from the *Irish* Papists, do no more Effectually make this Reflection. But that which I am now to Reflect upon, is This: Had we done, but half so much as the *French* Papists have done, to Profelyte the *Indians* of our East, unto the *Christian Faith*, instead of being, *Snares and Traps* unto us, and *Scourges in our Sides, and Thorns in our Eyes* they would have been, *A wall unto us, both by Night and Day.* What a Sting was there in those words, which the *Indians* have used unto some of our Captives, *Had the English been as careful to Instruct us, as the French, we had been of your Religion!* Indeed, it can Scarce, without an harsh *Catechresis*, be called, *The Christian Faith*, which the *French* Papists have made the

Salvages to Swallow : But if the Salvages had been Enlightened with *The Christian Faith*, from us, the *French Papists* could never have infill'd into them those *French Poisons*, that have made such *Raging Devils* of them. Through the Blessing of God upon the Endeavours of Good men, in this one *Massachusetts Province*, the *Indians* have mostly Embraced the *Christian Religion*. * There

[* Of that matter see a Printed Account, at the end of Mr. Noyes's Election-Sermon ; whereto I have here shis to add, That an Hopeful and Worthy Young man, Mr. Experience Mayhew, omitted in that Printed Journal, meerly because he was more largely mentioned in the annexed Proposals of the Gentlemen that made it, which are not Printed with it, must now have the Justice done him, of this Character, That in the Evangelical Service of the Lord Jesus Christ, among the *Indians*, there is no man

are, I suppose, more than Thirty Congregations of *Indians*, and many more than Thirty Hundred *Indians*, in this one Province, calling on God in Christ, and Hearing of His Glorious Word. *Whoso is wise, will observe* a Notable Smile of God upon those that have Worthily Encouraged and prosecuted this *Evangelical Work*. But shall we not, at the same Time Observe, how Signally the *Wrath* of God hath fallen upon the Persons, or Estates, of them that have Debauched the *Indians*, by Selling of Drink unto them. The *Trading Houses*, where the *Indians* of the East,

East, had so much, of their Drink and Bane, what is become of them, Every one of them? The Sword ha's been Drunk with the Blood, of the English, in the Hands of those very Indians, which have been so often Drunk among them. And these Bloody Merchants of the Souls of the Indians, when they have Summed up all their Gains, the Foot of the Account ha's been this *Wo to him that gives his Neighbour Drink, that puts the Bottel to him, to make him Drunk.* These Men, are not Wise but Mad, who can Observe these things, and now dare to Repeat this Iniquity, or dream that any Gains are to be got by feeding the Indian Lust of Drunkenness.

IV. In the WAR that hath been upon us, Who so is wise, may observe the Loud Calls of Heaven to All Ranks of men, in the sharp Strokes of Heaven on All Ranks of men. As it was said, in Mic. 6. 9. *The Lords voice, crieth unto the City, and the man of Wisdom shall see thy Name: Hear ye the Rod: So I say, There has been a voice of God unto all the Countrey in that Indian Rod, which hath been used upon us: and Men of Wisdom, in all Ranks of men, will Observe, and See, and Hear, the meaning of this Rod; inas-much as all Ranks of men have smarted under it; yea, it has fetch'd Blood from all Ranks of*

of men among us. We will a little particularize 'em. And first of all, You that are our Honoured *Shepherds*; Will you *Observe* how many of our *Shepherds* have been worried unto Death, by the *Scythian Wolves* of our Wilderness? Two of our **MAGISTRATES**, have been Treacherously and Barbarously Killed by the *Indian Murderers*: They whom God Entrusted with the *Sword of Justice* have had their Lives taken away by the *Sword of the Wicked*. I perswade my self, that the rest will be so wise as to *Observe these things*, and *Observe* how to answer the just Expectation of God, in their Administrations. After this, Oh! Why should not our *Civil Rulers*, with more zeal than ever set themselves to ponder, *How may I most Glorify God, and Christ, and Serve his dear people with my Opportunities!*

Two of our **MINISTERS**, have been Struck down into the Earth by the *Indian Dragons*. They that have used nothing but the *Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God*, for the Saving of all about them, have had the *Destroyers coming upon them*, and have been *Waited for of the Sword*. I assure my self, that the rest will be so wise, as to *Observe these things*, and *Observe* how to fulfil our Ministry, with a very Excited Watchfulness. May all our *Settled Pastors*, upon such a thing befalling our Brethren, Resolve with themselves; *Am unworthy I spared? I will do*

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do more for my Lord, and more for my Flock, and more for all the Churches, than ever I did.

We will pass on, There have been some Rich men, that were finely Scituated, and had all things Richly to Enjoy : But this War has reduced them to such Necessity, that within Less than One year, they have come to *Beg their Bread* : All their Treasures have been Treasures of Snow ; One Summer has melted all away to Nothing. I Remember, the Jewish Talmuds tell us of a Gentlewoman, who had a Thousand Thousand pieces of Gold, given with her, at her Marriage, by her Father Nicodemus, for her Portion ; and yet she was reduced unto such penury, that she pick'd Barley-Corns out of the Cattles Dung for her Food. Have not we seen almost such Vicissitudes ? Rich men, If you are Wise, (which the Rich are not alwayes !) You will Observe these things, and upon the Observation say, Well, What man in his Right Wits, will now set his Heart upon such Transitory, as all Sublunary Vanities ! Oh ! my Soul, Do thou make sure of a Better and a Lasting Substance in Heaven ; for Earthly Riches, take themselves Wings, and flee away towards Heaven.

Again, There have been abundance of Poor men, who have been by this War plunged still into deeper Poverty : They have gone without a Bit of Bread, for many dayes together

ther. The Straits, the Wants, the Cares of Widows, and Orphans, or of those that have had many mouths to Feed, especially in our Exposed Frontiers: None can Express them, None can Conceive them, but They, (Nor They!) who did Endure them all. Poor men, if you are wise, (which the Poor may be!) You will Observe these things, and upon the Observation, say, Well, I had need make sure that my Soul may not be Starved by wanting the Bread of Life, and that my Soul may not be Naked without the Garments of Righteousness; How dolefully am I circumstanced, if I go down from one Hell unto another at the Last!

Once more; How many Women have been made a prey to those Brutish men, that are Skillful to Destroy? How many a Fearful Thing has been suffered by the Fearful Sex, from those men, that one would Fear as Devils rather than men? Let the Daughters of our Zion think with themselves, what it would be, for fierce Indians to break into their Houses, and brain their Husbands and their Children before their Eyes, and Lead them away a Long Journey into the Woods; and if they began to fail and faint in the Journey, then for a Tawny Salvage to come with Hell fire in his Eyes, and cut 'em down with his Hatchet; or, if they could miraculously hold out, then for some Filthy and ugly Squaw to become their insolent Mistresses, and insolently

to abuse 'em at their pleasure a thousand inexpressible ways; and, if they had any of their *Sucking Infants* with them, then to see those *Tender Infants* handled at such a rate, that they should beg of the *Tygres*, to dispatch 'em out of hand. Such things as these, I tell you, have often happened in this *Lamentable War*. And now, O ye *Handmaids of the Lord*; will you not be so wise, as to *Observe these things*? But upon the *Observation*, say, *Well, I will Bless God, for my Enjoyments; my Afflictions, be they never so many, are not such as my Neighbours have seen: My Enjoyments are more than my Afflictions. But, Ob! Let me Love and Serve the Good God, that has distinguished me with His Mercies.*

It is to be added; We have had our *Old men* whose *Gray Hairs* have not come down to the *Grave* in peace. *Young Indians* have with grievous *Flouts* and *Wounds*, Butchered many of our *Old English men*. The *Gray Hairs* of our *Old men*, have been *Dyed Red* with their own *Blood*; and their *Carcases* have been thrown unto the *Seine*, to mangle them. *Old men*, If you are *Wise men*, you will *Observe these things*; but *Observing* of them, say, *Ob! Let my Hoary Head be found in the way of Righteousness!*

But our *Young men* are they whom the *Fury of War*, hath been chiefly poured out upon. *Alas, Alas, for our Young men! They are the persons,*

persons, with whom, it seems to have been the very Errand of this War, to manage the terrible Controversy of God. New-England sets a peculiar Accent of Grief upon this, among all her Lamentations; *The Lord has trodden under foot my mighty men in the midst of me, He hath called an Assembly against me, to crush my young men.* Come then, My Young men; Be so Wise, as to Observe these things; and upon the Observation, say, Lord, Let not me, and the rest of my Generation, continue among the Generation of thy Wrath. Yea, to have done; Children also have not been Excused from a share in the Blows of this hideous War. Little Boyes and Girls, even these Little Chickens, have been Siezed by the Indian Vultures. Our Little Birds have been Spirited away by the Indian Devourers, and brought up, in a vile Slavery, till some of them have quite forgot their English Tongue, and their Christian Name, and their whole Relation. Yea, Those Babylonians, have Dash'd out the Brains of our Little Ones against the Stones. And our Little Ones have been hideously whipped unto Death, by those Mercileis Tygres, whose Tender Mercies are Cruelty. Children, God make you so wise, as to Observe these things; and upon the Observation, Oh! See that you become Serious, Pious, Orderly Children; Obedient unto your Parents, Conscientious to keep the Lords Day, and afraid of committing any Wickedness.

Upon

Upon the whole; when a Dead man was thrown into the Grave of *Elisha*, a Touch from the Bones of the Prophet in the Grave Rais'd him from the Dead. I am desiring, that Religion may be Revived out of the Death which has too much Enfeebled it among us. Behold, Syrs, I have now cast you into the Graves of our Dead Friends; It may be, by wisely observing of them, and the things that have betallen them, we may be somewhat Raised out of our Deadly Security. Let our Observation of these things, give some Life to the practice of Religion among us.

V. In the WAR that hath been upon us, Whoso is Wise, may Observe, those Tragical Things undergone by many in Captivity, that are full of Admonition unto us, that have never felt the Tragadies of such a Captivity. Several Hundreds of our Neighbours, first and last, have been carried into Captivity, by the most Beastly and Bloody things that ever wore the Shape of men, in the World. New-England makes that moan, in Lam. i. 18. Hear, I pray you, all people, and behold my Sorrow; my Virgins and my Young men are gone into Captivity. But Oh! the prodigious, and stupendous Things, that they have undergone in this Captivity! What weary Dayes and Nights have rolled over the miserable Captives, while they have not had a
Bit

Bit of Meat allow'd 'em, Except what a Dog
 would hardly meddle with. While they have
 sometimes been pinched with the Bitter Frost
 without Rags to cover their Nakedness, and
 sometimes been Parched with the Burning Heat
 without any Cordial or Shelter to Refresh them.
 While they have seen their nearest Relations torn
 in pieces alive before their Eyes, and yet those
 Eyes afraid of dropping a Tear at the mourn-
 ful Sight: Yea, while they have every Hour
 look'd when they should be themselves Roasted
 alive to make a Feast, and a Sport for the horrid
 Cannibals! Need I tell you, That those Devils
 Incarnate, have Tyed their Captives unto Trees,
 and first cutting off their Ears, have made them
 to Eat their own Ears, and then have broyled
 their whole Bodies, with slow Fires, dancing the
 mean while about them, and cutting out Collops
 of their Flesh, till with lingering Tortures they
 have Martyred them to Death! Such Things
 have been done, by the Inhumane Salvages upon
 our Captives, that it is a sort of Inhumanity bare-
 ly to mention them. Now, shall we be Wise, to
 Observe these things? The Observation must be
 made, with that Admonition, in Luk. 12: 4, 5.
 I think ye, that these were Sinners above all men.
 I tell you, Nay; but Except ye Repent, ye shall all like-
 wise perish. Wherefore, let us penitently Confess,
 That we have All deserved those Miserable Things,
 wherewith Some have been so marked out, by
 the

the Sovereignty of Heaven. In the Things that have been done to our Captives, the Great Lord of Hosts hath dealt with us as Generals use to do, upon the Sedition and Mutiny of Military Legions. He makes a sort of Decimation among the Offenders, and by what He does to some, He declares what He might justly do to all the rest. We must all ascribe it unto the meer Sovereignty of God, that we are not every one of us, broken in the place of Dragons, as these desolate Captives were. That which the Scripture calls, *The place of Dragons*, I Remember one of the Jewish Rabbi's Expounds, *A Wilderness*. Truly our *Wilderness* hath been, *The place of Dragons*. But, while we Observe these things, we shall not be *Wise*, if we do not Learn, *Oh! what an Evil and a bitter thing is our Sin! And what horrendous miseries must we Expect among the Devils, if we dy with our Sin unpardoned!*

VI. In the WAR that hath been upon us, Whoso is wise, may observe, a Work, a Strange Work of Heaven, as it were Devising of wayes, very strangely to Distress all sorts of people, in all sorts of Interests. Truly the very Character of our Calamity, hath all along been This; The Great God has written still upon it, we may Read upon it in a very Legible Character, those words, in Jer. 18. 11. *Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I Frame Evil against you, I devise a De-*

vice against you. It hath been, as if wayes had been deliberately, and exquisitely Studied, and as if with much Contrivance plotted for to bring us all within the Reach of the general Calamity. We have now Languished thro' Ten Years, which have been the Saddest, and the Darkest, and the Stormiest Years, that ever we saw. If the History of these Ten Years were to be written, I am thinking, What should be the Title; Truly, It might be Entitled, as Ezekiel's Roll was, Lamentation, and Mourning, and Wo. Yea, you shall now have the History of these Ten Years written for you; I'll give it you, in as Expressive words as can be; even in those words, 2 Chron. 15. 5, 6. In those Times, there was no peace to him that went out, nor to him that came in, but great Vexations were upon all the Inhabitants of the Countreys, for God did vex them with Adversity. There is a Variety of Adversity, with which the tedious War it self hath vexed us. The General Fate of the War, hath involved Numberless Families in several circumstances of Adversity; and the Expensive part of the War hath been an heavy Scourge of Adversity upon those that could not be reach'd by the Destructive part of it. You could not but Observe these things: But then, have you not observed, what a further variety of Adversity hath been Contemporary with this Vexatious War. Alas, There hath been such a Complication of other Distresses add-

ed unto the *War*, in the Time of it, that no-body, No, I say, No-body hath been left free from those Dolorous Ejulations, *I am one that hath been Afflicted by the Rod of the Wrath of God.*

A Great King of *Persia*, having by Death lost the nearest Relation he had in the world, and being too passionate a Mourner for his Loss, an Ingenious man undertook, to Raise the Dead Relation, unto Life again, if the King would but furnish him in one point, that he apprehended necessary; It was demanded, *What that was?* and it was replied, *Furnish me but with the Names of Three persons, who have never met with any Sadness and Sorrow, and by Writing those Names on the Monument of the Dead, I'll bring the Dead person to Life.* Truly, The Ten Years of our War have set many Ten Hundreds of persons a Mourning over their Dead Friends; we have been every where, *The Mourners go about the Streets*; Now, I durst make you this offer; that if you can find *Three persons*, who have met with no matter of Sadness and Sorrow in these Ten Years, with the Names of them, we'll fetch your Dead Friends to Life again. It was said, in Job 21. 17. *God Distributes Sorrows in His Anger.* You may Observe a marvellous Distribution of Sorrows made among us, by the Anger of God.

And here, first, I say nothing of that Amazing Time, when the Evil Angels in a præternatural and in an unparallel'd manner being Let Loose

among us; God cast upon us the Fierceness of His Anger, & Wrath and Indignation and Trouble. It was the Threatning of God against a people, which He had call'd His Children; in Deut. 32. 23, 24. I will Heap Mischiefs upon them, I will Spend my Arrows upon them, they shall be Devoured with a Bitter Destruction; What was the Bitter Destruction thus Threatned unto an Apostatizing People? I remember, the famous Jew Onkelos renders it, They shall be vexed with Evil Spirits; and indeed, that Sense well agrees with what follows, I will send upon them the poison of the Serpents of the Dust. Syrs, For our Apostasy (which is the very Sin of the Evil Spirits!) the God of Heaven, a while ago turned in the Armies of Hell upon us; and in that matchless Dispensation of God, we underwent a Bitter Destruction, from the poison of the Serpents of the Dust.

But there are other points, not a few, wherein the Great God hath Heaped Mischiefs upon us; and fulfill'd unto us that Holy Commination, Ezek. 7. 26. Mischief shall come upon mischief. What shall I say? While the Lord of Hosts hath been against us, the Hosts of Lord have been so too; All the Elements have as it were been up in Arms against us.

— Particularly; You may Observe, That Epidemical Sickneses, have in these years, been once and

and again upon us ; wherein the *Angels of Death*, have Shot the *Arrows of Death*, into such as could not be reached by the *Bullets* of the *Indian Enemy*. This one Town, did in one year, loose, I suppose, at least Six or Seven Hundred of its People, by one contagious Mortality. And tho' of about Three and Twenty Hundred men, that we Employ'd in one Action, we did, in that Action, loose hardly Thirty men, yet how many Hundreds did afterwards miserably perish ?

Again ; You may *Observe*, That the *Harvest*, hath once and again grievously failed in these years ; and we have been *Struck thro' with the Terrible Famine*, almost as much as if the *Indian Enemy* had been all the while Skulking about our Fields. The very *Course of Nature* hath been altered among us ; A Lamentable cry for, *Bread, Bread !* hath been heard in our Streets : The Towns that formerly Supplied other places with *Grain*, had now been *Famished*, if other places had not sent in a Supply to Them, and had a black prospect of being *Famished*, notwithstanding that Supply.

Once more ; You may *Observe*, That the *Sea* hath in these years been Swallowing up our *Neighbours*, and their *Estates*, far more than the *Sword of the Wilderness*. Alas, The Devouring Displeasure of God, hath said concerning us, *Though they go to hide themselves from my Sight as far*

off upon the Sea, Thence will I command the Serpent, and he shall bite them. And here, hath it been *Enough*, that our Vessels, enough to make an huge Fleet, have been taken by the *French Enemy*? A certain Writer hath computed it, That in only the First Two or Three years of the *War*, the *English Nation* lost unto the *French*, more than Fifteen Millions of Pounds Sterling. But no part of the *English Nation* hath been more frequently or sensibly prey'd upon, by the *French*, than what hath gone out of *New England*, ever since the *War* began. I say, Ha's this been *Enough*? No, The wrath of God said, *This is not Enough*. I appeal to you, that have been Owners of Vessels, or Sailors in them, whether horrible *Shipwracks* have not been multiplied since the *War* began, very much more than ever they were before? *Ab, Lord!* How many of us, have Shed Rivers of Tears, over our dear Friends that have been Buried in the Ocean!

Moreover; You may Observe, That in these years, those very Things which were intended for our Defence, have oftentimes been so much Improved for our Damage, that it was hard for us to say, which was the Greater, the Defence, or the Damage, which we had from them. It was a Lamentable Time with the *Jewes*, when that Curse came upon them, *That which should have been for their Welfare, Let it become a Trap, & pour out thine Indignation upon them.* Truly, The Indignation of God hath been poured out upon us, in this Fruit of the Curse, no

less frequently then sensibly, that some things which should have been for our *Welfare*, have at the same time, served also to *Entrap* the *Persons*, and *Interests* of many people, into sore *Inconveniencies*. There is no need of Explaining this Article; They that have been under this *Indignation* of God, know the Explaining of it!

Finally, You may *Observe*, What *Untimely Ends*, and what *Surprizing Fates*, have come upon our *Sons*, in these *Tears of the Wrath of the Right-Hand of the Most High*. When *Cæsus* was in *War* taken by *Cyrus*, this *Captive* made unto the *Conqueror*, this *Remark* upon the *Difference* between *Peace* and *War*; O *Syr*, I see, that in a *time of Peace*, the *Sons Bury their Fathers*, but in a *Time of War*, the *Fathers Bury their Sons*. Truly, *Sirs*, our *Time of War* has in *Various Wayes* of *Mortality*, been *Embittered* with this *Remark*, *The Fathers have been Burying their Sons*, all the *Countrey over*! Many of us, have had our *Sons*, even those very *Sons*, of whom we said, *This same shall Comfort us*! We have had them violently *snatch'd* away from us, and *Cropt* in the very *Flower* of their *Youth*; and they have *Lest* us *deploring*, *Oh, my Son*, with all my *Heart* could I have *Dyed* for thee, *my Son*, *my Son*! But in the midst of these *Deplorable Things*, God hath given up several of our *Sons*, into the *Hands* of the *Fierce Monsters of Africa*. *Mahometan Turks* and *Moors*, and *Devils*, are at this *Day* *oppressing* many of

our Sons, with a Slavery, wherein they *Wish* for Death, and cannot find it ; a Slavery, from whence they cry and write unto us, *It had been Good for us, that we had never been Born.*

... *Quis talia fando*

Temperet a Lacrymis ?...

Thus, as *Job* sometimes complained, Chap. 10. 17. *Thou Renewest thy Witnesses against me, and increasest thine Indignation upon me : Changes and War are against me :* Thus, in our Long War, we have seen those Changes on a^l Hands, and in all Kinds, which have witnessed against us, the Dreadful Indignation of God. God Threatned His people, (so I read it,) Amos 2. 13. *Behold, I will press your place as a full Cart presses the Sheaf :* ['Tis an Allusion to the old way of Threshing the Corn, by drawing a Loaden Cart with Wheels, over the Corn. q. d. You shall undergo Tribulation.] Ah, New England, Thou hast been under such a Tribulation.

Syrs, Have you not Observed these things ? But you must wisely Observe them. And a wise Observation of these things, will cause you to see, That the War which hath been upon us, hath been a War of GOD. The Indians have been but a small part of those Armies, which the Great GOD, hath been bringing out against us, for Ten Years together ; and we may conclude, that

that all the Land have been more or less concerned in those Crimes, for which the Almighty GOD, hath been with these Armies managing His Controversy with us : Our Confession must be, *Peccavimus omnes ; We have all gone astray !* But shall we not upon this Observation, take up some Resolution ? If we are Wise, we shall thus Resolve ; 'Tis Time, 'Tis Time, 'Tis High-Time for us, to make our Peace with God. Oh, Let us not go on to Harden our selves against God ; we are not Stronger than He : But let us all Fly to the Lord Jesus Christ, who is our Peace, and so lay down the Arms of Rebellion, that God may be Reconciled unto us.

VII. In the WAR that hath been upon us, Whoso is wise, may Observe those Dispensations of Heaven towards us, that have carryed more than Ordinary Humiliations in them. It was said concerning Miriam, (the Type of the Now Leprous and out-cast Church of Israel ; The Lord hasten that Seventh Day, wherein it shall be Restored !) Numb. 12. 14. If her Father had Spit in her Face, should she not be Ashamed ? Ah New England, Thy Father hath been Spitting in thy Face, with most Humbling Dispensations ; God hath been bringing of thee down to Sit in the Dust. When the War commenced, New-England, might say, My God will Humble me !

For, First ; Shall our Heavenly Father put a Rod into the Hands of base Indians, and bid Them
to

to Scourge His Children ! Oh ! the Humiliation of such Rebellious Children ! Oh ! the Provocation, that certainly such Sons and such Daughters have given Him ! It was a very Humbling thing, that the Lord Threatned unto His Provoking Sons & Daughters, in Deut. 32. 21. *I will move them to Jealousy, with those which are not a People; I will provoke them to Anger with a Foolish Nation.* Should a Child of yours be Refractory, and you, Sir, should bid a Negro or an Indian Slave in your House, Go, Take that Child, and Scourge him till you fetch Blood of him ! Surely, this would be to Humble him unto the Uttermost. Thus doth thy God Humble thee, O New-England, by putting thee over, into the Vile Hands of those which are not a People, but a Foolish Nation.

Again ; Who are they, by whose means we are now crying out, *We are Brought very Low* ? When the most High God, was determined Effectually to Humble, His People, He said, in Jer. 37. 10. *Though ye had Smitten the whole Army of the Caldeans, that fight against you, and there remained but wounded men among them, yet should they Rise up every man in his Tent ; and burn this City with Fire.* Truly, we had Smitten the whole Army, of the Indians that Fought against us Three and Twenty years ago, from one end of the Land unto the other ; only there were left a few Wounded men among them in the East ; and now, they have Risen up every man, and have set the whole

Observable Things.

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whole Country on Fire. Certainly, A more Humbling matter cannot be Related.

Moreover ; Is it not a very Humbling Thing, That when about an *Hundred Indians* durst Begin a War, upon all these Populous Colonies, an Army of a *Thousand English* raised, must not kill one of them all ; but instead thereof, more of our Souldiers perish by Sicknefs and Hardship than we had Enemies then in the world ? Our God ha's Humbled us !

Is it not a very Humbling Thing, That when the Number of our Enemies afterwards Increased, yet an Handful of them should, for so many Summers together continue our Unconquered Spoilers, and put us to such Vast Charges, that if we could have Bought them, for an *Hundred Pound an Head*, we should have made a Saving Bargain of it ? Our God ha's Humbled us !

Is it not a very Humbling Thing, That we should have had several fair Opportunities, to have brought this War unto a Final Period, but we should still by some fatal Oversight let Slip those Opportunities ? Our God ha's Humbled us.

Is it not a very Humbling Thing, That whatever Expeditions we have undertaken, for the most part we have come off Losers, and indeed but plunged our selves into deeper Straits, by our Undertakings ? Our God ha's Humbled us !

Is it not a very Humbling Thing, That more than One or Two of our Forts have been Surrendered,

rendred, and one of them that was almost Impregnable, given away with a most Shameful Surrender, by one that hath since Received Something of what he Deserved? Thus, Our God *has Humbled us.*

Is it not a very Humbling Thing, That we should have Evil pursuing of us at such a rate, that in other Lands afar off, and on the Exchange in London, Strangers have made this Reflection, Doubtless, New-England is a Countrey in ill Terms with Heaven? But so, Our God *has Humbled us.*

What shall I say? Is it not a very Humbling Thing, That when Peace is Restored unto the whole English Nation, and when Peace is Enjoy'd by all America, poor New-England should be the Only Land still Embroil'd in War? But thus, Our God, *Thou hast Humbled us, and shown us great and sore Troubles, and brought us down into the Depths of the Earth.*

O my dear People; How can I Observe these Things, and not like Joshua now fall to the Earth on my Face before the Lord, and say, *What shall I say?* But if you will wisely observe these Things, you will now get up, and Sanctify your selves, and put away the accursed thing from among you, O New-English Israel!

Certainly, The High and Lofly One, who dwells in the High and Holy place, Expects that we should be a very Humbled People. I beseech you, Sirs, Observing these Things, let us in all the Methods of

of Repentance *Humble our selves under the Mighty Hand of God.* After such *Humbling Things*, as have befallen us, God forbid, that it should be said of us, as in Jer. 44. 10. *They are not Humbled, even unto this Day!*

VIII. In the WAR that hath been upon us, *Whoso is Wise, may Observe the Compassions of God*, wonderfully Exercised, and Manifested, and Magnified, in the midst of our Confusions. There was a Time, when a *Bush Burned with Fire*, and yet the Bush was not consumed: whereupon said Moses, in Exod. 3. 3. *I will now Turn aside and see this Great Sight!* Sirs, I am now to call upon you, O Turn aside, and see such a Great Sight as that.

Indeed, in the midst of all our Lamentations, we must own, with the Church, in Lam. 3. 22. *It is of the Lords Mercies, that we are not Consumed, because His Compassions fail not.* But there are many Particular and Astonishing Articles of Mercy, which we have seen in this Tedious War. Sirs, Come now to Observe some of those Things, with prepared Hallelujahs!

It was the Petition, in Hab. 3. 2. O Lord, In Wrath Remember Mercy. New-England, Thy God hath heard this Petition for thee, in very wonderful Instances!

For, First, After a very Amazing manner ha's Mercy been Remembered in the midst of Wrath, when

when we have been Rescued by the Mercy of God, at the very point of our being else Ruined by His Wrath. Lord, Thou hast shewed thy People hard Things, and made us Drink the Wine of Astonishment. But our Extremity hath been Gods Opportunity, to Relieve us. Several Times in the late years of our Affliction, we have been brought unto a dismal Non-plus in our Affairs, and we would scarce imagine it possible for us to subsist any longer. But just Then! the Bowels of our Compassionate God have been moved for us; He hath said, *How shalt I give thee up, O New-England? How shalt I give thee up, O Massachusetts?* And so, He would not Execute upon us the Fierceness of His Anger, but with some unexpected Succours from the Machine of Heaven He hath Relieved us. We have several times been, Like a Little Vessel in a Storm; the Swelling Waves have Dashed, & Raged, and Roared; the Rude Billows have been going over us, and we have been ready to Sink. But just Then! Our Compassionate Lord Jesus Christ, hath Awaked for our Safety, and marvellously calmed our Circumstances. O thou Land, strangely Saved by the Lord, say now, as in Plal. 136. 23. *O Give thanks unto the Lord, who Remembred us in our Low Estate, because His Mercy Endureth for ever.* When our Debts have become Insupportable, God has then Remembred us in our Low Estate, because His Mercy Endureth

for ever, and strangely Extricated us. When our
 foes have been as an *Overflowing Scourge*, like to
 carry all before them, God has then *Remembred*
 us in our *Low Estate*, because *His Mercy Endureth*
 for ever, and strangely Lifted up a Standard a-
 gainst them. When fearful *Divisions* have arisen
 among us, and horrid *Convulsions* have been rea-
 dy to pull all to pieces,--I don't care to *Remem-*
ber them, any farther than to say, God has then,
Remembred us in our Low Estate, because His Mer-
cy Endureth for ever, and strangely healed these
 breaches, that set the Land a Trembling.

Moreover; It hath been a very *Strange Thing*,
 and a Wondrous *Remembrance of Mercy* in the
 midst of *Wrath*; That the *Indians* have been
 unaccountably *Refrained*, from giving us, an Hun-
 dredth part of the Trouble, which they might
 have done, had they but *known*, or us'd their
 own Advantages. This One Thing, Whosoever
 does wisely *Observe* it, must needs ascribe it unto
 a Special Operation of that God, who *Forms the*
Spirit of men within him. It was the promise of
 God, unto His people, *Exod. 34. 24. No man*
shall Desire thy Land, when thou shalt go up to ap-
pear before the Lord thy God. The Faithful God
 strangely, Fulfilled this promise, for many Hun-
 dreds of years together; No *Enemy desired the*
Land of that people, at the Time of their going
 up to Worship the Lord in His Temple. And
 whereas, the *Roman Enemy*, did at length *Desire*
 their

their Land, at the Time of their going up to the *Passover*, this one Thing, was enough to prove, that the *Messiah* was come, and the *Passover* no longer commanded. It shews, That there is a *Strange Operation* of God, upon the *minds* of men, to curb and check, and blind the *Evil-minded*. Well; We have had our *Frontier Towns*, in many of which, the Lord Jesus Christ hath been Worshipped, and Sought, and Serv'd continually. Had the *Lurking Enemy* done as they might have done, how easily might one dozen of them, have kept the Towns in such perpetual and perplexing *Alarms*, as would have caused them, even to have broken up. And what *unknown mischiefs* might a few more of 'em, have brought upon our Scattered Plantations! I do again, and again say, This is from the *Strange Operation* of God, upon the *Minds* of the *Enemy*, that they have no more *Disturbed our Land*. For my own part, I will observe it, and Admire it, in such Terms as *Austin* used upon a Remarkable Providence; *Quisquis non videt, Cæcus; Quisquis videt, nec Laudat, Ingratus; Quisquis Laudanti reluctatur, Insanus*: They are *Blind*, and *Mad*, that are *Insensible* of it!

Yet again, Have not our *English Prisoners* been favoured with such a *Remembrance of Mercy*, in the *midst of Wrath*, as ought never to be *Forgotten*? The *Mercy of God*, inclined the *French* to Buy 'em out of the *Hands* of the *Indians*.

Indians, and use them with an Exemplary Humanity and Civility. The *Mercy* of God preserved many of them alive, under prodigious and incredible Hardships, and at length Returned many scores of them Home. And may not our *English Women*, that were Prisoners, take Notice of one Singular *Mercy* shown by God unto them, in preserving them from Violations by the *Outrageous Lusts* of the Salvages? This *One Thing* will be thought by some, almost as Great and Strange an Instance of an Immediate Interposition of the *Angels* of God, as the muzzling of the *Lions* in the Den of *Daniel*! O ye Redeemed of the Lord, you, whom He hath Redeemed from the Hand of the Enemy; Give Thanks, to the Lord, for He is Good? Charge your own Souls, That you never forget His Benefits; Ask your own Souls, What you shall render to the Lord for all His Benefits: and Remember that Admonition of the Lord Jesus Christ unto you, Sin no more, Lest a worse thing do come unto thee.

Furthermore; Who could not see *Mercy* Remembered, in the midst of *Wrath*, when God hath put it into the Hearts of His people in the Southern parts of the Countrey, to make *Liberal Contributions* of Money, and Corn, and Men, for the Relief of the Northern parts? More than once, has the Noble *Charity*, of our Brethren in *Plymouth*, and in *Connecticut*, as well as of this Town,

Town, been Expressed in such Contributions. Their Alms are Gone up for a Memorial before the Lord! The Blessing of many that have been Ready to perish, hath come upon you, O ye Merciful Children of God, and you shall obtain mercy from Him.

Once more: Was ever Mercy Remembered in the midst of Wrath, more conspicuously than when powerful Adversaries Designing Inroads upon us, have been Diverted wonderfully. Advice hath been seasonably Dispatched unto us, of the Intentions in our Enemies to fall upon our Frontiers, and this Advice hath proved our Safety. Yea, sometimes when we have had no Advice, a Strange Direction from Heaven has Led us to those Actions, which have as much defeated the Intentions of our Enemies, as if we had Received the fullest Advice in the world. Besides this, Boston, and Salem, and Portsmouth especially: Will they ever forget the last year? It was a Year of Salvations; yea, It was a Year of Miracles! Never, Never such a Year passed over us. The Almighty showed that Favour to His people of old, Zech. 9. 8. I will Exempt about my House, because of the Army, because of him that passeth by, and because of him that Returneth. Alexander in an Expedition to the Southward did pass by the Land of Israel, and he did Return again to the Northward, without Hurting that Land, that had the House of God in it. Formida-

ble French Squadrons, have more than once passed by, to the Southward, and have Returned again to the Northward, intending doubtless a Destroying Visit into this Land by the way; but Our Lord Jesus Christ hath Encamped about His House here, because of the Navy. Yea, once, O New-England, the Lord thy God, He that would be the Holy One of New-England, gave Carthage for thy Ransome, He gave men for thee, and Spaniards for thy Life. Another Time, when a Force likely enough to have carried all before them, were almost arrived unto us, we are advised, that God sent such a sudden, and such a wasting Sickness among them, as to make them for want of Hands, to desist from their Attempt. These were Illustrious Deliverances! And yet give me leave to say, We did the last year, see another Deliverance, that for ought I know, may be equal to any of the rest. There was an English Fleet of our Good Friends with a direful Plague aboard 'em, intending Hither. Had they Come, as they intended, what an horrible Desolation had cut us off, Let the Desolate places that some of you have seen in the Colonies of the South, declare unto us; And that they did not come, it was the Signal Hand of Heaven, by which the Goings of men are ordered.

In Fine; Because God, being full of Compassion, would not Stir up all His Wrath, He hath Remembred Mercy to us, in the midst of Wrath, by

Raising us up Generous *Benefactors*, who have been able and willing to oblige us, with their *Benefits*. It must be with shame acknowledged, Our Usage of our *Publick Servants* has commonly been such, that for any *Thinking man*, to be willing at all to *Serve the Publick*, seems to be a Mark and Fruit of no little *Generosity*. Nevertheless, we have had persons of Exemplary *Patience*, and *Prudence*, and *Self denial*, Sitting at the *Helm* of our *Government*, all this while that the *Horrible Tempest* hath been enough to make any man living *Sick* of being there. We have had persons, who have *Disbursed* and *Expended* of their *Estates*, and considerably *Damnified* their *Interests* for us, in our *Distresses*, when yet they foreknew what *pay* they should have after all. Yea, we have had, and still have, [I can at this moment fasten my Eye upon some of them, in the Assembly where I am now speaking,] *Brave men*, who have *Bravely Jeopardied* their *Lives* in the *High places of the Field*, for our *Defence*. O Treat 'em not with *vile Ingratitude*, after all the *Service* they have done: *Prefer* them on all fit occasions, while they *Live*, *Emballm* their *Memories*, and *Requite* their *Families*, when they are *Dead*. But while we are *Thankful to Them*, Let us much more give *Thanks to God* for *Them*, even, for such *Gifts of Heaven* as we have *Enjoyed* in them.

Well ; Will you *Wisely Observe* these Things ?
Wisely ! That is to say, *Thankfully*, and *Fruitfully*. It may be, If more *Distinct* and *Solemn*
THANKSGIVINGS, were made unto God
 our *Saviour*, for these things, the *Reliques* of
 our *Enemies* would quickly feel the *Rebukes*
 of God upon them ; not unlike those, in
 2 Chron. 20. 22. *When they began to Sing and to*
Praise, the Lord set Ambushments against their
Enemies, and they were Smitten.

IX. In the **WAR** that hath been upon us,
Whoso is Wise, may Observe those things, that may
 Mightily *Encourage* our *Prayer*, and our *Faith*,
 for a *Total Ruine*, to be hastened on the *Re-*
mainders of our *Enemies*.

There yet *Remains* a *Knot* of our *Enemies*, in
 those *Inaccessible Thickets*, where we *Despair* ever
 to *Find'em out* ; but I will *Read* their *Doom*,
 from Psal. 21. 8, 9, 10 *Thine Hand, O Lord, shall*
Find out all thine Enemies, Thy Right Hand shall
Find out those that Hate thee ; The Lord shall
Swallow them up in His Wrath, and the Fire shall
Devour them ; Their Fruit shalt thou Destroy from
the Earth, and their Seed from among the Children
of men. What *Remains* for *Us*, is, That we do
 by *Prayer* and *Faith*, put our *Enemies* over, into
 those *Omnipotent Hands*, that can *Find them out*,
 and cut them off. Oh ! Let us keep our *Hands*
Lifted up in Prayer, for a *Total Dissipation* of
 those

those *Amalekites*, which have thus long and thus far prevailed against us ! We have already had many *Notable Answers of Prayer*, in this our *War* : Every one of our *Deliverances* have been very *Notably Such* ! We cannot say, How many particular Persons, have Received *Answers of Prayer*, in the particular Troubles, which this *Evil Time* hath *Ensnared* them withal. Doubtless, many a *Christian*, ha's in this Time, had opportunity to say, *This poor man cryed, and the Lord Heard him, and Saved him out of all his Troubles* ! And several Towns, that have had a *Remarkable Protection* of God upon them, in this long Time of *Danger*, they have had a *Praying People* in them, and that *Praying People* have been the *Chariots* and the *Horse men* thereof. Why else does *Deerfield* Stand ? How should our *Prayer* be *Quickened* by such Experiences ! But there is this further *Quickening* for it, That with the Cry of our *Prayer*, there will go up unto the Lord, the Cry of *Blood* ; much Innocent, & Righteous, & Precious *Blood*, Cryes to Heaven, from the Ground against thole *Bloody* and *Crafty* men, that have Treacherously shed it. Certainly, They must not *Live out all their Dayes* ! And we have this prevailing plea against them, in the *Court of Heaven* ! That they have most Falsely Broken their *Covenants*, in their *Outrages*. We may venture, to present our *Memorials*, in the *Court of Heaven*, against these *Covenant Breakers*, who are *Implacable and Unmerciful* ;

isful; and we may use the words of *Jehoiab*, against his Heathen Adversaries, *The Lord the Judge, be Judge between us and them!* We may use the words of *Jehoshaphat* against his Heathen Adversaries, *O our God, wilt thou not Judge them?* *Vladislaus*, the King of Hungary, Scandalously breaking his League, with *Amurath* the Turkish Emperour, brought an Army into the Field against him. The Turkish Army being horribly Broke, and Slain, and almost Vanquished by the Hungarian, *Amurath* in his Anguish, took out of his Bosome, the written League, that *Vladislaus* had made wth him, and holding it up in his Hands, with his Eyes to Heaven, he Cryed out, *Behold, O Crucified Christ, the League which thy Christians in thy Name have made with me, and now without cause do Violate; If thou be a God, Revenge the Wrong that is now done unto thy Name, and shew thy power upon a Perjurious People, who in their Deeds Deny their God!* Immediately the Course of the Battel turn'd; the Perjurious King was kill'd; and the Turks won a most unexpected Victory. Truly we may in like manner now take the Instrument of the Submission and Agreement of the Eastern Indians, which Thirteen of their Chief Commanders did Sign more than Five years ago; and holding it up to Heaven, we may Cry out, *Ah, Lord God of Truth, wilt thou not be Revenged upon the False Wretches that have broken this League!* Doubtless, our God will

Execute a dreadful *Vengeance* upon them, if we Humbly make our Suit unto Him for it ; and He ha's wayes for His *Vengeance* to come at them, which *We* cannot Imagine. 'Tis affirmed, That several Times in this *War*, our *Enemies*, have in the Woods met with Parties of *Indians*, which were their own *Friends*, but by a mistake apprehending each to be *Enemies* unto each other, they have hotly fallen upon one another, and many have been kill'd on both Sides before the mistake was discovered. Yea, 'Tis affirmed, that not a few of the Chief *Murderers* among our *Enemies*, have accidentally killed themselves ; the most *Murderous Indians*, have in a little while been their own Executioners. Who can tell, what *Strange Wayes*, the God unto whom *Vengeance* belongeth, hath to inflict it, on a Generation of His Curse ?

Only, Let us Remember to plead the *Sacrifice* of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, in our Prayer, with our Faith, for the *Perfection* of our *Deliverance*. Our Lord JESUS CHRIST, hath been a *Sin-Offering* for the Congregation, and a *Sacrifice* pleadeable, not only for *Persons*, but also for *Peoples* that belong unto Him. We read in 1 Sam. 7. 9, 10. Samuel Offered a *Burnt-Offering* wholly unto the Lord, and Samuel Cryed unto the Lord of Israel, and the Lord heard him ; and the Lord Thundred with a Great Thunder on that Day upon the *Philistines*, and discomfited them. When

When we Cry to the Lord, Let us plead the *Burnt-Offering* of the Lord Jesus Christ, & plead, That God ha's more Glorified His *Justice* in the Sufferings of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, than if our Houses were all Fill'd with the Cryes of our People Massacred by *Indian Salvages*. Then will our God *Thunder with a Great Thunder* of His Consuming Wrath upon our *Indian Philistines* ! That Note, which the Great Calvin ha's above an Hundred Times over, in his Commentaries on the Psalms, *Nunquam irritas fore preces, Or, Prayers will never be lost ! Prayers will never be lost !* It will much oftner be Repeated in our Blessed Experience, if our Prayers do present before God that Blessed Sacrifice, of which He sayes, 'Tis a Sweet odour to Me !

X. In the WAR that hath been upon us, *Whoso is Wise, may Observe* those Loud Calls to a Reformation of our *Miscarriages*, which 'tis a Dangerous and a Desperate thing to neglect any longer. It was the Voice of the Blessed God, in Psal. 81. 13, 14. *O That my People had bearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my wayes ! I should soon have Subdued their Enemies, and turned my Hand against their Adversaries.* Ah, New-England ; Thy God hath not soon Subdued thine Enemies, nor soon turned His Hand against thine Adversaries: but let 'em Vex thee for Ten years together.

together. Surely, Thou hast not bearkened unto Him, nor Walked in His Wayes! In that which was called, *The Holy War*, the Embassadors of a Saracen Prince, demanded of a Famous Christian General, How he came to have, *Manus tam Doctas ad Præliandum*, Hands that were so Able to Fight? The Christian General replied, *Quia Manus Semper habui puras*, Because I never defiled my Hands, with any Notorious Wickedness. Alas, our Hands have made but poor work at Fighting. 'Tis Time for us, then to Reform all the Notorious Wickedness in our Hands! Do we Dream that the Almighty hath spent all His Arrows? No, after all that for Ten years together have been spent upon us, there are yet more Arrows, and Judgments left in the Quiver of God: And Except we Turn unto Him, who can say, What Arrows He may next ordain against us? The Roman Emperour Upbraided his General *Terentius*, for Losing a Battel; but the General, having too much occasion to say so much, replied, Sir, I must tell you, that it is you that Lost the Day for us, by your open Fighting against the God of Heaven as you do. If it be asked, How 'tis come to pass, that we have Sped so Ill in many a Battel, since this War began? Some will blame one, and some will blame another: but I will take Leave to tell all them that Lead an

Un-

Ungodly Life, Syrs, 'Tis to you, that we owe all our Ill Success ! I need not quote one of the Ancients, namely, *Ambrose*, for that Observation, *Graviores Inimici sunt mores pravi, quam Hostes Infensi* : We have had enough in our own Experiments to convince us, That our worst Enemies are our Vices, which provoke Heaven to Chastise us with all our other Enemies : And indeed, If our Wayes did please the Lord, our Enemies would be at peace with us. Observe wisely, and you cannot but Observe, the Language of Heaven, in the Circumstances thro' which we have passed for a whole Decad of years together, to be That, in Lev. 26. 23, 24. If ye will not be Reformed by me, by these things, but will walk contrary unto me, Then will I also walk contrary unto you, and I will punish you yet seven Times for your Sins. And that the Demand of REFORMATION may be Loud enough, it arrives to us now with a more than Ordinary Accent of Authority upon it. We have seen, and, Blessed be God, that we have seen, the Greatest Monarch that ever Sat upon the British Throne, Issuing Out His Royal Proclamation, upon the Pious Address of the Commons of England, assemble in Parliament ; a Proclamation, wherein that Illustrious Prince declares His Royal Resolution to Discourtenance all Vice whatsoever, and requires all Officers whatsoever to be vigilant, in the Discovery, Prosecution, and Punishment thereof. We have

have seen a most Excellent GOVERNOUR, who is the Greatest Person that ever set Foot on the English Continent of *America*, beginning His Government, with proclaiming for the Suppression of all Vice in One of His Provinces: That Noble Person has therein done, Like a *Viceroy* of GOD! His very Honourable *Lieutenant*, hath worthily done His part, with the Advice of His *Council*, in another of His Provinces. If these things prove but meer *Formalities*, among a people, *Hating to be Reformed* after all, what will they be, but more Terrible Prognosticks of Tremendous and Amazing Desolations at hand, than so many *Blazing Stars* on Fire, in Heaven over us. It is to be hoped, the *Ministers* of the Gospel, will do what belongs to Them, for the Assistance of all *Holy Essayes* about *Reformation*; and their *Churches*, if call'd upon, will join with them, in the Methods of *Covenant*, and of *Discipline*, for the promoting of it. Yea, It is to be Hoped, That we shall all *Zealously* in our several Stations, do all that we can, for the pleasing of God, and for the Correction, and Suppression, and *Reformation* of the Sin that may be displeasing to Him. It is a Thing very notorious unto us, That *Idleness*, *Drunkennes*, *Uncleanness*, *Cheating*, *Lying*, *Profane Swearing*, and above all, that which is the Root of all, the *Profanation* of the *Lords*.

Lords-Day, gains ground upon us. Let all that have any *Power* in their Hands, unto the utmost of their *power*, Endeavour to keep under those Enormities. But *Last* of all, Nay, I should rather say, *First* of all, O let every man set upon *Self-Reformation*, with all his might! I Remember, that passage, in Prov. 18. 17. *He that is first in his own Cause, seemeth right*, is translated by the *Vulgar Latin*, so as to carry a further, and an useful Admonition in it; *Iustus primus est Accusator sui*, A *Iust* man, before he meddles with the *Reproof* of others, will first *Accuse* himself, and search the State of his own Soul, and Life, and faithfully *Reform* it. Oh! That very much of This might be done among us! How doth an Army of Thrice Ten Thousand men, presently *Turn* from *East* to *West*, because *Every One Turns One*? Syrs, We have *Wisely Observed* the Things that have in our Afflicted years befallen us, and we have now to good purpose heard a Sermon of *Observations* upon those things, if we will now *Retire*, and ponder seriously with our selves, *What is there amiss*, in my own Heart, and in my own Life, and in my own Family and by what *Reformation* of my self may I best answer the Expectation of the God, who has Chastised us all?

We have been under the Lamentable Punishments of our Sins, for two Lustres of years together; 'Tis time for every man, and for all of us, as *one man*, to say, as in Lam. 3. 40. Let us Search and Try our Wayes, and Turn again unto the Lord.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

R Eader, *Cartbagen* was of the mind, that unto those Three Things, which the Ancients held Impossible, there should be added this Fourth; To find a Book Printed without *Errata's*. It seems the Hands of *Brianus*, and the Eyes of *Argus* will not prevent them. I take Notice of a few in this Book; and those few are Scarce worth having any Notice taken of them. e. g.

Pag. 45. l. 4. f. must, r. most. p. 60. l. 9. f. *ll.* r. *El.*
p. 68. l. 18. f. left, r. lost. p. 83. l. 7. f. *Newberry*.
r. *Rowley*. p. 128. l. 12. r. *Idaa's*. p. 146. l. 4. f. him.
r. them. p. 167. l. 1. f. Fast. r. Fact. p. 184. l. 6.
f. by. r. in. p. 198. l. 22. f. where. r. were. p. 200.
l. 17. f. he. r. be.



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